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No. CCCXIX.

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- ART. I.—1. *Les Faux Don Sébastien*. Étude sur l'Histoire de Portugal. Par MIGUEL D'ANTAS. Paris: 1866.
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TOWARDS the close of the year 1576, the famous sanctuary of Guadalupe was the scene of one of those royal meetings which are even yet, notwithstanding the euphemisms of official prints, occasionally viewed with misgiving, and were three centuries ago regarded as of sinister import. The Saturn of the 'ominous conjunction' in question was no other than Philip II. of Spain, while the martial planet was not unworthily represented by his nephew Sebastian, the young King of Portugal. No pains had been spared for his cordial reception. All along the route (so far as it lay in Spanish territory) gratuitous hospitality had been offered to the Portuguese train; at a word of intercession from the Portuguese monarch the worst criminals had been ordered to be set at liberty; forests had been cleared and rocks levelled to facilitate the western approach to the amphitheatre in the valley of the Wolf river; and now Philip himself, anticipating the way



by half a league, sat in his ponderous coach, close by the hamlet of Porto Llano, patiently awaiting the arrival of his royal guest.

His meditations were no doubt intricate—baffling, perhaps, in their inmost windings, even to the pursuit of his own consciousness; yet we cannot justly attribute to them the wholly tenebrous character with which Portuguese historians, smarting with the sense of national disaster, are disposed to stamp them. It must, indeed, be admitted that the disinterestedness of Philip II. is not lightly to be presumed; but history may be hoodwinked by suspicion as well as by credulity; and on this occasion fortune and folly combined so marvellously to play the game of the hermit of the Escorial, that nothing was required from him but to stand by and gather up the stakes.

Meanwhile, the looked-for cavalcade began to emerge over the brow of the hill; Philip descended from his coach, Sebastian sprang from his horse, and the royal kinsmen found themselves, for the first time, in each other's presence. They embraced ceremoniously three times, the Spanish monarch saluting his nephew's cheek with a kiss, and his tingling ears with the lofty title of 'Majesty,' then first addressed to a wearer of the Portuguese crown. Grandees and hidalgos next came up in turn for presentation, and it was remarked that Sebastian bestowed on the Duke of Alva the singular distinction of uncovering as he knelt to kiss his hand; the old warrior blessing Heaven as he did so, with tears (it is said) in eyes little used to tender suffusion, that he was permitted to behold so faithful a reproduction of his old master the Emperor.

The royal lines of Spain and Portugal were at that time so closely intertwined by mutual alliances, that no small amount of genealogical acumen would be required to determine the precise degree of relationship of any two of their respective scions. Suffice it to say that Sebastian's mother Joanna was the daughter, and his grandmother Catherine was the sister, of Charles V. This close consanguinity to the House of Austria was betrayed in his every lineament. The hardy stamp borne by the descendants of the Master of Aviz was in Don Sebastian completely effaced by the more delicate maternal type. As a boy, he was the living image of his mother's beauty; and, even at the age of twenty-three, his countenance had a feminine cast little in accordance with his warlike disposition.\*

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'D'armas cobrindo o rosto afiguravas  
Marte encoberto, amor se o descubrias.'

Camoens, Sonnet 347.

Features symmetrically formed, with just sufficient droop in the under-lip to give the characteristic 'note' of the Austrian physiognomy ; a complexion fair as a girl's, notwithstanding unmerciful exposure to the vicissitudes of weather ; clear blue eyes ; hair of reddish gold ; a vigorous and active frame of medium height, were the marks of a pleasing exterior, raised to a dignity befitting his position, if not his years, by an air of profound gravity and stern enthusiasm.

He had sought this interview with a twofold object—to demand the hand of his cousin, the Infanta Isabella, and to obtain a Spanish contingent for his projected campaign against the Moors of Africa. He was, however, as cold a wooer as he was an ardent warrior, and it may be surmised that the ships and soldiers craved by him would have been not less welcome without the bride whose hand was the pledge of the alliance. Both petitions were nominally granted, for Philip was in his most gracious mood. His personal fascinations were not great ; but power and reputation can always fascinate when they stoop to caress, and Sebastian was not insensible to the elaborate courtesies showered upon him at Guadalupe. There were feastings and junketings on both sides, the Castilian and Portuguese nobles vying with each other in the splendour of their mutual entertainments. The freshness and variety of fish at a banquet of no less than three hundred and eighty different dishes elicited the remark that 'the Portuguese had brought the seas with them ;' luscious fruits gave the lie to the inclemency of the season : while the profusion of sweets spread before unaccustomed Castilian eyes attested the extent of Portuguese commerce with the sugar-producing countries of the East.

It was not, indeed, always plain sailing. Shoals and quicksands there were to be avoided, and storms to be weathered ; but Philip was a skilful and experienced navigator. Scarcely had the first greetings been exchanged, when an embarrassment arose of a peculiarly delicate kind. It was surmounted by what we are bound to describe as a stroke of genius, worthy to be recorded for the benefit of all students of courtly etiquette, kings-at-arms, sticks-in-waiting, equerries, ushers, down even to powdered footmen. The problem might have been deemed at first sight an insoluble one. How to get the two monarchs into the same chariot without outraging the just susceptibility of either ? Both stood bowing barcheaded at the door, outwardly refusing the precedence which each inwardly claimed—Sebastian as the guest of Philip—Philip as the superior in age and extent of dominion. A deadlock had very nearly ensued

—and it is well known that a deadlock can only terminate in disaster—when Philip fortunately remembered that the coach had *two* doors! The solution, like all the most brilliant ideas of the human mind, is no sooner suggested than it seems self-evident. The royal personages entered the carriage at the same moment from opposite sides, and the danger was averted.

For the moment only. With every appearance of sincerity, Philip endeavoured to dissuade his nephew from his rash purpose of personally conducting the African expedition. To clear out the pirates' nest of Larache, and keep the Turks from gaining a foothold in Morocco, were objects desirable in the eyes of all Christian Europe, and essential, above all, to the welfare of the two States forming the Pyrenean peninsula; but they were not objects on which to stake the fate of a nation and the existence of a dynasty. Yet this was precisely what Sebastian, with obstinate infatuation, was bent upon doing. The grave arguments of Alva were met with braggadocio jests: the authority of his uncle was quietly ignored. Even on the long-suffering patience of Philip his self-will at last made some inroads, and he took leave of his guest, on the eve of his departure for Lisbon, without making the customary exhibition of reluctance in separation, or the customary offer of matutinal farewells. The slight was enough to set Sebastian's hot blood boiling. Previous civilities were forgotten; considerations of policy were thrown to the winds; the alliance so earnestly sought and so carefully secured was all but shattered in a moment of pique. In paces to and fro, in grim, inarticulate mutterings, varied by fits of fury, with gaspings of sword-hilt and vows that from the first Portuguese village defiance should be hurled at the Spanish despot, great part of the night went by. Lest room for repentance of the discourtesy should be left, orders were given for the anticipation of the already early hour of departure, and at last worn out by passion the heedless youth flung himself down to rest. In the meantime news of the state of affairs was secretly conveyed to Philip 'the Prudent,' who (in the words of the chronicler), 'never more prudent than on the present occasion,' rose from his couch long before the January morning brought the dawn, and, presenting himself at his nephew's bedside, gave him the *réveillée*, with the words, 'You sleep long for one who has to travel far.' The confusion and penitence of Sebastian were proportioned to the inconsiderateness and (as he now supposed) the groundlessness of his wrath, and their Majesties separated with (if possible) more effusive demonstrations of affection than those with which they had met. It is

said, however, that Philip inwardly resolved never again to be entrapped into a position from which the exit lay across such thorny ground.

All Sebastian's energies were now concentrated on the preparations for an enterprise to which he looked for the realisation of the lofty and fantastic visions of a fervid imagination. His virtues, equally with his faults, conspired to urge him towards it. From the first dawn of reason it might almost be said that every movement of soul and body—his studies, his recreations, his bodily exercises, his religious emotions, his solitary musings—tended in the same direction. His whole life had been spent in framing the 'manifest destiny' which now drove him to his doom.

A king in the nursery, Sebastian early formed a lofty ideal of the prerogatives, as well as of the responsibilities, of royalty. Born January 20, 1554, during the days of mourning for his father, the Infant John, he succeeded to his grandfather, John III., at the age of three, and at fourteen was solemnly crowned, and declared capable of personally governing his kingdom. Great hopes were conceived of his reign. To those who watched the development of his noble qualities it seemed that the heroic age of Portugal was about to be restored, and that the decadence of morals and valour brought about by the influx of gold and the spread of luxury might even yet be arrested. The chief believer in this patriotic reaction was a Jesuit, the king's preceptor and confessor. As to the piety and disinterestedness of Father Luiz Goncalvez de Camara there is a concurrence of testimony; but he has frequently been held responsible for the disastrous folly of his pupil. Nothing, in truth, could be more unjust; for the material put into his hands proved of a quality wholly baffling to calculation, and took shape with very slight respect to the potter's wheel industriously employed to mould it. Father Luiz died in 1575, shortly after a preliminary royal escapade to Africa—the prologue, as it has been termed, to the tragedy of Alcaçer-el-Kebir—broken-hearted, as he himself solemnly protested, in view of the imminent ruin towards which the king's headlong obstinacy was hurrying his country.

It is difficult to read the copious records transmitted to us of the eccentric doings of this royal adventurer, without perceiving that the whole texture of his mind was inwoven and discoloured with the dark threads of that hereditary insanity which broke out so tragically in his cousin, Don Carlos. His natural gifts were great. In manly exercises he had no equal among his contemporaries. He was a first-rate rider, hunter,

joust, bull-bait, and tennis-player. Such was his muscular strength that by the mere pressure of his knees he could make his charger groan and sweat; in the use of the sword he rivalled the skill of Saladin. To a quick and vivid intelligence he united a heart which, as the chronicler puts it, was 'of wax' to all virtuous impressions; a sensitive conscience, an austere horror of vice, and an ardent zeal for the faith of Christ. Yet this bright and noble young figure was involved in a dusky atmosphere of self-delusion, haunted by visions of insensate ambition, and impenetrable to light save of the *ignis fatuus* kind. His restlessness was the despair of his attendants. From one end to the other of his little kingdom there was a perpetual shifting of the royal quarters, as the royal vagrant hurried, in search of novelty and excitement, from Coimbra to Cape St. Vincent, from Almeirim or Alcobaca to Salvaterra. Impenetrable to fatigue or hardship, the day afforded too scanty a scope for his activity, and the dead of night often found him exhausting his feverish impatience of repose in long hours of solitary pacing on the sandy shores of the Tagus, or under the dense gloom of the forest-arcades of Cintra. Dangers marine as well as terrestrial he affronted with rapture, running the gauntlet of forts which his own orders obliged to fire on suspicious craft, and braving storms dreadful to the hardiest seamen. 'What is fear?' he would cry exultingly to courtiers cowering with terror and sea-sickness in the bottom of a tossing skiff; but, like the youth in the fairy-tale who wandered through the world in the vain hope of learning 'how to tremble,' he never got his question answered, though he precipitated a kingdom to ruin in the attempt.

Nor did his audacity stop here. The instinctive awe with which Nature averts her face from the shame and havoc of death was silent in the presence of his imperious self-absorption. The merciful mystery of the grave met with no reverence from his morbid curiosity. Ghastly grotesque must have been the scene in the stately Abbey of Batalha, when, by order of the boy-king (it was in 1570), the body of John II. was lifted from its quiet grave of three quarters of a century, and, being found entire and uncorrupted, was placed erect on its feet, clad in kingly robes, and armed with the rusty sword it had once wielded in no child's sport. Whereupon the Duke of Aveiro was commanded to complete the grim ceremonial by kissing, in token of homage, the withered hand of the corpse, and Sebastian, exclaiming, 'Behold the best officer of our kingly office!' turned away well satisfied to pursue his sepulchral visitations elsewhere.

The expedition of 1578 was a signal instance of the triumph of one unreasoning will over the common sense of an entire nation. Advice and remonstrance poured in from all sides, but were heard only to be ignored or resented. Don John Mascarenhas, seeking (hopelessly) a channel of access for reason to the royal mind, was met with the scornful demand, 'How old are you?' the innuendo being that the snows of age had overmuch tempered in him the wine of youthful ardour. 'Ah, Sire!' replied with consummate self-control the veteran defender of Diu, 'to serve you in the field my years are twenty-five, but to give you counsel they are eighty.' Not more effectual were the counsels of the Pope, of Philip II., of Alva; and the dying appeal of the venerable Queen Catherine passed unheeded over the infatuated spirit of her grandson.

Celestial portents were not wanting to strengthen sublunary arguments. On the 7th of November, 1577, a great comet appeared in the sky above Lisbon, extending towards the south a scourge-shaped tail of nebulous azure crossed with tawny gleams. Philosophers and mathematicians agreed that since its course lay through the 'Portuguese Signs,' its (unquestionably disastrous) auguries applied to that kingdom; while the direction taken by the formidable appendage issuing from it seemed to indicate Africa as the source or scene of danger. The king and his flatterers alone remained unmoved. The weightiest astrological arguments encountered the punning rejoinder, *O cometa diz che acometa* (The comet bids us attack),—a counter-interpretation of the prognostic which, by its too obvious levity, did not fail to scandalise many grave and virtuous persons. In a similar spirit of incredulity the Lusitanian Hector\* received the reports brought to the palace of certain battlings and marshallings said to have been observed in the 'central blue' above Penamacor and elsewhere; as well as of marine monsters portentously flung upon the beach—notably a swordfish ominously marked with a cross, and stamped in scaly characters with the year of grace and sorrow 1578.

Worse than the menaces of nature or the recalcitrance of men was the scarcity of money. That universal solvent of difficulties was only, indeed, procurable by means perilous to employ and grievous to endure. The most odious fiscal expedients—forced loans, debasement of currency, benevolences, government monopolies—were resorted to. Even the privi-

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\* Εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρησ. *Il.* xii. 243.

leged classes were heavily mulcted, and uttered groans which mingled in no dulcet concert with the curses of the ruder portion of the population. The sinews of war being thus painfully provided, its victims were imported from Flanders, Italy, and Spain to supply the deficiency of Portuguese levies. The ostensible object of the projected campaign was to restore Muley Ahmed to the throne of Morocco. Its real aim was to found a Portuguese empire on the other side of the Straits. While still a boy, Sebastian had scarcely been restrained from attempting the subjugation and conversion of the still mysterious and semi-mythical Asiatic continent. He had in the meantime lost nothing of his crusading fervour, and gained little in practical sagacity. His visions were as glowing, his reason as strictly subordinate to them, at twenty-four as at eighteen. A soldier of the Cross he was, but not 'according to knowledge.' The propagation of the Faith was with him inseparable from the extension of the Portuguese dominion, and the emblazonment of his own name on the glowing rolls of fame. Forgetting that self-will and ambition are but indifferent auditors of heavenly counsel, he persuaded himself that a special mission of destruction to the Infidel exempted him from his most obvious duties and elevated him above human advice.

On the 24th of June, the armada, numbering 800 craft, all told, set sail from Lisbon. It was freighted with somewhere about 24,000 souls—not all fighting men; for at the last moment the contagion of the royal confidence had spread, and the gaps left by renitent warriors were rapidly filled by intending plunderers. Women with children at the breast, rustics armed with ropes to bind captive Saracens, were seen hurrying on board; sutlers and camp-followers swarmed; reluctance and discouragement gave place to eagerness to share in the expected spoil. Sebastian was radiant. His graceful bearing and joyous demeanour drew all eyes and hearts towards him as he rode, for the last time, through the streets of Lisbon, resplendent in raiment of blue interlaced with threads of gold, surrounded by a dazzling *cortège* of nobles and cavaliers. Never had such a display of magnificence been witnessed in the Lusitanian capital. Lands were mortgaged, great houses impoverished, needy families sunk in debt, to sustain the emulous ostentation of that ill-omened parade. For months before every tailor in the city had worked double tides, and pocketed double wages. The temper of their swords was little regarded by the campaigning courtiers in comparison with the sweep of their mantles, or the garniture of their doublets. Silks and velvets were esteemed poor unless richly

embroidered and trimmed with the finest lace; the golden cords wound round the pointed hats then in vogue were fastened with diamonds, rubies, cameos, and pearls; azure-enamelled spurs, stirrups of inestimable workmanship, damask capotes barred with velvet and gold, cuirasses splendidly emblazoned, everywhere met the dazzled eyes of the spectators. Horses, not less gorgeously equipped than their riders, caracolled in trappings heavy with incrustations of the precious metals; silk-lined tents were brightened with banners and gilded poles; galleons and caravels glittered with many-coloured flags, with sheeny curtains, painted galleries, awnings of damask and brocade.\*

The preparations seemed to be for some joyous festivity rather than for arduous and doubtful warfare. None of the requisites of a court in gala were forgotten; everything essential to military efficiency was neglected. The pomps of victory were elaborately provided for; the means of securing it were abandoned to ignorance or chance. The closed crown designed to press the fair brow of the first Christian Emperor of Morocco was in readiness; the halberds and uniforms of the guard which was to escort his triumphal procession, and the master of the ceremonies who was to marshal it, were on board; lists were not wanting for the games which were to follow; the court preacher had composed and learnt by heart a jubilant discourse to be delivered on the same auspicious occasion. Nay, the great Camoens, now almost at the end of his illusions, meditated once more attuning his heroic lyre to the glories of his country; and it was perhaps the last sting of his sorry fate that a younger and more acceptable rival was chosen to accompany the expedition.

Amid all this

‘Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,’

its stern realities were ill provided for. Discipline was at the lowest ebb. Nightly brawls testified to the perilous activity of national animosities. Cavalry, the most essential branch of the service in such a campaign, was fatally deficient. Field-guns were ill-served, and proved practically useless. Siege-trains or other warlike engines were totally absent. Even food was of the scantiest. The condition of the commissariat was, indeed, typical of the entire equipment;—conserves and sweetmeats abounded; bread was scarce.

Far out on the summer sea, the departing fleet was at last

\* Rebello da Silva, ‘*Historia de Portugal*,’ t. i. p. 160–1.



encompassed with the silence of the ocean. Salvocs of artillery, triumphant music, shouts of applauding beholders, were heard no more. The silence became oppressive, and the royal minstrel was commanded to break it with a song. Domingos Madeira took his viol, and, seeking inspiration in some preluding chords, he lifted up a clear voice, and chanted, to a plaintive melody, the dolorous verses of the *Romancero* :—

‘Ayer fuisteis rey de España,  
Hoy non teneis un castillo.’\*

The presage was remembered. Singular also it was that the sword of Alfonso Henriques, with which Sebastian designed to renew the memories of Ourique, remained forgotten on board the fleet, and so returned, untarnished by defeat, to the sacred seclusion of Coimbra.

More substantial grounds of foreboding were furnished by the reckless conduct of the expedition. The immediate object of attack was Larache (*el-Araish*, ‘the bower’), so called from the luxuriance of foliage which had long ago suggested the localisation at the mouth of the Lixus of the far-famed Gardens of the Hesperides. The port offered a safe and commodious refuge to the pirate-parasites on European commerce. Its defences consisted in a mud-wall and a few ill-mounted guns, and the place, thus feeble and obnoxious, seemed eminently destined to share the fate of all unfortified nuisances. But Sebastian’s aim appeared to be rather the display of his forces than the employment of them. The novel and delicious draught of military glory must be sipped at leisure in the pageantry of anticipated victory, not drained in one gulp of easy triumph. Bull-fighting at Cadiz, bear-hunting at Tangier, feasting and rioting at Arzilla, consumed the propitious time, and dangerously relaxed discipline. The king behaved more like a British traveller of the most foolhardy type than the leader of an invading force in an enemy’s country. He scoured the interior almost unaccompanied; he hunted with as little precaution as in the royal park of Almeirim; he thought only of gratifying a harebrained curiosity, or displaying his indifference to peril. Presumptuous folly could go no further than in his refusal to allow the camp at Arzilla to be entrenched, because forsooth the terror of his juvenile reputation sufficed to arrest attack or even approach!

It needed, however, a series of gigantic blunders to bring

‘But yesterday King of Spain,  
To-day not a castle is thine.’

about the final catastrophe. Again and again, an alternative was placed before the young king which would have secured safety, if not success; and again and again he elected for obvious ruin. In six hours the whole army could, with the utmost facility, have been transported by sea from Arzilla to Larache. It was determined instead to march overland by a circuitous route, exposed to the pitiless blaze of an African sun and the harassing assaults of a numerous and active foe. At the very outset, the sufferings of the troops from thirst were so severe, and the difficulties of advance so nearly insuperable, that Sebastian was with difficulty persuaded to reconsider his decision. It was too late; the fleet had already sailed. Even still, had he been content to follow the line of the Mokasin to the sea, or, that river being left behind, to seek the lower ford of the Luccus instead of attempting a crossing higher up—had the march, in fact, been directed anywhere except into the very jaws of destruction—no worse harm might have ensued than the display of consummate incapacity and the infliction of much useless suffering. But ‘whom the gods wish to destroy, they madden.’ Intelligence regarding the enemy’s forces was discredited, and the conveyers of it taunted with cowardice. Arguments were cut short with sovereign peremptoriness, or answered with sovereign imbecility. ‘What would the Duke of Alva say?’ was the reply of this would-be Alexander, when implored to provide for the safety of his troops.

A presentiment of approaching doom meanwhile silently gained possession of the army. Despondency was elevated into religious awe by the conviction that they were about to lay down their lives for the Christian cause; and the night before the battle was devoted to sacramental reconciliation and repentance. In the royal tent alone joyous unconcern reigned—or seemed to reign; for the royal breast itself was probably the sole unshaken citadel of confidence. But adulation—a very Proteus—on this occasion took the form of mirth, and boastful jokes were circulated which, to many of the loudest laughers, must have had a strangely hollow ring. One of these hilarious courtiers hailed Sebastian sole Emperor of Africa; another requested promotion to the marquisate of Tetuan; a third, outbidding his companions in buffoonery, presented a petition for the ears of Abd-el-Melek (the reigning king of Morocco, Edmund Hogan’s ‘earnest Protestant!’),\* to be eaten with oil and vinegar, after the manner of a salad!

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\* See Froude’s ‘Elizabeth,’ vol. x. p. 140, *note*.

On the morning of the 4th of August, 1578, the sun rose red as blood above the field of Alcaçer-el-Kebir, as if (so thought the recorders of the lamentable event) in sympathy with the torrents to be shed before his day's course was run. Yet one chance there was left to lose; for the dice were heavily loaded for Portugal's destruction. It became known that Abd-el-Melek was dying—in all likelihood of poison. Muley Ahmed represented that his rival's decease *must* occur within a very few hours; that, in the confusion inevitably ensuing, certain victory could be snatched at slight cost; when, moreover, the oppressive heat of a more than usually suffocating day would have subsided. Sebastian hesitated; seemed to yield. At that critical moment, Aldaia, the commandant of a small corps of Spanish auxiliaries, hastened up exclaiming with frantic gestures that all was lost unless the battle was instantly engaged. It needed no more: prudence rushed down the steep slope of impatience into the abyss of rashness, and with it an army and a kingdom.

The Portuguese forces which descended for slaughter into the 'Field of the Buckler' numbered between 17,000 and 18,000; they were opposed to an army of 55,000. Abd-el-Melek, an able strategist, had disposed his troops in crescent form, his numerous cavalry being thrown forward on each wing, so as gradually to enclose the advancing Christian battalions. Before a shot had been fired, or a blow struck, they were taken like a shoal of fish in a net. As an organised entity, the army is last seen prostrate before the crucifix uplifted in the hands of the king's almoner, the foot-soldiers kneeling, the cavaliers bent to the saddle-bow. At the same instant

'The iron clamour smote the brazen sky; '\*

close at hand, unexpected, thundered the Moorish artillery; heroic charges were shattered in confusion and dismay; disaggregation followed, not in flight, but in isolated, ineffective, though gallant struggles; then massacre or captivity, and at last silence. Comparatively few escaped. In half an hour, according to a contemporary informant,† all was ruin and confusion. Detailed narratives he warns us against as untrustworthy. 'The whole thing was a flash—a swift stroke of 'the blinding wrath of God.'

The king performed prodigies of useless valour. 'If you 'see me,' he had said before the battle, 'it will be at the head

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\* *Iliad*, xvii. 424.

† 'Carta a um Abade da Beira,' Bibliophilo, August, 1849.

‘of the squadrons; if you see me not, I shall be in the thick of the enemy.’ His words were literally realised. In the blind fury of fighting his duties as commander-in-chief were obliterated; he remembered only that he was a soldier, or recalled his royal dignity only as a spur to personal achievement. It might even be said that Abd-el-Melek was a better general dead, than Don Sebastian living. For while victory was still in the balance, the Moorish king expired with finger on lips in token of secrecy; and a renegade, riding beside his litter, and silently assuming his lapsed office, issued orders purporting to come from behind the closed curtains which concealed a corpse.

The solicitude of such of the Portuguese nobles as remained alive after the first stunning reverse, was mainly directed towards securing the safety of their king. He, however, had now nothing so much at heart as to baffle their efforts. Desperate with the fulminating disgrace of an overthrow so sudden and complete, he charged, at the head of a handful of devoted followers, without other aim than that of securing an honourable death, and making it costly to the foe. But life often clings closest to those who hold it cheapest, and Sebastian seemed to bear a charmed existence. Three horses were killed under him; he mounted a fourth, and fought on unsated with slaughter and almost unhurt. At last, Christopher de Tavora, his friend and favourite, seeing the utter hopelessness of the struggle, threw himself before him, with tears imploring him to surrender. ‘My lord and king,’ he exclaimed, ‘what remedy else remains to us?’ ‘Heaven, if our actions deserve it,’ Sebastian returned, touched with momentary emotion. Then roused, by the demand for his sword, to a fresh access of bellicose passion, he cried aloud, ‘A king surrenders liberty only with life!’ and plunged headlong amid the Moorish ranks.

These are his last recorded words; but one further transient though apparently authentic glimpse of him is granted to us. A certain gallant Luis de Brito, remaining himself in the hands of the enemy, after having effected a successful rescue of the combatant prince, saw him retire uninjured and unpursued towards the river, in a direction remote from the spot where his body was afterwards said to have been found. Nothing was ever known as to the manner of his death. Conjecture was rife; evidence there was absolutely none. ‘The only thing positive,’ writes a survivor\* of the fatal day,

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\* Hieronymo de Mendoga, ‘Jornada de Africa,’ p. 47.

‘is that no one ever stated that he had seen the king killed.’ This reticence (said, on doubtful authority,\* to have been in one case broken) was ascribed by the Spanish party to repugnance from the damaging admission of having witnessed and survived such an event. No motives rationally conceivable, however, could have secured the silence of *all* concerned in it. Yet it is certain that neither Moor, Jew, renegade, nor Christian was ever produced to give ocular testimony regarding an occurrence of vital importance to two kingdoms.

It has been said that

‘Kings should disdain to die, and only disappear;’†

and the maxim was strictly verified in the tragical instance of Don Sebastian. A studied obscurity, it might be said, veiled his exit from the world. Even the identification of the remains which passed for his was not such as to exclude doubt. Towards the evening of the day of battle a royal page named Bastiam de Rezende, while traversing the field as a prisoner, recognised or believed that he recognised the body of his master lying stripped amidst a heap of slain. He communicated his discovery, and was next day despatched with an escort to the spot. Covered with some worthless fragments of apparel and flung across a mule, the corpse of Sebastian was conveyed to the Moorish headquarters, and laid on a straw hassock beside that of the Scherif, his ally. For Muley Ahmed had met his fate in crossing the Mokasim, and the battle became known as that of the ‘Three Kings,’ who had by diverse modes perished in it. Some captive Portuguese nobles were hastily summoned for purposes of identification, but the state of the remains rendered the task one of extreme difficulty. The head alone bore five wounds, besides two in one side; the once fair skin was begrimed with blood and dust; and the devastation caused by exposure to two days’ torrid sunshine was painfully apparent. Add to all, that the night had already closed in, and the cursory examination permitted by the agitation of the moment was conducted by the uncertain glare of wood-fires. Most of those present, however, appear to have been convinced that the disfigured corpse was really that of their late monarch, and their attestation to that effect was subsequently renewed at Lisbon.

One of the circumstances of this mysterious event most

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\* Referred to by M. d’Antas, ‘*Les Faux Don Sébastien*,’ p. 65.

† This line of a forgotten poetaster is quoted by De Quincey, in ‘*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.’

difficult to be accounted for is the total disappearance of all the kingly appurtenances. On every strap and buckle of Sebastian's clothing the royal arms were conspicuous; yet no fragment of it was ever brought to light; nor could his armour be traced, though easily recognisable by its peculiar and beautiful workmanship. Nothing was left but the cold clay of his mortality. After a temporary interment at Alcaçer-el-Kebir, and a repose of four years at Ceuta, the pilgrim bones and dust were finally restored to their native land, and laid in the stately church of Belem, at Lisbon. There—*si vera est fama* \*—still repose the mortal remains of Don Sebastian, sixteenth King of Portugal.

The independence of his country did not long survive him. His successor on the throne was his grand-uncle, Cardinal Henrique, who quickly succumbed to the anxieties of his new position. On his death, Portugal lay prostrate at the feet of Philip II. The popular candidate for the crown was the Prior of Crato, Don Antonio, whose cause was ardently espoused by the clergy and lower orders. But his claim was crossed with the bar-sinister, and, such as it was, the Duke of Alva with 20,000 men quickly disposed of it. The patriotic fervour and vigorous nationality which gave to one of the smallest European states five hundred years of most memorable history, were far from being wholly extinct. But the resources of the country were drained; the nobles were venal, exiled, or isolated; above all, the 'big battalions' were on the side of Castilian ambition. The sixty years of Portuguese 'captivity' were thus passed in sullen discontent and exasperation, but were marked by little open resistance. The magnificent Eastern empire, with which the enterprise and prudence of Vasco de Gama, of Almeida, and of Albuquerque had endowed the little Lusitanian state, was appropriated piecemeal by the Dutch; commerce departed from its shores; public spirit languished; literature decayed. The suffering heart of the people alone was stirring and creative. Because it lived, it felt the need of hope; and the coming time gave no rational outlook towards better things. Wherefore visions were conjured up to delude and console minds impatient of realities. Spurious prophecies were circulated or invented; ancient writings were wrested into new meanings; half-forgotten rumours were revived; stories, by reason and evidence

\* The first lines of his epitaph run thus:—

'Conditur hoc tumulo, *si vera est fama*, Sebastus,  
Quem tulit in Libycis mors properata plagis.'

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heavily weighted for oblivion, were, by the lifting power of falsehood, once more floated to the surface—in a word, a myth took root with vigorous promise of development. The hero round whom this myth grew and twined was Don Sebastian.

We are enabled, by M. d'Antas' clear narrative in the work quoted at the head of this article, to watch its inception, as well as trace its progress. This gentleman now fills the high office of Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Portugal at the Court of St. James, where he represents with equal distinction the political traditions of our oldest ally, and the literary traditions of a cultivated people. We shall, therefore, mainly follow his guidance through this strange labyrinth of personation and deceit. A recent example in humbler life, and in our own country, proves how apt the popular mind is to cling to such illusions.

On the night following the rout of Alcaçer-el-Kebir, some fugitive Portuguese gentlemen reached the gates of Arzilla. On being refused admittance, they let fall hints sufficient to persuade an excited populace that one of their number, who appeared to be superior in rank to his companions, was the king. The reckless expedient was destined to be the progenitor of a long-lived posterity of fraud and delusion. Like wildfire the news spread through the town that Don Sebastian was safe; the house in which he lodged was eagerly pointed out, and panic gave place to reassurance. The corregidor of the fleet lost no time in exposing the imposture. The supposed king, Diogo de Mello by name, swore that no thought of counterfeiting the royal presence had occurred to him or to his associates; and it may well have been that the fiction, like many others, was the product equally of credulity and invention. *Fingunt simul creduntque.* Popular resentment, however, did not pause to analyse evidence; and the ill-omened harbinger of the pseudo-Sebastians was smuggled on board the 'San Martin' to save him from the fury of a disappointed mob. The appearance of mystery involved in this operation gave fresh vitality to the delusion. It crossed in the fleet to Portugal; it landed with the crews at Lisbon; it was greedily caught up by wonder-mongers; cherished and clung to by a despairing people until belief became fanaticism. According to the first wild rumour the king was actually on board the fleet when it entered the Tagus; but the form eventually taken by the legend was that he had secretly been put on shore at Cape St. Vincent, and, disdaining to claim the kingdom he had ruined, had entered on a hidden penitential life, to be terminated by a glorious manifes-

tation, opening an 'Astræa Redux' epoch for Portugal and the world. The barber who had cured the wounds of this mysterious personage was named; the Capuchin who had shriven him was identified; the preacher who delivered his funeral oration was warned (it was asserted) that the subject of it would be amongst his auditors, and was obliged to fence with his words lest they should commit him either to the statement that the king was dead or to the disclosure that he was alive.

Bacon has somewhere sagely said that 'credulity is the magnet of mendacity.' And it could not be but that such a powerful magnet of blind belief as was thus prepared should, sooner or later, find what we may call an armature of imposture. In July 1584, accordingly, it began to be bruited abroad that Don Sebastian had disclosed himself in the person of the 'King of Penamacor.' The individual thus known to history was an otherwise nameless youth, the son of a poor potter at Alcobaça. Expelled from a monastery in Lisbon, he set up in a hermitage at Albuquerque, and soon became popular in the neighbourhood. Rather, indeed, through artistic than spiritual endowments; for he could sing to the guitar in a manner to bewitch idle ears, and employed the gift more freely than consisted with his devout profession. One fine day, it came to the ears of the parish priest that he had been seen wandering through the streets in doubtful company and at a doubtful hour twanging and piping in altogether profane fashion. Whereupon the self-styled 'hermit' got notice to quit his hermitage and the neighbourhood. He had, however, found a patroness in the widow of one of the victims of Alcaçer. Supplied by her womanly devotion with a horse, clothes, money, and—what was still more to the purpose—with some details of that untoward event, he traversed the country declaring himself one of the survivors of the African campaign. One lie begets another, and the listening peasants quickly outbid his invention. 'Why not Don Sebastian himself?' it was whispered. The ex-recluse began by disavowing the honour put upon him; he ended by accepting and appropriating it. Aided by two accomplices and a crowd of adherents, he fixed his headquarters in the hamlet of Penamacor, levied contributions on his faithful subjects far and near, and for a brief space led a life of most jocund festivity. The authorities, however, were on the alert. Arrested and taken to Lisbon, the 'King of Penamacor' was paraded on an ass's back, barcheaded, through the principal streets, that by the exhibition of a physiognomy resembling in nothing that of the deceased monarch the minds of the people might be dis-



abused. In his examination, the impostor showed some courage and ready wit. 'Am I to be hanged,' he exclaimed, 'because people chose to take off their hats to me?' The joke perhaps saved him; clemency prevailed and he was sent to the galleys for life. Story further relates that he sat on the benches of the Invincible Armada; that his ex-royal hands aided in its propulsion towards the shores of England; and that, on its dispersal, he escaped to France. He was probably (some discrepancy of dates notwithstanding) the hero of an enigmatical scene enacted about that time in Paris; and, as late as 1595, a faint ray of light just discloses him, still playing his part to a little circle of dupes,\* very much as, in later times and better society, Silvio Pellico's 'Duke of Normandy' befooled a select circle of dowagers in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Just a year after the 'King of Penamacor' had been disposed of, another candidate for royal honours appeared at Ericeira. From the hermitage of St. Julian, sounds of self-flagellation were frequently heard to proceed, dismally accompanied by sighs, groans, and broken exclamations to the following effect: 'Woe to thee, Sebastian! How many lives have been sacrificed to thy folly! What penance can avail to expiate so great a crime?' It needed no more to direct the seething fancies of the people into this new channel. Matheus Alvares, like his predecessor, had failed to become a monk, and therefore feigned to become a hermit. Unlike him, he had the advantage of possessing some general resemblance to the individual whom he undertook to personate, and pursued his scheme with quite other and more serious purposes. He was soon at the head of a formidable insurrectionary movement, and established a sort of brigand's headquarters at Ericeira, whence he issued proclamations, and distributed grants and titles in the name of King Sebastian. At the head of his little army, he proposed to enter Lisbon on the eve of St. John, to summon to his standard holiday-making patriotism, and so carry the city by a *coup de main*. Then, at the top of his triumph he would have stood forward and spoken thus: 'Look well at me, fellow-citizens; I am *not* Don Sebastian. But I *am* a true Portuguese, who has delivered you from the Castilian yoke. Now choose for your king whom you please.' The result was a cruel caricature of the design. Defeated in a miniature campaign, the 'King of Ericeira' made his entry

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\* Mérimée, 'Les Faux Démétrius,' p. 43.

into the capital, not triumphantly, but ignominiously, as a prisoner instead of as a deliverer. No witticisms, even had such been at his command, availed to save him. He was executed with certain ghastly preliminary and accessory operations needless to detail, and his little kingdom at the mouth of the Tagus expiated in bloodshed and forced labour the alarm it had occasioned to the Spanish rulers of the country.

The next aspirant would have seemed, at first sight, a most unlikely personator of the heroic Don Sebastian. His calling was that of a cook; he was a Spaniard by birth, and by nature a garrulous fool. His years were, moreover, sixty or thereabouts, while those of the young crusader would have numbered in 1594, when the intrigue first came to light, exactly forty. The farce enacted at the village of Madrigal in Old Castile assumes a tragic complexion from the participation in it of an unhappy princess, whom the tyranny of her uncle Philip II. had compelled to embrace a monastic profession. The ardent imagination of Dona Ana\* easily persuaded her to see in the humble individual presented to her across the conventual grating a hero and a deliverer; for through him she hoped to escape from a life to the inner spirit of which she had never conformed; and with him, duly released from enforced vows, she dreamed of mounting the throne of Portugal. The deception was countenanced, if not originated, by a Portuguese ecclesiastic. Fray Miguel dos Santos was an ardent patriot, and probably viewed Gabriel de Espinosa as an instrument for the restoration of the national dynasty in the person of Don Antonio, whom we have before mentioned as the popular, though illegitimate, candidate for the crown of Portugal. The sacred character the friar so ill represented did not save him from prolonged and repeated tortures and an ignominious death. The same fate befell his mock-royal candidate, the 'pastrycook of Madrigal.'

Amongst the Portuguese emigrants who formed a little court at Paris round Don Antonio, the ex-Prior of Crato, Don John de Castro, grandson of the famous viceroy of the Indies, was distinguished for his visionary disposition and irritable temper. Finding himself without occupation in the year 1587, he devoted much study to the pretended prophecies and fabricated revelations circulated amongst the eager witnesses to a trampled nationality; and soon came to see clearly (his intelligence being illuminated by a quarrel with Don Antonio) that King Sebastian still lived, and would, in due course of

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\* An illegitimate daughter of Don John of Austria.

time, appear. The subtle element of conviction thus garnered was laid up, like stored electricity, for future expenditure. Years passed; the Portuguese candidate was dead, the Portuguese exiles dispersed and desponding; by the conclusion (June 15, 1598) of peace between France and Spain, an extinguisher had just been put upon what seemed their last hope, when it began to be known that a person calling himself Don Sebastian had appeared at Venice.

The scene of the new drama of imposture could not have been more skilfully chosen. Venice was a nucleus of activity and sensation; busy tongues were there, ready to diffuse the rumour of the plot; ardent refugees ready to develop it; safe shelter for such development being provided (so, at least, it might have been hopefully anticipated) by the haughty independence of the Republic. The time, too, offered a favourable conjuncture. Philip II. was on the last verge of life; vastly diminished resources, both intellectual and material, lay at the disposal of his successor; Spain was in visible decadence; while, year by year, Portugal pined with a keener longing for national restoration. Since the disaster of August 4, 1578, twenty years had elapsed—twenty years of obliteration and change. Twenty years, giving a wide scope for the effacement of memories, for the intervention of accident, for the accumulation of experience—in a word, for the confusion of identities.

The new apparition offered but a sorry spectacle. With one *gazete*\* in his pocket, an unknown wayfarer sought a lodging, one June night of 1598, in the house of Misser Francisco, a Cypriot cook. The quarter was the 'Corte Contarina,' one of the most disreputable in Venice, and the stranger quickly fell into company of a corresponding description. He called himself at first the 'Knight of the Cross,' but gradually allowed it to be known that under that romantic title lay concealed a royal personality. His villainous associates adopted his pretensions—as certain legal sharpers take up a desperate case—'on speculation.' He lived on them, and they kept him alive (not without threats of making him pay 'with his head' should all else fail) in the hope of stirring up, by his means, mud enough to make profitable fishing.

At the outset the tale was scouted as absurd even by Portuguese patriots. Such of them as remembered the king were (in De Castro's words) 'base enough' to say that the claimant bore no resemblance whatever to him. The first

notices of the incident sent to Don John de Castro in Paris were framed in a spirit of jesting incredulity—a spirit very different from that in which they were received. To Don John's mystical apprehension, the news came with no sense of surprise. It was an announcement he had long looked for; not in suspense and uncertainty, but with the calm anticipation of the inevitable. Nevertheless, he did not at first believe that the Venetian adventurer was himself Don Sebastian in person, but supposed him to be an envoy or precursor of the 'coming king.' He, however, at once set to work to propagate the intelligence, to prepare men's minds, and to declare the marvellous fulfilment of prophecy in the approaching resurrection of Portugal. Amongst those most profoundly influenced by him was Fray Estevam de Sampayo, a Dominican monk already pledged to the patriotic cause. Him he persuaded, about the middle of the year 1599, to repair to Venice in order to satisfy himself as to the identity of the pretender.

But when this Brother Stephen reached Venice, the pretender had already been some months a prisoner. His story which had, when first started, the air of a transparent fraud, gained with diffusion and repetition strength and consistency enough to alarm Spanish sensitiveness. On the demand of his Catholic Majesty's ambassador, the 'Knight of the Cross' was accordingly, on November 24, arrested, and placed in a solitary cell known as the *Casaote*. Removed later to the more spacious 'Garden,' he there enjoyed the society of between a dozen and a score of miscreants, various in class but uniform in villainy, whose affection he won by his amiable demeanour, whose respect he earned by an occasional display of personal vigour, whose reverence he conciliated by a hypocritical semblance of piety, and from whom, in turn, he derived assistance in his perilous though fascinating vocation of deceit.

Assuredly a most singular individual. In the highly cultivated art of lying he was one of the greatest masters extant. His mild self-possession was absolutely proof against discountenance in cross-examination. Compromising ignorance was covered by the convenient assumption of royal dignity, or the timely exhibition of native petulance. Dead walls of detection were skilfully evaded by plunges into the tortuous windings of invention, where known sign-boards of truth were hung aloft to decoy the unwary with a fraudulent guarantee of good faith. For he possessed a certain amount of information as well as an unlimited stock of fancy, and had the art, common to all charlatans, of consolidating his story with accretions of fact borrowed from those whom they were designed to con-

vince. His cause, accordingly, grew apace. Many of those who had at first ridiculed his pretensions were staggered in their disbelief by personal intercourse. The judges appointed to sift the matter remained, after no less than twenty-seven examinations, in doubt and perplexity. The prevalent opinion set him down as the victim of delusion; a few believed him a deliberate impostor. On the other hand, the fervour of his devotees made up for their paucity, and he counted converts in the Venetian senate and episcopate. The enemies of Spain (and they were many) began to prick up their ears. That the rumour lost nothing on the road to London, the following extract from a letter written January 17, 1599, by John Chamberlain to his friend Carleton, sufficiently shows:—

‘The newes comes now very hot that Sebastian the king of Portingale, that was said to be slaine in the battell in Barbarie, is at Venice, and hath made so good triale of himself that the Venetians allowe him, and maintaine almost fowerscore persons about him at their charge. They say he tells very strange stories, how he with fourteene more escaped from the battaile, and got up into the mountaines, and so, by many adventures, he went and he went till he came into Ethiopia, or Prester John’s lande, meaning from thence to have gon into the East Indies, but, understanding that they were yeelded and sworne to the king of Spain, durst not proceed, but turned backe again, and *per tot discrimina* in this longe pilgrimage (wherein he hath ben taken, bought, and sold twelve or thirteen times), got at last to Venice, where he tells them all that was negotiated twixt him and them, either by Letters or Ambassadors, since he was of any goode remembrance, and that with so many particulars as are thought infallible testimonies. Besides, it is saide that his confessor is come out of Portingale, and, upon conference with him, avoucheth all to be true that he saith, touching what passed betweene them in confession, both at other times, and specially the day before the battell. We run away with all, as though all were our owne, and are easilie persuaded to believe that we wold have. What will come of it God knowes, but it were a happy turne for Christendome if it were true, and so beloved; but it will by no means sincke down with me, but that still I feare he will be cousened and trussed up in the end.’

*Viresque acquirit eundo.* With regard to the gossip transmitted to Mr. Chamberlain’s correspondent, it is only needful to remark, first, that Don Sebastian’s confessor, Padre Mauricio, fell on the same field with his august penitent, consequently was not available as a witness twenty years later; next, that the prisoner’s reminiscences of past negotiations were probably (as was shrewdly hinted by a Portuguese friar) strictly limited to such despatches as *had been printed*. The most astounding circumstance, however, connected with the Venetian intrigue was one, not of knowledge, but of

ignorance. *The aspirant to the throne of Portugal knew no Portuguese.* In comparison with this damning fact, the blank condition of mind with regard to polite learning displayed by the late claimant to the Tichborne baronetcy might pass as explicable obliviousness. One hardly knows which most to marvel at—the sublime audacity of the impostor or the unmeasured credulity of his dupes. An alleged vow served as the ostensible motive for his use of the Italian tongue (observed to run with remarkable fluency from his lips); but it might have been thought that the pretext was too flimsy to take in even the least wary; especially as the period of abstinence terminated as soon as an opportunity occurred for supplying previous deficiencies.

His imprisonment made the fortune of his plot. Two years and upwards of detention in the *Cazote* and the *Jardin* supplied ample leisure for perfecting the part he had undertaken to play. He increased his familiarity with the circumstances of his (supposed) former life; he acquired, with the help of borrowed Portuguese books, some tincture of his (supposed) native speech; he won the hearts of judges, jailers, and fellow prisoners by benignity and patience; and imposed upon the devout by ascetic practices. Meanwhile, seclusion threw round this clever charlatan a cloud of mystery, and persecution lent to him a halo of martyrdom. His retirement saved his adherents from the shock of startling incongruities unavoidable by the most skilled personator; and left their imagination at large to realise, in fond meditation, the airy visions he had dazzled them with. Their conviction as to his identity was confirmed in a most singular, and even now unaccountable, manner.

Fray Estevam de Sampayo reached Venice, as we have seen, in the summer of 1599. Prepossessed in favour of the impostor he undoubtedly was, but not yet irrevocably committed to his cause. He had frequently seen Don Sebastian in old days, and an interview with his newly-found representative could hardly have failed to cool his rising ardour. But an interview was not granted to him. He was instead despatched to Portugal by the Venetian authorities for the purpose of procuring a certified description of the bodily peculiarities by which Don Sebastian was distinguished. The task was diligently executed, and towards the close of the year he returned to Venice, bringing a schedule of sixteen 'signs' duly attested by an apostolic notary, the possession of any one of which might be thought to furnish some presumption of identity, and the combination of many to afford cumulative

proof amounting to certainty. Yet it soon came to be known that the prisoner could exhibit them *all*! Singularities of structure, effects of accident, congenital marks—not one was missing. Freckles, warts, moles, each in its proper position, could be triumphantly pointed to; there was the required slight excess in length of the right leg and arm, the small foot and high instep, the Austrian lip; a tooth was absent from the indicated spot in the lower jaw; the mark of a wound in the head, alleged to have been received in Africa, was conspicuous. The presence of these extraordinary coincidences was loudly asserted by the friends of the prisoner; it was not denied by his enemies. They could only hint at the artificial production of such perplexing countersigns; and from this clearly untenable position were driven, in the last resort, to take refuge in the imputation of sorcery. The obvious suspicion that the document brought by Fray Estevam from Lisbon was framed to accord, not with the corporeal characteristics of Don Sebastian, but with those of the claimant to his crown, appears to be excluded both by the authenticity of its origin, and by the scarcely doubtful sincerity of the person principally concerned. Such a charge was never, indeed, so much as mentioned; and we can only suppose that the coincidences in question were in part forged by the pretender, in part imagined by his partisans, and, for the rest, enormously exaggerated.

The Portuguese exiles were now, almost to a man, united in the cause of their long-lost king. The various courts of Europe were beset with their importunities; demands for justice and enquiry re-echoed from the banks of the Tiber to the banks of the Thames. The prisoner himself indited an appeal to the Pope, which seems to have met with no response; and a similar negative result attended the zealous efforts of Don John de Castro in London and at the Hague.\* Perseverance, however, did not go entirely unrewarded. Moved by recommen-

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\* M. d'Antas has, by inadvertence, represented (at p. 284, and again at p. 304 of the volume so often cited) De Castro's appeals as having been addressed to 'la reine Marie,' instead of to Elizabeth. We may also point out that the 'Thomas Esternulic' of p. 27 (a note prudently disclaims responsibility for the spelling) is no other than the famous Tom Stukeley, created Marquis of Leinster (not *Lenster*) by the Pope, who ended his adventurous career fighting in the army of Don Sebastian at Alcaçer-el-Kebir. He figures as the magniloquent hero of a tragedy by Peel, written not many years after the event. There are numerous references to the personator of Don Sebastian in the Calendar of State Papers (Domestic), 1598-1601.

datations eventually procured from the States-General and from Count Maurice of Nassau, and wearied by the daily solicitations of Don John (who arrived on the scene of action July 28, 1600), the perplexed Council of the Pregadi succeeded, after much hesitation, in reconciling divided opinions by ordering the release of the captive, with orders to quit Venice, under pain of the galleys, within four-and-twenty hours.

The event was unexpected, and took the little patriot colony at unawares. Messengers were, however, quickly sent round, and a council summoned at the house occupied by De Castro. There, on the night of December 15, 1600, the refugees were (many of them for the first time) confronted with the man on whose royal claims they had staked the little hope and credit remaining to them after so many years of exile. The effect was startling. The personage in whose presence they found themselves offered, at first sight, no sort of resemblance to the young monarch lost in Africa. But they were fortunate in possessing a leader equal to the emergency. A zoological anecdote, which we are convinced is a libel upon the average intelligence of the feathered tribes, although a not unapt type of many human proceedings, relates that the capture of certain seabirds is effected with the utmost facility by whole families together, owing to their ingrained habit of holding on, in moments of peril, each to the tail of the other. The father-puffin was, in the present instance, Don John de Castro, who, having swallowed the unbaited hook, was drawn upwards by the complacent fowler with a long file of (literal) *adherents*, all depending on the frail line of his facile conviction. He has left on record his impressions of the interview, which we summarise as follows:—

The ex-captive sat by the fire, and, while its light illuminated his countenance, Don John stood aside, contemplating him at leisure. For his mind was in much suspense owing to the great change which he perceived to have taken place in him. He saw before him a man of middle height and powerful frame, though reduced almost to skin and bone by abstinence and hardship. His covering was an old silk cassock, the gift of charity; newly lined with fur (by another charitable thought) to meet the inclemency of the season. His hair and beard were black, or dark brown, and he had completely lost the original beauty of his complexion. This he was himself well aware of. ‘What has become of my fairness?’ he would say, playfully putting his hand to his face. His head was large; eyebrows somewhat lifted; eyes of uncertain colour in the uncertain light, not large, and slightly sunken, but sparkling like stars. He had high cheekbones, which seemed



higher through emaciation; a long nose and thin lips, the lower one showing, however, the familiar Hapsburg droop. His figure was short from the waist up (it was remembered that Don Sebastian's doublet would fit no other person); he had the right leg and arm longer than the left; legs slightly bowed (this also was characteristic of the former king); and small feet with extraordinarily high insteps. His hands were large, and he remarked merrily that with them he could lift from the ground two or three loyal but slender subjects like him who stood gazing by the fire-light. Until that night he had not spoken Portuguese for years; but though his pronunciation was defective, it was perceived to be that of a native who had partially lost the use of his mother-tongue. In manner he was grave and serene, yet affable and cheerful; his naturally hot temper was controlled by a virtuous habit of self-repression; no signs of ambition could be discovered in him, but many of zeal for the service of religion; by which, rather than by any lust of power, he was led to seek restoration to his dominions. To resume all, he was the selfsame Don Sebastian, except for such differences as resulted from years and labours, as when he reigned at Lisbon.\*

This sketch shows with equal clearness the ready tact of the impostor and the not less ready credulity of the neophyte. Needless to say that the interview terminated with an ardent profession of faith in the identity, and loyalty to the person, of the restored monarch, whom another account represents as having been recognised mainly by his speech. 'For as he began to speak, his voice was somewhat low, yet very strong, and in continuing rose ever higher and higher, as it always did in Portugal.' 'We saw,' continues one of those present, 'the freckles in his face and hands, the hurt that he had on the right eyebrow, and he let every one in the company touch the wound in his head with their fingers. Afterwards he showed us the place where he wanted the tooth in the right jaw beneath, and we knew very well that Sebastian Neto, his barber, had thence drawn it forth; of whom himself enquired very particularly.' Further, the estimable Pantaloeone Pessoa, in pulling off his shoes, 'felt the wart on the little toe' (one of the 'signs' of the true Sebastian) 'which is so great as it makes a resemblance of a sixth toe;' and heard him demand many particulars regarding persons and places in his kingdom 'with the grace of as royal authority as if it had been in the year 1578, and in his palace of Ribera

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\* *Discurso da Vida de el Rey Dom Sebastiam*, pp. 90-5.

‘ at Lisbon ; and with as much simplicity did he proceed in all, ‘ plainly, without fraud, cavillation, or heat, as it had been an ‘ infant of ten years old.’ \*

His account of his adventures was in the highest degree romantic. Stricken and bewildered by the magnitude of the disaster occasioned by his headstrong folly, he had escaped from under a heap of slain on the field of Alcaçer, and, with a few chosen companions, fell to wandering aimlessly through the world. He visited Prester John’s country (Ethiopia, so called), traversed the unmeasured expanses of Asia, and fought for the Persians against the Turks ; ‘ that worthy gentleman, Sir Anthony Shirley,’ bearing testimony (it was alleged) to the distinctions gained by the ‘ Knight of the Cross ’ in the army of the Sophi. At last, wearied with novelties, he resolved to abandon the world, and led a penitential life in some undetermined locality, until warned by repeated visions to seek his native land and claim his discarded crown. Obeying the celestial mandate, he reached Sicily towards the close of 1597, and despatched thence to Portugal a messenger with letters to various persons of distinction, announcing his speedy arrival. The name of this messenger should be carefully noted, for his part in the play was a very considerable one. It was Marco Tullio Catizzone. He never returned from his mission : also a fact to be remembered. At Rome, when on the point of making himself known to the Holy Father, the unhappy ‘ King ’ was pillaged to the last shred of his possessions, and, not venturing to present himself in the rags he was reduced to borrow, he made his way, a destitute and despairing pilgrim, to Loreto, thence to Verona, and finally to Venice. Regarding the fate of his companions, he stated that Christopher de Tavora had been slain by robbers before his eyes ; that the Duke of Aveiro, the Counts of Sortelha and Redondo were well, but that to disclose their whereabouts would be to compromise their safety.

These pleasant fields of invention were soon exchanged for the vulgar vicissitudes of criminal experience. Disguised as a priest, and attended only by a monk of the Visitation, the adventurer quitted Venice for Leghorn at nightfall on December 16, with the design of there embarking for Marscilles, and so reaching Paris. He had yet, however, to feel the full effects of his rashness in provoking the jealousy of Spain. Diplomatic snares were thrown out as far as Florence ; to

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\* Teixeira, ‘ Adventure Admirable,’ p. 89 *et seq.* The English version quoted is of 1602.

be succeeded by the grasp of public authority. Reached by these in the convent where he lay hid, he was thrown into the Bargello, and thence handed over, April 23, 1601, to the jurisdiction of the Spanish Viceroy of Naples. The Count of Lemos, then the occupant of that post, had formerly discharged a diplomatic mission at the court of Don Sebastian, and preserved a very distinct remembrance of his person. He accordingly lost no time in paying his respects to the claimant in the old Norman fortress, whose gloomy walls contrast so strangely with the careless play of the sunny waves lapping its base. He was amazed to find in the prisoner of the Castel dell' Ovo an individual in face, figure, and complexion totally unlike the subject of his personation; ignorant of all save the most generally accessible facts relating to his pretended kingdom; and mingling with his mutilated and corrupt Portuguese discourse tell-tale phrases, dropped unawares, of the Calabrian dialect.

The trial opened. One after the other, witnesses were produced, natives of Portugal, who swore that they had known Don Sebastian, and found no trace of him in the person presented to them. Worse was to come. By *non-recognition*, however authoritative, the serene self-possession of the pretender remained unshaken; it remained to be seen how it would stand the test of *recognition*. This was also applied. Confronted with one witness, who professed to have known him as Marco Tullio Catizzzone, the prisoner visibly quailed; his native effrontery deserted him; he flung aside the mask which had so long covered an unabashed front, and, prostrating himself at the viceroy's feet, confessed his crime, and implored mercy. To complete the exposure, Count Lemos sent for the man's wife, his mother-in-law, and his brother-in-law, whom he had deceived and abandoned.

According to his story (to be taken for what it is worth), the imposture had been almost forced upon him by the insistence of certain individuals upon his remarkable likeness to the late King of Portugal (a likeness purely imaginary, judging by pictorial evidence); some had, in spite of his disclaimers, gone the length of doing him homage as such; and a soldier, who had formed part of the African expedition, had exclaimed, on seeing him at Venice, that he was either Don Sebastian or a lying spirit in his image. He had thus at last undertaken the *rôle* so persistently assigned to him. The attempt to destroy his previous identity was boldly conceived and skilfully executed. Had fortune favoured, his real origin might still be an enigma as obscure as that of the adventurer who reigned at Moscow in 1605, under the name of Demetrius,

son of Ivan the Terrible. Marco Tullio Catizzzone, as we have seen, vanished on a mission to Portugal; but, like Bellerophon, he effected an unhoped-for return from a journey designed for his destruction, and reappeared in utterly confounding fashion in the Castel dell' Ovo. During his absence the utmost solicitude on his account was, for reasons easily divined, displayed by his 'royal' employer. He not only wrote repeated letters of enquiry concerning him, but deigned autographically to reassure his wife—the forsaken Donna Paula of Messina—as to his fate; an episode which singularly parallels the interest taken by the hero of a modern *cause célèbre* in the family of one Arthur Orton of Wapping.

It might have been thought that now at last the game was up. The wife of the prisoner had acknowledged him. His mother-in-law had energetically reviled him. His parents were known and named. Taverna claimed, without contradiction, the honour of having given him birth. He had been conducted and proclaimed as a Calabrian and an impostor through the streets of Naples. Nay, he had been brought to resign a phantom crown for the sake of saving a head which he had the advantage of actually possessing. 'An ill-favoured thing, sir,' he might have said with Touchstone, 'but mine own.' Nothing of all this, however, could impair the robust belief of his partisans. The witnesses were suborned. The confession was fabricated. The Calabrian envoy was known to have died on his journey. The house in which that most inopportune event took place could be pointed out. The Count of Lemos had hardly concealed his recognition of the monarch to whom he had formerly been accredited, and had fully revealed such recognition when overtaken by death. These and similar fables, accompanied by indignant protests, mystical forecastings, and ominous records, were spread broadcast through Europe, were eagerly read, commented on, and in part believed. The sincerity of their authors is hardly open to question. It is almost as obvious as their folly to those who take the trouble to peruse these singular lucubrations. Besides, it must be remembered that their information was derived from correspondents who shared their national animosities, and transmitted without hesitation or criticism the wildest rumours to the disadvantage of Spain; that the edification of the public was at that time little regarded in the conduct of trials; and that the unanswerable evidence extracted by M. d'Antas from the Archives of Simancas aided the judgment of Philip III., but availed nothing for the enlightenment of Europe. The 'Dis-course' of De Castro and the 'Admirable Adventure' of

Father Teixeira\* formed then until lately the chief accessible materials regarding this fantastic episode of history; and history accordingly was left in considerable perplexity. Motives for distrust were manifestly numerous; grounds for absolute disbelief were not known to exist.

M. d'Antas may thus be congratulated upon having successfully elucidated a problem of a certain romantic interest. The story of the Calabrian impostor is one on which a doubtful opinion is no longer possible. Whatever of mystery still hangs round the subject is the mystery of boundless assurance and boundless infatuation—the dregs of crime and folly which defy our poor human analysis. That a man should have been found brazen enough to attempt the personation of a prince whose kingdom he had never visited, and of whose native tongue he was absolutely ignorant, is surprising certainly; but that a crowd of honourable gentlemen and respected ecclesiastics, many of them familiar with the person of their former sovereign, and all conversant with the history and language of their country, should have staked their hopes and even their lives on his mountebank pretensions, is surely more surprising still. The reproach levelled against the Portuguese patriots—that to escape from the servitude of Castile they were willing to take a negro from Timbuctoo for their king—went very near to being justified. ‘I find,’ Don John wrote from Venice, ‘there are some (moved by what fiends I know not) that labour still to persuade me that this king is no other than ‘a Calabrese. It is a terrible thing to hear the goodly reasons ‘alleged by these wise masters to underprop their false and ‘depraved intentions—that he is swart, Sebastian was fair; he ‘speaks not Portuguese, etc. It sufficeth that a man white as ‘snow passeth the Equinoctial, or sojourns sundry years in ‘Barbary, he may become as black as pitch; for the more ‘white a man is, the sooner he becomes the blacker.’†

Such reasoning becomes less surprising when we consider the man by whom, and the circumstances under which, it was employed. Don John de Castro was a visionary among visionaries, a fanatic among fanatics; and the time was one which might have unsettled a sounder head. He and his companions in exile saw the national existence of their country annihilated,

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\* The work of this erudite Dominican monk, almoner to Henri IV., is mainly a compilation of the reports addressed to him by the hot-headed partisans of the mock Sebastian, with whom he had himself no personal intercourse.

† Teixeira, ‘Adventure Admirable,’ English version of 1602.

its ancient glories trampled, its traditions outraged, its long history become a satire and a reproach. No wonder if they were uncritical of claims which, substantiated, promised to renew the golden age, or clung desperately to a remedy offered *in articulo mortis*. 'The Portuguese live at this day,' says Father Teixeira, 'with an unquenchable thirst of their liberty, so that they would gladly cast themselves from the tops of high mountains, to find a redress from their slavish bondage.' But an atmosphere of passion (even if patriotic passion) is a medium surcharged with germs of falsehood, ready to develop under favouring conditions into full-blown imposture. Such an atmosphere the Lusitanian exiles inhaled at every breath. With what result we have seen.

But our narrative hastens to its tragical termination. Condemned for life to the galleys, Marco Tullio (for by that name we may now know him) calmly resumed his pseudo-royal position, and practised afresh upon the credulity of his adherents. He found it to be wholly unfathomable, even by the sounding-lines of such audacity as his. The indefatigable Fray Estevam followed him to Spain, ministering to his wants, plotting his escape, and keeping him in communication with Portuguese malcontents. Another monk, Fray Boaventura, was equally zealous, and San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, where his floating prison was stationed, became a busy focus of intrigue. On the benches of the flag-ship, the irrepressible Calabrian played the king with as good a grace as in the *Jardin* of Venice, or the *salotto* of De Castro; he was quickly surrounded by a circle of accomplices or enthusiasts, attached to him by his benignity, and engaged to him by his liberality, the means of which were amply supplied from without. His Portuguese supporters dreamed of nothing short of a national restoration; but Marco Tullio's ambition was more modest. He led an easy existence; for the unwonted indulgence of the Spanish government exempted him from the labour of the oar and the ignominy of the convict's dress. From these paltry distinctions he derived a certain importance in the eyes of his fellow-prisoners, and even a shadowy countenance to his claims. The sordid vanity of the man was flattered by homage fraudulently won; to strut in a feigned character on the meanest stage sufficed for the gratification of his masquerading propensities; he satisfied his instinct for falsehood by surrounding himself with a mesh of lies, and his love of notoriety by figuring as the hero of a possible revolution. He was shrewd enough to see that between the possible and the actual lay a great gulf of destruction, and prudent

enough not to desire the plunge. The projects of escape from time to time suggested to him were, accordingly, continually postponed; and the pleasant swindle of life at San Lucar, comforted and inflated by a liberal tribute of cash and devotion, was, it would seem, designed to be indefinitely prolonged.

But cunning has its traps as boldness has its perils. By an incredible piece of stupidity, the impostor brought precipitate ruin upon himself and his associates. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia was at that time governor of Andalusia. A begging letter, impudently addressed to his wife by 'the King 'Don Sebastian,' directed his vigilance towards the convict of San Lucar. The man was arrested; compromising papers, together with a large sum of money, were found in his possession; and the persons implicated were with all possible despatch secured. The rest followed almost as a matter of course. The accused at first stoutly held to his assumed character, maintaining with imperturbable assurance that the story of his Cula-brian origin was a pure fabrication, supported by the grossest perjury. The first turn of the rack, however, disposed of his slender stock of courage. Once more, and this time finally, he stood confessed as Marco Tullio, the son of Ippolito Catizzone and Petronia Cortez, the husband of Paula Gallardetta. He had, it appeared, received a liberal education; he possessed some verse-making accomplishments, and had never exercised any trade or profession—the one excepted which led him to the gallows. His inborn turn for the calling is curiously illustrated by the circumstance that, previous to undertaking the part in which he eventually rose to distinction, he had tried his 'prentice hand on the personation of a certain Don Diego of Arragon, whom he was said to resemble. The 23rd of September, 1603, saw the end of the sorry drama which had held Europe in dubious attention for five years. On that day its pitiful protagonist was dragged on a hurdle to the great square of San Lucar, and there, having first had his right hand amputated, he was hanged in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. He died with firmness, and a show of penitence more sincere, it may be hoped, than the exhibitions in which his life had been passed. Besides the principal actor, five persons (including Fray Estevam and Fray Boaventura) expiated with their lives, and many others by minor penalties, their share in this grotesque conspiracy.

So ended the last attempt at personating the hero of Alcaçer-el-Kebir; but so did *not* end the delusions which had made that attempt possible. To the end of his fourscore years, Don John de Castro looked for the coming of the national deliverer,

while the fantastic superstition of which he was the hierophant gradually passed from the domain of the improbable to the no less congenial region of the purely marvellous. Sebastian took his place in the shadowy company of Arthur, Barbarossa, and Paracelsus (later incongruously reinforced by the addition of the Emperor Joseph II. !); rapt by the popular imagination into a state of preternatural repose, to terminate amid the radiance of a preternatural activity. In a remote isle, secluded from the far-reaching clamour of human affairs, inaccessible to the ubiquitous searchings of modern commerce and exploration, the 'Hidden King' of Portugal was said to await the appointed hour. To him the prophecies of the Cobbler of Trancoso, the Moor of Granada, the Presbyter of Japan, of Cassandra, Nostradamus, and the Erythræan Sibyl, unanimously pointed. He was the destined ruler of the Fifth Monarchy—the founder of a universal empire of peace, through whom the ends of the earth should rejoice, and the wilderness smile into a garden. The limits of Alexander were by him to be transcended; by him the standard of Holy Cross was to be displayed triumphantly to nations as yet sitting in the darkness of paganism and idolatry. Old scores were to be wiped out, as well as a new era inaugurated. To the emancipation of Jerusalem and the annihilation of the Turks was to succeed the abasement, even to the dust, of proud Castile, and the elevation on a pinnacle of glory of the weaker neighbour she had oppressed and overshadowed.

The French occupation of Portugal in 1807–8 gave the signal for a fresh outburst of this strange frenzy. It was in vain that Sebastianist writings were prohibited by the Censorship, and their propagators condemned by the Inquisition. The country was flooded with prophetic sheets, announcing the immediate advent of the popular hero. The 'prolific Griffin' of the cobbler Bandarra was now interpreted to be a figure of Bonaparte, as it had formerly been interpreted to be a figure of Philip II. Scarcely would the Corsican 'demon' have crossed the borders of Alemtejo, when he, with his host, should be cut to pieces by the Hidden King discovered for his destruction. The time for his arrival was fixed; it was to take place during the 'days of Jeremias' (signifying, in Sebastianist language, the Holy Week of 1808); a thick fog was to cover his approach; the sky was to be emblazoned with a cross of the Order of Aviz; and, on the 19th of March, a full moon was to occur *during the last quarter*!—all, or most, of which marvels were portentously foreshadowed in a wonder-egg found in a garden near San Pedro d'Alcantara, and considerably



sent by Junot to the National Museum. Meanwhile the people sat passive, expecting deliverance from the clouds; sane patriots stood by, helpless and ashamed; derisive conquerors sneered. 'What can be looked for from a people,' scornfully demanded a French writer, 'one half of whom awaits the Messiah, the other half Don Sebastian?' Authoritative writings\* were published to combat the prevalent aberration, but with little effect. Such diseases are not cured; they die out, and that slowly. As late as 1838, a Sebastianist insurrection in Brazil was extinguished in a sanguinary skirmish; within recent times, antiquated Sebastianist votaries might still be seen 'stationed on some point of the coast, straining dim eyes through the fog for the sails of the mysterious ship which was to bring back the prince sighed for during generations by their expiring sect.'†

Yet a very few years, and the Sebastianist fanaticism will have taken wing from this 'firm opacous globe' to the sphere of the moon, and to the limbo of vanity will have been consigned the last lingering hope for the reign of the Hidden King. Would that the victories of Progress and Positivism threatened no more precious portion of the inheritance of mankind!

ART. II.—1. *The Sun*. By C. A. YOUNG, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the College of New Jersey, United States. London: 1882.

2. *A New Theory of the Sun*. By Dr. SIEMENS, F.R.S. 'The Nineteenth Century,' April, 1882.

THE question of the duration of the radiant energy of the sun—the subtle and beneficent power to which the earth's inhabitants are indebted for all that they suffer and enjoy—is perhaps one of the grandest of the problems with which science aspires to deal. This is not the less the case because the enquiry does not exhaust itself in its application to the system of which the sun forms the central mass. No one now holds, with the paradoxically-named 'Plurality of Worlds' of an earlier day, that this luminary stands alone as a perfected sun. The countless stars are now known to be companion-spheres. Whatever is true of our sun is true also of the sparkling stars that shine from the unfathomed immensity of

\* Notably 'Os Sebastianistas,' by Father José Agostinho de Macedo.

† D'Antas, 'Les Faux Don Sébastien,' p. 456, Note B.

space. They obey the same laws, and are instinct with the same life-kindling energy. In investigating the condition of the sun the enquirer in reality unavoidably includes within his researches the nature of the stars. Is it possible to conceive any physical fact more extraordinary and inexplicable than this: that these solar bodies have gone on for incalculable periods of time to pour forth upon the universe an inexhaustible stream of heat and light, drawn we know not whence, replenished we know not how? Modern science has demonstrated that the heat of the sun is the result of actual combustion, and of the combustion of gases not dissimilar from those existing in our own planet. But combustion means consumption, transformation, exhaustion: without fuel no fire. What, then, is this fuel of the sun, which knows no exhaustion, or variation, or end? And if this problem were solved, if this knowledge were attainable as regards the solar cycle to which we belong, how infinitely more difficult it is to conceive a light- and heat-producing power penetrating at immense distances all the realms of space, ever active and ever renewed, the material life of the universe, yet identical with the phenomena of our common life, and appreciable by the eye of man! These are speculations in which philosophy and astronomy lose themselves. But the fact subsists. What is the source of the original and unexhausted light of sun and stars? Even to this question the 'audax Iapeti genus' seeks an answer.

In any reference to the physical history of the sun, the stupendous magnitude of its sphere must be kept vividly present to the mind. With a diameter one hundred and nine times longer than that of the earth's, the solar orb looks out into space from a surface that is twelve thousand times larger than the one which the earth enjoys. The bulk of the sun is one million three hundred thousand times that of the earth. If the surface of the sun were a thin external rind, or shell, and the earth were placed in the middle of this hollow sphere, not only would the moon have space to circle in its usual orbit without ever getting outside of the solar shell, but there would be room also for a second satellite, nearly as far again as the moon, to accomplish a similar course. The weight of the sun is three hundred thousand times the weight of the earth, or, in round numbers, two thousand millions of millions of millions \* of tons.

The mean distance of the sun from the earth is now so well

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\*Two octillions—or 2,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

ascertained, through investigations which have been made in several distinct ways, that there can scarcely be in the estimate an error of 500,000 miles. The distance, at the present time given, is 92,885,000 miles. This measure is in itself so vast that, if any traveller were to move at the rate of four miles an hour for ten hours a day, it would take him 6,300 years to reach the sun. Sound would traverse the interval, if there were anything in space capable of transmitting sonorous vibrations, in fourteen years, and a cannon-ball sustaining its initial velocity throughout would do the same thing in nine years. A curious illustration, attributed to Professor Mendenhall, is to the effect that an infant, with an arm long enough when stretched out from the earth to reach the sun, would die of old age before it could become conscious, through the transmission of the nervous impression from the hand to the brain, that it had burned its fingers.

In order that the earth, thus moving round the sun with a chasm of 93,000,000 miles of intervening space between, may not be drawn to the sun by the preponderant attraction of its three hundred and thirty thousand times larger mass, it has to shoot forward in its path with a momental velocity fifty times more rapid than that of the swiftest rifle-ball.\* But, in moving through twenty miles of this onward path, the earth is drawn out of a straight line by something less than the eighth part of an inch. This deviation is properly the source from which the amount of the solar attraction has been ascertained. If the earth were suddenly arrested in its onward flight, and its momentum were in that way destroyed, it would be drawn to the sun, by the irresistible force of its attraction, in four months, or in the twenty-seventh part of the time which a cannon-ball would take to complete the same journey. But the attraction of the sun is by no means exhausted at the distance of the earth. It extends, as a matter of fact, to the quite remote regions of the stars. In a very excellent little manual, describing the state and history of the sun, which has just been contributed to the International Series of Scientific Books of Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., by Dr. Young, of New Jersey College, United States, the author alludes to this circumstance in the following words:—

‘The sun’s attractive power is such that it dominates all surrounding space, even to the fixed stars, so that a body at the distance of our nearest stellar neighbour,  $\alpha$  Centauri, which is more than two hundred thousand

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\* About nineteen miles in the second.

times more remote than the sun, could free itself from the solar attraction only by darting away with a velocity of more than 300 feet per second, or over 200 miles an hour. Unless animated by a greater velocity than this, it would move around the sun in a closed orbit—an ellipse of some shape, or a circle—with a period of revolution which in the smallest possible orbit would be about 31,600,000 years, and, if the orbit were a circle, nearly 90,000,000 years. We say it would revolve thus; that is, of course, unless intercepted or diverted from its course by the influence of some other sun, as it probably would be. And we may notice here that in many cases certainly, and in most cases probably, the stars are flying through space at a swifter rate, with velocities of many miles per second.'

This conclusion has been singularly confirmed by some calculations that have been made in reference to a small star known as 1830 of Groombridge's 'Catalogue,' which has an annual parallax, or difference of apparent position in space—according as it is looked at from one or the other side of the earth's vast orbit—of one-tenth of a second, and a proper, or forward, motion in space of seven seconds a year, or seventy times more than its annual parallax. A body, falling from infinite space towards the earth's surface under the pull of the terrestrial attraction, would have acquired there a velocity of seven miles a second: A body, projected with this velocity from the earth, would therefore never be stopped by the earth's attraction, but would proceed to describe an elliptical orbit round the sun. If the velocity of its start exceeded twenty-seven miles a second, not even the sun could stop it, and it would rush on through interstellar space. The greater the distance from the sun at which it began its career, the less would be the velocity of initial movement that would be required to carry it away for ever into space. At the orbit of Uranus a velocity of six miles a second would suffice; at Neptune, something less than five miles a second; halfway to  $\alpha$  Centauri, the nearest fixed star, a mile in twelve seconds, or half the speed of a cannon-ball. But the velocity of 1830 Groombridge, with a proper motion of seventy times its annual parallax in the year, must be at least 200 miles a second. This is eight times more than the velocity which would enable any moving sphere not only to bid defiance to the seductive powers of the sun, but also to the combined attraction of one hundred million solar stars, each five times larger than the sun, and distributed through firmamental space as the fixed stars are. The inference has thus been drawn that 1830 Groombridge is, in all probability, a runaway star, flying in a boundless course through infinite space, with a momentum so vast that the attraction of all the known bodies of the universe

would be far too small to stop its headlong career. That the stars, and, in connection with them, our sun, must have some transference through space, such as this, is manifest at once upon the slightest reflection. In no other way could the stupendous mass, which has been alluded to as constituting the solar orb, be suspended in the void, but by the onward rush of rapid motion. The sun, with its by no means inconsiderable appendage of planets and satellites, must be sweeping on somewhere. It cannot rest upon nothing. It must be hung, or supported, in space by the balanced and counter-acting impulses of movement and attraction.

The apparent size of the sun in the sky is not at all times exactly the same. Its mean, or average, diameter has been ascertained, by a series of twelve years' careful observations at Greenwich, to be 961.82 seconds of angular measurement. It is from this, connected with the assumption of a mean distance of 92,885,000 miles, that 866,400 miles have been deduced as the almost certain breadth of the solar orb. It can hardly be possible, having in view the careful observations which have been made, that this estimate is in error in either direction by so much as 5,000 miles. A mere reference to the columns of the 'Nautical Almanac' nevertheless shows that the face of the sun is a little larger in the sky—a little more than 961.8 seconds—at one part of the year, and a little smaller at the opposite season. This is because the sun is three millions of miles less distant when the earth is at the nearest point of its elliptical path than when it is at the furthest. The observations that have been carried on through long intervals of time have, however, made it seem something more than probable that there is a slight absolute, but vacillating, variation in the breadth of the solar orb, over and above the apparent difference which is due to varying distance."

If this be the case, the circumstance can only be due to one cause—the moving and unfixed nature of the outline which is marked as the limit of the visible disc of the luminary; such a mobility and mutability, in fact, as would be able to manifest itself if the sun were an elastic mass of vapour, instead of being a solid sphere. That there is such a course of unfixedness and mutability has been singularly confirmed by another result of direct observation. The sun whirls upon itself as the earth does in its production of alternating day and night. But it does this in something like twenty-five days, instead of in twenty-four hours. Close watching of such marks as can be detected upon the flame surface of the sun, for the determination of the period of this revolution,

has brought to light the curious fact that different parts of the sun revolve in different periods of time; or, in other words, that those different parts are not connected with each other by a rigid bond, such as there would be if the visible surface were composed of solid substance. The outside visible surface of the sun flows like the surface of the sea, or, to speak more exactly perhaps, like vaporous masses of cloud and misty air.

The views that are held by scientific observers in reference to the physical nature of the sun, are to the effect that the entire orb, vast as it is, is an aggregation of vapour altogether destitute of any trace of liquid or solid agglomeration; that it is, indeed, such a collection of vapour as the well-known high temperature which prevails at its surface would lead the enquirer to expect to find. Rosetti's estimate has given 18,000° of Fahrenheit as the most probable measure of the heat of the sun's surface, and his estimate has been accepted as a reasonable one, under the circumstances, by many of the best authorities. It would amount to nearly five times the highest temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. Such, it need scarcely be remarked, would be quite incompatible with the existence of either liquid or solid substance. Everything of either a liquid or solid kind would necessarily be dissipated into vapour by such a heat. All compounds, of whatever nature, would be dissolved. It is this separation of the elements of compounded bodies by heat which is known under the scientific term 'dissociation.' Dissociation means the resolution of all chemical alliances and bonds, and the severing of material substances into their primary atoms, by the dispersive powers of exceedingly great heat, controlled only by the gravitating pressure of the resulting vapours. This assuredly is the state in which all material substance exists at the sun, and this state pervades the whole solar mass; for there is a general consent among scientific men that the heat must be higher within the mass than towards its external confines. The spectroscope has already shown that several of the elements, with which terrestrial experience is familiar, exist there. Dr. Young gives twenty-two well-known elements as standing at the present time in this category of bodies that contribute to the formation of the solar mass; and, of these, two are the permanent gases, oxygen and hydrogen. The rest are of the nature of simple metals. But, according to the conditions which have been described, these metals are in the state of permanent vapours, and mingled together under the well-known law of gaseous diffusion. The solar orb, no doubt, under the gravitating influence of its own stupendous

mass, grows more dense towards its central region. But this condensation in no case amounts to the production of either a solid or a liquid, on account of the enormous dissociating heat to which the vapours are everywhere exposed. The utmost that can be accomplished is the squeezing in of the glowing vapours towards the centre of the sphere, under the vast superincumbent weight of the outer parts, into some kind of plastic, half-coherent state. Dr. Young gives the most generally accepted view of scientific men in this particular in the following passage. After examining the notion of Kirchhoff and Zöllner, which is to the effect that the luminous surface of the sun is either liquid or solid, he says :—

‘On the other hand the gaseous theory, which is now generally adopted, involves no new kinds of matter, or unknown forces, but conceives of solar phenomena as entirely the same in kind as those we are familiar with in our laboratories, though immensely different in degree and intensity.’

‘If we only grant that the temperature rises rapidly enough from the surface downward through the solar globe, the whole difficulty as to the density of such a gaseous sphere vanishes. It is true that, on this view, the central temperature must be tremendous, even in comparison with the photosphere. But why not? Can any reason be assigned to the contrary? If we could suppose the sun wholly made of hydrogen, and that the ordinary relations deduced in our laboratory experiments hold between the pressure and temperature through all possible ranges of both, it would then be a comparatively simple matter to compute the least central temperature which would give the solar globe its present density. If, however, we remember that other materials, and in unknown proportions, enter into the problem, and that in all probability our laboratory work gives only approximate formula, it is clear that such a computation would be useless. We must content ourselves for the present with vague expressions, and say roughly that the intensity of the sun’s internal heat as much exceeds that of the photosphere as this surpasses the mere animal warmth of a living body.’

‘But while, on the whole, it thus seems probable that the sun’s core is gaseous, nothing could be more remote from the truth than to imagine that a mass of gas, under such conditions of temperature and pressure, would resemble our air in its obvious characteristics. It would be denser than water; and since, as Maxwell and others have shown, the viscosity of a gas increases fast with rising temperatures, it is possible that it would resist motion like a mass of pitch or putty.’

In short, the only properties which would still serve to distinguish such a mass from a plastic liquid, or what is ordinarily termed a semifluid, would be its inability to form a free outer surface under any circumstance of diminishing pressure, such, for instance, as that which is so familiar on the surface of the sea; the continued expansion with increasing temperature

without any boiling point at which the phenomena of ebullition could be developed; and, finally, the uniform diffusion of the different gases under the conditions assigned by Dalton's law, without any separation and distribution of them in accordance with their own special densities. Dr. Young, in reference to this, adds:—

‘Although it may not be possible in the present state of science to demonstrate that the principal portion of the solar mass is gaseous, this much, at least, can be said, that a globe of incandescent gas, under conditions such as have been intimated, would necessarily present just such phenomena as the sun exhibits.’

The conditions thus far alluded to will suffice to bring pointedly under the reader's attention those leading features of the sun's physical state which it is desirable to have well before the mind when any theory regarding the constitution of this magnificent luminary has to be examined. With the stupendous dimensions and mass which have been spoken of, the sun is essentially a sphere of commingled and altogether dissociated gaseous elements, powerfully condensed towards the centre by superincumbent weight, but prevented from being squeezed into the true liquid condition by the influence of an immensely high temperature. In this state of affairs the outer portion of the heated gas is converted, where it comes sufficiently within the influence of the external cold of space, into a shell-like expansion of brightly luminous cloud. That is the region of the solar constituents which are most condensable in their nature, such as the heavier metals, or what is called the ‘photosphere’ of the sun, because it is the immediate source of the brilliant illumination which radiates out into space. Outside this shining photosphere there is a layer of more refined and quite uncondensable gas (chiefly hydrogen), which not even the cold of external space can convert into visible cloud-like vapour, but which, nevertheless, glows to some extent with its own inherent light, as a kind of ruddy flame, often playing outward in the form of lambent tongues. This is the so-called chromosphere—the region of the red protuberances, which were first observed shooting out from behind the opaque body of the moon on the occurrence of a total eclipse, and at once drew so much wondering attention to themselves. Outside the chromosphere there is a coronal investment of radiating glory, which is also lost to sight in the superior effulgence of the photosphere when this is in view, but is seen with the red flames on the occurrence of a total eclipse. It is probably the glimmering of some still more



rare gaseous envelope, interspersed with masses of glittering meteors, wheeling as a kind of solid spray outside of the brighter envelopes of the sun.

The estimate which has been given of the temperature present at the solar surface, is mainly derived from some very delicate experiments that have been made with the help of the exquisitely sensitive piece of scientific apparatus known as the Thermopile. By the aid of this instrument, Professor Langley has compared the heat given off from iron melted in a Bessemer converter at Pittsburg and the heat given off from the sun, and he in this way ascertained that the heat thrown off from the sun is more than eighty-seven times stronger than that which is emitted from the molten metal. This conclusion has been substantially confirmed by a yet more delicate instrument, which has been constructed by Professor Langley, and which is termed the Bolometer, from its application to the work of measuring rays. With this instrument the heat, derived from all parts of a diffraction spectrum, has been measured, ray by ray, as it falls upon a strip of metal the ten-thousandth part of an inch in thickness, and which is so sensitive to changes of temperature that they give instantaneous indication of their existence when the change amounts to as much as the ten-thousandth part of a centigrade degree. The quantity of heat is marked, as with the thermopile, through the deflections of a galvanometer set up by electric currents generated by the warming of the metal-strip when it is arranged as one arm of an electric bridge, so that a differential action is brought into play. Professor Langley's instrument gives indications of heat in parts of the spectrum which produce no effect whatever upon the thermopile, and detects traces of warmth even in the rays of the stars. The tendency of the observations which have been made with this instrument is to assign a somewhat higher temperature to the sun than that which was adopted before its employment.

The *luminous* intensity of the radiations from the solar face has been subjected to very careful scrutiny since the first early observations made in reference to it by Bouguer in 1725, and by Wollaston at the close of the last century. By this examination it has been found that the vertical sun illuminates a white surface sixty thousand times more brilliantly than a standard candle would at the distance of a metre. Assuming that one fourth part of the sun's light is intercepted in the passage of the rays through the earth's atmosphere, and remembering that the sun is approximately ninety-three millions of miles away, it is calculated that it would require fifteen hundred and seventy-

five billions of billions \* of candles, placed on a plane surface at the distance of the sun, to furnish the same light. But, as the entire surface of the solar sphere would be four times larger than its hemisphere viewed as a flat circular disc, it is inferred that the light given off from the sun is equal to that which would be furnished by six thousand three hundred billions of billions of candles.† Professor Langley found at the iron-works at Pittsburg, in 1878, that the brightness of the sun is 5,300 times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, although that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. Foucault and Fizeau in 1844 estimated the light of the sun as being 146 times more intense than that of the lime-light. It is now, in these days of powerful steam-driven generators, considered to be from two to four times that of the strongest illumination that can be produced by the electric arc. The quantity of energy given off from the sun in the form of light and heat is thus almost inconceivably vast. But, even when these are taken together, it must be remembered that they do not complete the full measure of radiating power. There is still the chemical energy associated with the calorific and luminous rays to be added to the account.

The light, heat, and other vibratory emanations that are issued from the sun, are scattered around it in all directions into space. If the sun were placed in the centre of a solid hollow shell that was everywhere at the same distance as the earth—that is, approximately 93,000,000 miles from the solar surface—all these vibrations would impinge upon this outer boundary wall. But, as there is no such intercepting screen, they for the most part pass still onwards into space, and, being widely scattered there, are weakened by the diffusion more and more, excepting just where they fall upon the earth and other planets chancing to lie in the way. It appears, from a consideration of the distance and size of the earth, that about the 2,250,000,000th part of the entire radiated energy is thus caught by the earth, and probably about ten times as much falls to the share of the other planets. This, therefore, implies that scarcely more than the 225,000,000th part of the radiant energy is appropriated by the planets, and that the rest is dissipated into space. Nothing whatever is yet known as to what finally becomes of the vast amount which thus wanders off into the void fields of the measureless immensity. What is done with the comparatively small part that is intercepted by

\* Reckoning the billion as a million of millions.

† Expressed arithmetically 6,300,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

the earth, is clear enough. The solar vibrations, that strike upon the earth, rouse its dead substance into life. They clothe the terrestrial surface with its garment of vegetation, feed its countless myriads of animated forms, work the mechanism of its rivers and winds, warm the ground and air, and brighten the sunward half with glowing light and glorious colours. That is, at any rate, the result brought out from the 2,250,000,000th part. It creates a world teeming with life out of a dead, rocky chaos. But nothing can be said as to what happens to the much larger part that trembles off into the unbounded immensity, excepting that to all appearance it is lost to the sun, and in some way absorbed into the infinite void.

The common-sense view of this subject very naturally leads to the idea that this vast scattering of light and heat from the sun, which goes on so unceasingly, must all be set down as loss, at least to that luminary. Vast and hot as the solar sphere is, it must in the end be chilled, and cease to emit these, to us, so beneficent vibrations, unless there is some as yet undetected provision in nature for the renewal of the solar fires. All our own experience of such matters, derived from the observation of artificial processes going on upon the earth, tells us that fires ultimately go out unless they are periodically supplied with fresh stores of fuel. Dr. W. Siemens states in a recent contribution to the '*Nineteenth Century*,' and no doubt correctly states, that the present annual yield of all the coal-mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for the forty millionth part of a second; and that, if the entire earth were made of coal, it would serve as a fuel supply for feeding the solar fires about thirty-six hours. On the other hand, it has been calculated that, even with no specific provision for restoring the waste radiations of the sun, the mass is so vast, and the heat so enormous, that it could go on cooling by free radiation into space for what, taken in reference to man's method of counting the lapse of time, would be a very long period before any actual change of temperature could be perceived. It is tolerably sure that during the last three or four thousand years of human history, there has not been any appreciable diminution in the heat communicated by the sun to the earth. It is true that there have not been any trustworthy records by thermometric instruments for more than a very small portion of that time. But there are records, which are quite as significant, furnished by the distribution of vegetable life. Plants that required the sustained warmth of a genial and approximately tropical climate, and the same liberal allowance of solar influence that

is now communicated to the earth, were quite as widely distributed upon the terrestrial surface and quite as vigorously maintained ages ago as they are now, and the climate of Egypt was then, as now, habitable by man. Dr. Young's allusion to this circumstance is to the following effect:—

‘In the remoter past there have been undoubtedly great changes in the earth's temperature, evidenced by geological records—carboniferous epochs, when the temperature was tropical in almost arctic latitudes, and glacial periods when our now temperate zones were encased in sheets of solid ice, as Greenland is at present. Even as to these changes, however, it is not yet certain whether they are to be traced to variations in the amount of heat emitted by the sun, or to changes in the Earth herself, or in her orbit. So far as observation goes, we can only say that the outpouring of the solar heat, amazing as it is, appears to have gone on unchanged through all the centuries of human history.’

This, of course, is a question which, under the recent improvements in the construction of meteorological instruments, and the care which is now given to meteorological observations and records, will be subject henceforth to a much more exact and rigid investigation than has hitherto been possible. Still, there must always be the difficulty to contend with that these records can only give the heat of narrow tracts of air and ground, and that, as a matter of fact, the prevalence of exceptionally great solar heat in one spot seems to be almost invariably associated with the occurrence of exceptionally low temperatures in other places. The meteorological observations could only avail for the purpose under notice, if they gave the absolute heat of the entire terrestrial surface from day to day and from year to year. Direct observation of the calorific value of the radiations from the solar face, by such delicately sensitive instruments as the thermopile and the bolometer of Professor Langley, will be free from this source of uncertainty. So far as this class of instruments have hitherto been used, they seem to indicate that the solar radiation varies in intensity only from time to time, in a recurrent and alternating way, rather than in any progressive ratio. The unquestionable facts remain, at any rate, that for two thousand years there has been no material diminution in the sun's heating power, and that the solar heat would have to be reduced from 18,000° of Fahrenheit to 13,500° before the collections of water upon the earth could be all frozen into ice, and the terrestrial surface be transformed into a uniform glacial mass.

The anticipation of this very remote contingency does, nevertheless, seem to have taken possession of the scientific

mind, if the persistent attempts to provide some possible means of escape from so undesirable an event be taken into account. Again and again scientific ingenuity has been strained to show how the loss of solar heat, from its dissipation into space, may be compensated for, and how the fires of the sun may be perpetually maintained. The first notion of a sustentation-plan that was conceived seems to have been mainly due to the inventive genius of Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, who published a small volume entitled '*Dynamik des Himmels*,' in 1848. This theory was somewhat enthusiastically received by Sir Wm. Thomson, of Glasgow, who spoke of it with marked praise in an article published in the '*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*,' in 1854. It was also very fully and lucidly explained in a lecture on '*Force*' delivered at the Royal Institution in 1862 by Professor Tyndall, and still further examined in his admirable lectures on '*Heat considered as a Mode of Motion*,' at the same Institution in 1863. This theory assumes that the sun is a stupendous anvil in the course of being perpetually hammered upon by falling meteors, and that its heat-energy is maintained by this hammering, as a lump of iron is kept red-hot by the vigorous blows of a blacksmith. Sir William Thomson undertook to calculate how much heat might be furnished to the sun by this process, if the planets, instead of meteors, fell into it; and he came to the conclusion that by such instrumentality the sun might be sustained in its present state for nearly forty-six thousand years. The plausible point about this theory is that scientific investigation has proved that, if a moving body is stopped, a degree of heat is generated where the resistance comes into play, which is in proportion to the mass of the moving body and to the square of its velocity of movement. A body weighing a trifle more than sixteen hundredweight, and moving at the rate of a little more than thirty-nine inches in the second, if stopped, would generate enough heat to raise two pounds of water at freezing temperature  $1^{\circ}$  of centigrade, or  $1.8^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. If it were moving with the speed of a cannon-ball—that is, 546 yards per second—it would generate 250,000 times as much heat, or enough to raise a mass of water equal to itself nearly  $300^{\circ}$  of centigrade. If it were moving with the velocity with which a planet would fall into the sun, it would generate nearly two million times as much heat, or enough to bring a mass many thousand times larger than itself into vivid incandescence, far exceeding that which could be produced by any form of combustion. A mass of matter, equal to about the hundredth part of the earth, falling every

year from the earth's distance, would in this way suffice to maintain the sun's heat-radiation permanently. The chief strength of this conception, it will be observed, is the use which it makes of the fact of the continuous increase of heat, with increase of velocity, in the square of the augmentation of speed. Its obvious weakness, on the other hand, is the extreme improbability that any such quantity of matter can be thus thrown meteorically into the sun. If meteoric material were so abundant in space, the earth's share, instead of merely furnishing it with an occasional pyrotechnical display, ought to batter its mass in a year into the temperature something like that of boiling water. Such an amount of mass added to the sun would serve to accelerate the movement of the planets, and to shorten their periods of revolution in consequence of the solar attraction. If, again, there were any meteoric gatherings near the sun, capable of yielding such copious contributions, these would of necessity produce very manifest disturbances in the movement of the planet Mercury. But nothing of this kind has been detected. In consequence of these considerations the conclusion, almost unanimously adopted by astronomers, is to the effect that, although some accession to the sun's heat may possibly be derived from the impact of meteors falling into its substance, it is very improbable that the gain from this cause can reach anything like the amount which is ascribed to it in Mayer's theory. The verdict of mere common sense is certainly quite uncompromisingly and unconditionally in the same direction, especially when it is taken into account that the anvil upon which the meteoric blows have to be delivered is more of the nature of an air-cushion fashioned upon a nucleus of 'putty,' than of the iron mass upon which the blacksmith operates.

A somewhat less startling theory than this hammer-and-anvil one was provided by Professor Helmholtz of Berlin, in 1853, to take its place. This theory is in itself so ingenious and beautiful that it has in recent days made considerable advances in the favour of scientific men. Its author appears to have been led to his conception by reflecting upon the well-known fact that the same amount of heat is developed when a body moves slowly against a resistance adequate to bring it ultimately to rest, as would have been produced if it had rushed with sudden impulse and high velocity through the same distance and then been stopped. If, for instance, the solar mass were gradually but progressively contracting its dimensions without any loss of substance, this would mean that some of the outer portions of the sphere were being gra-

dually thrust in upon its inner and more central parts, and on that account the temperature of the mass would rise in proportion to the compression that was accomplished in its entire bulk. This, thus far, is no mere theoretical assumption, but the statement of an incontrovertible scientific fact as certain as the action of gravity itself. If the solar orb, or indeed any other orb in the regions of space, be diminishing in size without loss of ponderable substance, it as certainly is growing hotter as well as smaller. Reasoning upon these data, Helmholtz has proceeded to show that if the diameter of the sun were contracting 250 feet every year, or a mile in a little more than twenty years, this would amply suffice to furnish as much heat every year as is really scattered in the same time from the sun into space. No evidence of any consequence against the assumption that this operation is in progress in the case of the sun is to be found in the fact that a progressive diminution in the actual size of the sun has not yet been observed, because it follows, from the stupendous dimensions and distances which have already been spoken of, that a single second of arc—itsself almost inappreciable to the finest and most powerful instruments—at the distance of the sun, represents 450 miles, and that with a contraction of 250 feet in the year it would require 9,500 years to accomplish the 450 miles.

But if attraction takes place in an exclusively gaseous body, such as it has been shown the sun almost certainly is, a very singular consequence follows. With the diminution of the mass, the heat augments *in a rapidly increasing ratio*. When a globular mass of gas contracts to half its original diameter, the central attraction upon the surface of the mass is increased fourfold, in consequence of the nearer propinquity of the attracting particles. In order, under such circumstances, to keep up the original equilibrium of the gravitating and elastic forces, the temperature must be doubled when the diameter has been reduced one half. Hence arises the seeming paradox that the more heat a *gaseous* body loses, the hotter it must become. The loss of heat involves contraction of size, but the contraction of size develops sensible heat. As this goes on, the development of heat is effected at a greater rate than the diminution of size. When a contracting mass of gas begins to change into the solid or liquid state, the further contraction is then accompanied by the production of cold instead of by the augmentation of heat. Professor Newcomb, of Yale College, United States, who looks very favourably upon this theory, holds that, if the sun maintains its present rate of

radiation, it would shrink to half its present diameter in five millions of years, and that it would then be eight times more dense than it is now. From these data he infers the high probability that the conditions, which would have enabled the earth to preserve its present state, cannot have existed for more than ten millions of years, and that it is quite as probable the sun will not be able to issue heat enough for the support of terrestrial life for another like period of ten millions of years. The entire life of the solar system, from its birth to its death, would, according to these views, be comprised within the limit of something like thirty millions of years.

The great recommendation of this theory, it will be observed, is that it does not profess actually to maintain the existing state of the sun. It contemplates the gradual cooling of its mass, and the ultimate extinction of the solar fires; a result which is in accordance with all else that is known of the general order of nature. Every object with which man is really familiar appears to be subject to the great material law of birth, growth, and decay. Helmholtz's theory merely suggests a quite intelligible means by which, in the case of the magnificent solar luminaries of space, this period may be lengthened out through millions of years; so that, in any comparatively brief interval, such as that which is touched by human observation and experience, no appreciable change of the physical attributes of the system can be detected. Dr. Young is obviously as favourably inclined towards this theory as Professor Newcomb; for he remarks, in reference to it, that astronomers who hold the metecoric theory of impact and concussion to be competent to account for some portion of the solar heat are also disposed to look to the Helmholtz hypothesis as furnishing a rational account of 'the principal revenue,' as he terms it, 'of solar energy.' Some sanguine theorists not unnaturally, though by no means necessarily, incline to connect this condensation theory with the old nebular hypothesis of La Place, which ascribes the formation of all planetary and solar orbs to the contraction and breaking up of an original nebulous mass, conceived once to have filled all space. From the views of these theorists it has been calculated that, if the sun had contracted from an original gaseous mass, diffused through a space a few times wider than the orbit of Neptune, to its present dimensions, the contraction would have yielded, upon the whole, about eighteen million times as much heat as the sun now furnishes in a year.

Yet another theorist has come forward, even since the publication of Dr. Young's book, recent as that is, to account for



the conservation of solar energy. This new expositor is the distinguished electrical and mechanical engineer, Dr. Siemens. His idea was first formally brought into public notice in a paper that was read at a meeting of the Royal Society, and it has been since more fully developed and more popularly explained in an article contributed to the '*Nineteenth Century*,' under the somewhat inexact title '*A New Theory of the Sun*.' The theory assuredly is new, but it is questionable how far it can be appropriately said to be a theory of the sun. It is a theory rather of the means by which the radiant energies of the sun are maintained, notwithstanding the strain to which they are subject in consequence of their unceasing dissipation into space. The subject is one upon which Dr. Siemens is especially qualified to have an opinion, on account of the eminence, success, and direction of his mental work, to say nothing of the boldness and originality of his method of treatment.

Dr. Siemens starts with summarily getting rid of the old and long-cherished dogma of the vacuity of space, not merely in the sense of dismissing the ether, which, after all, is little more than a scientific pretence that has grown out of the necessity of having something for vibratory light-rays to travel upon. Dr. Siemens conceives that all inter-stellar and inter-planetary space is filled with something of a much more substantial character than imponderable ether. He thinks that the vapour of water and gaseous compounds of carbon and hydrogen are universally diffused; or, in other words, that illimitable space is a sort of all-comprehending vacuum-tube charged with residual gas. It will be at once perceived by the scientifically instructed reader that the marvellous discoveries of modern days, regarding the electrical discharge through vacuum tubes, afford some measure of excuse for the boldness and revolutionary character of this hypothesis. Science has undoubtedly demonstrated that, by the potent aid of the Sprengel pump, so-called vacua can be produced which approach very nearly indeed to the older conception of empty space, but which are, nevertheless, not vacua in the rigid sense, because they consist of an ultimate refinement of gaseous matter; that is still the seat of manifestations of energy only to be ascribed to material parentage.

But Dr. Siemens has also somewhat adroitly drawn upon the now thoroughly recognised operation already spoken of as '*dissociation*.' Aware as he most certainly is that this dissociation, or separation of material substance into its absolute elementary and atomic state must of necessity occur at

high temperatures at all approaching to those which obviously exist in the sun, he avails himself of this circumstance for the construction of a definite mechanism for feeding the solar fires. He suggests that if material vapour is in this way spread through inter-stellar space, being nevertheless a form of ponderable substance, it must be drawn towards the solar orb with tremendous energy, in consequence of the vastness of its mass. But it is so drawn in a dissociated state; because, when it is scattered in space in its almost vacuous diffusion, it is unable to resist the resolving agency of the solar beams—those potent analysers which suffice to split carbonic acid into its elements upon the earth, at the enormous distance of ninety-three millions of miles, as is instanced in the fixation of carbon and evolution of oxygen by the green parts of plants under the influence of the sunshine. These dissociated elements, however, when drawn into the sun, come ultimately into contact with the whirling sphere, and are carried along as a sort of rushing wind from the polar regions of comparative quiescence towards the equatorial zone of most rapid rotatory progress, to be there whirled off again into space as a sort of gaseous spray. But, as they are carried along in this way in intimate association with the whirling mass, they first burst into flame under the influence of the heat, and are so turned back into the compounded state—as hydrogen is converted into water in terrestrial combustion with the evolution of flame—to be there dealt with over again by the resolving force of the solar radiations. But, as this continuous play of resolution by dissociation, and of recombination by combustion, is carried on, the recombined elements give back to the sun the heat which is generated by the renewal of their union, as heat is generated in the fire by the union of the carbon and hydrogen of the burning coal with the oxygen of the air. In this way the sun day by day receives back as much heat as it loses by radiation into space. The solar orb thus assumes the rôle of a stupendous turbine, sucking in combustible vapours from space by its whirl, to feed with them the enduring vitality of its fires, and to generate the vapour compounds which are scattered in return into space. Dr. Siemens gives his own account of the work of this cosmical heat-generating machine in the following passage:—

‘As regards the sufficiency of an inflowing stream of dissociated vapours to maintain solar energy, the following simple calculation may be of service: Let it be assumed that the stream flowing in upon the polar surfaces of the sun flashes into flame when it has attained the density of our atmosphere, that its velocity is at that time 100 feet per

second (the velocity of a strong terrestrial wind), and that in its composition only one-twentieth part is hydrogen and marsh gas in equal proportions, the other nineteen-twentieths being made up of oxygen, nitrogen, and neutral compounds. It is well known that each pound of hydrogen develops in burning about 60,000 heat-units, and each pound of marsh gas about 24,000; the average of the two gases mixed in equal proportion would yield, roughly speaking, 42,000 units; but, considering that only one-twentieth part of the inflowing current is assumed to consist of such combustible matter, the amount of heat developed per pound of inflowing current would be only 2,100 heat-units. One hundred cubic feet, weighing eight pounds, would enter into combustion every second upon each square foot of polar surface, and would yield  $8 \times 60 \times 60 \times 2100 = 40,480,000$  heat-units per hour. Assuming that one-third of the entire solar surface may be regarded as polar heat-receiving surface, this would give 20,000,000 heat-units per square foot of solar surface; whereas according to Herschel's and Pouillet's measurements only 18,000,000 heat-units per square foot of solar surface are radiated away. There would thus be no difficulty in accounting for the maintenance of solar energy from the supposed source of supply. On the other hand I wish to guard myself against the assumption that appears to have been made by some critics, that what I have advocated would amount to the counterpart of "perpetual motion," and therefore to an absurdity. The sun cannot, of course, get back any heat radiated by himself which has been turned to a purpose; thus the solar heat spent upon our earth in effecting vegetation must be absolutely lost to him.'

It may be observed that one notable point in this novel theory is the use which has been made of the modern doctrine of dissociation by Dr. Siemens. In dealing with this he is obviously wielding an instrument with which his hand is familiar. In one part of his paper he alludes to experiments that he has himself been recently carrying out with the electric light; and he also refers to the famous researches of Professor Tyndall, in which he has shown that radiant heat is stopped and absorbed by compound vapours, such as carbonic acid and hydrocarbons of various forms; but that it is transmitted without the exaction of any toll through elementary gases in which there is no molecular aggregation, such as oxygen and nitrogen, and air itself—a mere mechanical intermingling of those gases. The experimental investigations of Professor Tyndall upon this point are very elaborate, and his conclusions very thoroughly established. He shows that heat is transmitted through a long glass tube of nitrogen or air, closed up at the ends by discs or lenses of crystal which are freely permeable to heat, without any loss, and that it falls upon a thermopile beyond in undiminished intensity; whilst it is almost entirely intercepted under a similar arrangement

when the tube is filled with carbonic acid, or with the vapour of ether. Professor Tyndall also demonstrates that sound-vibrations are produced by the calorific shocks in small glass bulbs filled with carbonic acid or vapour of ether, when heat-rays are transmitted through them, but that no sound-vibrations occur when the same bulbs are filled with nitrogen or oxygen. The source of heat employed in these very beautiful experiments is a disc of incandescent lime, and the sound-vibrations are made manifest by the dancing of sensitive flames. Of course it will be understood that the point of contact between these experiments and the theory of Dr. Siemens is, that wherever heat-rays are intercepted they are transformed into some other form of vibratory energy, and that the dissociation of compound vapours into their primary elements is one of the results of this change of form. The resolution of carbonic acid into its elements, and the fixation of carbon in the growing plant immersed in sunshine, is one of the most familiar instances of this transformation of solar radiation into dissociative action.

This new theory of Dr. Siemens disposes conveniently of one puzzle that has hitherto been a constant source of perplexity with scientific men: that, namely, which concerns the question as to what can possibly become of the unaccounted-for radiation of solar heat into space. The most generally accepted view upon that point has, perhaps, been that it is scattered into the void as lost and irreclaimable power, and that the progress of nature is towards an ultimate equilibrium of temperature, so that, as Professor Helmholtz expressed it in a lecture delivered at Königsberg in 1854, all force will finally pass into the force of heat, and all heat come into equilibrium, and the universe from that time forward be condemned to a state of eternal rest.

If, however, the hypothesis of Dr. Siemens has any substantial base, all this is at once changed. The dissipated heat scattered out from the sun, according to that conception, is first caught in the residual gas medium diffused through space, and with it is drawn back into the sun, and so is used over and over again. The apparent waste is by this instrumentality transformed into an abundant flood of recuperated power.

But Dr. Siemens makes some very formidable assumptions in connexion with this theory, which, in the present state of the scientific mind, cannot be received otherwise than with questioning and doubt. There is, in the first instance, that fundamental conception of the filling up of the void with residual vapour, or gas. It is quite true that no one can yet

say where the atmospheric envelopes of the planetary and solar aggregations end in space. No one, indeed, can absolutely affirm whether the gaseous atmospheres ultimately terminate in a free outer surface, like the liquid surface of the sea, where the resultant elasticity of their thinly-spread atoms is held in check and balanced by the gravitating tendency towards the inner mass, or whether the loosening and outward scattering of the gas is without final control, and infinite. But not one of the conclusions of science is more sure than the fact that if there be a ponderable medium diffused through space, it must be of a character which very nearly indeed approaches to that of the old notion of the imponderable ether. The revolutions of the solid planets are certainly not appreciably affected by the resistance which it offers. Its retarding influence, even upon the filmy material of the comet, is yet only looked upon as a problematical and possible effect. But the vapours that could act as catchment screens for the heat-vibrations of the sun must at least be of compound consistency. The experiments of Professor Tyndall have demonstrated, as has been already explained, that their dissociative power is entirely dependent upon their being made of compound molecules. This, indeed, is also assumed as the very base of Dr. Siemens' conception. But, when this condition is accepted as proved, the enquirer next finds himself face to face with a two-horned dilemma. If the cosmical vapour be dense enough to arrest the heat-rays issuing from the sun, and to convert them into dissociative impulse, it must, being ponderable substance, carry with it the consequence of a resisting medium, and be competent to produce a marked retardation of the planetary movements, especially of those movements which have to be performed in the closer neighbourhood of the sun, where the medium is already being gathered up under gravitating force towards the solar mass. But if, on the other hand, it be not dense enough to produce these mechanical effects of resistance, then it is very difficult indeed to conceive that it could in such circumstances have coherence and consistence enough to arrest and appropriate the calorific emanations. It is well known that the most subtle trace of watery vapour in the air suffices to take into itself the heating powers of the solar rays, and to shut them off from the solid surface of the earth. Yet the vapour-sphere which can produce such an effect is limited to an extent of some four or five miles. How, then, would it be if it had an extent of anything like ninety-three millions of miles! The result would assuredly follow that with such a vapour diffused in space,

although it might be many thousand times more rare than the thinnest aqueous vapour of the air, it would still intercept the heat-vibrations of the sun considerably more than the atmospheric vapour-screen ever does, and that there would, therefore, be little heat-radiation left for the earth's vapour to deal with when the vibrations reached the outer limits of the terrestrial atmosphere. If the cosmical medium were composed of elementary gas, this would not be the case. But the Siemens theory, it will be remembered, requires a cosmical medium of a compounded and therefore molecularly constituted gas, because only in such a gas could the dissociative arrest of the solar vibrations be brought into play. The spray, or current-set, whichever it may be called, which, according to the theory, is whirled off into space by the solar orb, is a compound vapour born of combustive parentage. Without going so far as to say that Dr. Siemens' mechanism of solar conservation is the baseless fabric of a philosophic dream, we do go so far as unhesitatingly to affirm that the progressive dissipation of the solar heat through the immensity of space, and the progressive exhaustion of the sun as a central source of radiant power, are more easy to grasp as possible than the diffusion through space of a ponderable medium dense enough to catch and transmute heat-rays, and so unwieldy a system of centrifugal recovery and regeneration as that which Dr. Siemens has been at the pains to construct. For the present it seems to us that this last of the theories of solar conservation must be allowed to rank with those earlier ones as a speculative effort of the impatient human mind which so incorrigibly tends to invent ways and means when it cannot discover them. The ponderable medium in space must at least become a demonstrable fact before so startling a result as Dr. Siemens' centrifugal regeneration can be accepted as a consequence of its operation. It is quite true, as Dr. Siemens has said, that under the teaching of the molecular theory of heat matured by the labours of Clausius, Clerk Maxwell, and Thomson, it is difficult to assign a limit to a gaseous atmosphere in space; but it is more difficult still to conceive a ponderable medium spread through that space which can arrest and transmute the vibrations of heat and yet allow them to produce, so many millions of miles away, such results as the inhabitants of the earth experience and enjoy when those vibrations finally break upon the surface of the terrestrial sphere.

That Dr. Siemens does contemplate the actual and matter-of-fact diffusion of these ponderable vapours through the

millions of miles of space is manifest, first from his positive statement that aqueous vapour and carbon-compounds are present in inter-stellar space, and from his adoption of this as the fundamental condition of his theory; and, then, from a very notable passage in which he speaks of the earth as being placed '*in the outflowing current*' of the solar products of combustion, or, as it were, '*in the solar chimney*,' and as being fed from day to day, '*as fresh rolls are supplied for breakfast*,' with the allowance of carbonic acid which its atmosphere can assimilate, and which it can use up in the day for the support of vegetable elaboration and growth. He also thinks that this source of supply may reasonably account for the coal deposits of an earlier age, and that these carboniferous accumulations are more absolutely a present from the sun to the earth than has hitherto been conceived when bottled-up sunshine has been talked about. In reference to this he says:—

'Geologists have long acknowledged the difficulty of accounting for the amount of carbonic acid that must have been in our atmosphere, at one time or another, in order to form with lime those enormous beds of dolomite and limestone, of which the crust of our earth is in great measure composed. It has been calculated that if this carbonic acid had been at one and the same time in our atmosphere, it would have caused an elastic pressure fifty times that of our present atmosphere; and if we add the carbonic acid that must have been absorbed in vegetation in order to form our coal beds, we should probably have to double that pressure. Animal life, of which we find abundant traces in these "measures," could not have existed under such conditions, and we are almost forced to the conclusion that the carbonic acid must have been derived from an external source.'

But even this is not all. The aqueous vapour of the air is also to be regarded as a very probable contribution from the solar centrifugal:—

'The aqueous vapour in the air would be similarly maintained as to its density; and its influx to, or reflex from, our atmosphere would be determined by the surface-temperature of our earth.'

That is to say, in simple words, the rain that moistens the ground, as well as the carbonic acid that feeds the plants, is solar spray! If this be the case, they have both, indeed, a very long journey to take before they arrive at the bourne where their structure-building work is to be brought into play. As a cannon-ball would require nine years to traverse that path, it might be a somewhat curious question to ask how long they would need for this middle passage through space, and what they can possibly do with themselves by the way.

The velocity of rotatory movement at the equatorial surface

of the sun is about one mile and a quarter per second, or nearly five times that at the corresponding equatorial surface of the earth. Such, therefore, is the utmost speed that could be communicated to the recombined vapours cast off into space to constitute Dr. Siemens' heat-intercepting and space-pervading screen. But here it may be important to bring back to the reader's mind the statement, made a few pages back, that a ponderable body would need to start from the sun with a velocity of something more than twenty-seven miles in the second to have momentum enough to free itself from the control of the sun's gravitating attraction. This clearly could not be supplied by the equatorial whirl, since that is itself eighteen times less. The all-important question, therefore, remains how the carbonic acid and aqueous vapour which cross to the earth can get themselves launched and under way as an 'outflowing current from the solar chimney.'\*

But Dr. Siemens does not limit his daring flight even to so narrow a field as the precincts of the sun and inter-planetary space. In one passage of his 'Theory' he takes to himself the full courage of his opinions, and bravely suggests that the

\* In more than one place Dr. Siemens speaks of the centrifugally scattered vapour as a current setting off from the sun. In one passage he says: 'Let us consider the condition of two equal gaseous masses at equal distances from the solar centre—the one in the direction of the equator, the other in that of either pole. These two masses would be equally attracted towards the sun, and balance one another as regards the force of gravitation; but the former would be subject to another force, that of centrifugal action, which, however small in amount as compared with the enormous attraction of the sun, would destroy the balance, and determine a motion towards the sun as regards the mass opposite the polar surface, and into space as regards the equatorial mass. The same action would take effect upon the masses filling their places, and the result must be a continuous current depending for its velocity upon the rate of solar rotation. The equatorial current so produced, owing to its mighty proportions, would flow outwards into space, to a practically unlimited distance.'

This, however, in no way affects the force of the argument. Such current has to be sent off and sustained by a rotatory impulse eighteen times less than the antagonistic force of the solar attraction whose proper office it is to arrest the stream. The solar attraction, which at ninety-three millions of miles is competent to hold the earth's mighty sphere, swinging round with a velocity of 1,192 miles in the minute, would assuredly not fail to render a very good account of the vaporous current before it had reached the midway passage. In that mid passage so remote from both earth and sun the elastic force must of necessity be altogether a vanishing element in the consideration.



stellar orbs have also their share in the preparation of the fuel which supplies the sun; and that in this way a reflex interaction and sympathy are established between the stars and the sun, so that the occasional variations in the intensity of the heat-radiation from the sun may be ascribed to the difference of the stars from which the fuel is drawn at different times.'

But yet again, Dr. Siemens finds that the universal diffusion of 'attenuated matter' through space, which he relies upon as the raw material of his heat-manufacture, does not rest solely upon the uncertain ground of speculation. He points out that celestial visitors, called meteorites, come occasionally from space, and fall upon the earth. Such visitors, however, are rather refractory subjects for even Dr. Siemens' centrifugal theory to deal with. They are dense, solid masses, principally composed of iron, which, when they strike upon the terrestrial atmosphere with the momental force of cosmical velocity, burst into flame under the influence of the impact, and are then, for the most part, *dissipated into impalpable vapour*; specimens in their original undissipated and ponderous state only rarely reaching the earth to show what in cosmical space they were like. The meteorites are obviously dense ponderous fragments so long as they are denizens of inter-stellar space, and 'attenuated matter' only when they have left inter-stellar space, and become entangled in the atmospheric investment of the earth. If Dr. Siemens means that the evidence which they bring relates only to the gaseous matter contained in them in the so-called occluded state, the argument is in no sense improved. Iron, for instance, will absorb about half its own volume of hydrogen gas when raised to a high temperature in the ordinary conditions at the surface of the earth. But in the meteorites which fall to the earth from inter-planetary space the meteoric iron contains nearly three times its own volume of hydrogen, and it is almost universally felt that this gives a clear indication that these meteorites must have acquired their occluded hydrogen in circumstances where exceedingly high pressures of the gas, as well as exceedingly high temperatures, such as may be looked upon as being present at the surface of the sun, prevail. But no such influences can possibly come into play in the mid-regions of inter-planetary or inter-stellar space. These meteorites are consequently perhaps the very last witnesses Dr. Siemens should have called into court to support his case.

It is not difficult, however, to understand how it is that Dr. Siemens has been led into the line of thought which has carried him on to the elaboration of his scheme of solar conservation.

The regenerative gas furnace, of which he and his brother, Herr F. Siemens, are the originators, depends for its remarkable powers and success upon the circumstance that the surplus heat, not applied in the first instance to work, is returned through a central regenerative chamber to the gas and air about next to be burned, before the waste products, with which it was previously associated, are dismissed up the chimney. That this familiar process was present in Dr. Siemens' mind when he was speculating upon the agencies that may be at work on the sun, is sufficiently obvious from one significant passage of his '*New Theory of the Sun*,' in which he says :—

'Although I cannot pretend to an intimate acquaintance with the more intricate phenomena of solar physics, I have long had a conviction, derived principally from familiarity with some of the terrestrial effects of heat, that the prodigious dissipation of solar heat is unnecessary to satisfy accepted principles regarding the conservation of energy, but that solar heat may be arrested and returned over and over again to the sun, in a manner somewhat analogous to the action of the heat recuperator in the regenerative engine and gas furnace.'

Dr. Siemens, in all probability, thus sees the grandest of all regenerative engines and gas furnaces in the sun.

Dr. Young states that the purpose he has had in view in preparing his account of the sun, has been to present in a familiar and popularly intelligible form all that is known and believed about the condition and nature of that luminary, and, in doing so, to keep a sharp line drawn between the statement of ascertained facts and the allusion to what is still conjectural. In this design he has been eminently successful, and it is in this, perhaps, that the method of his work is most distinct from the plan which has been followed in Dr. Siemens' theoretical essay. Dr. Young has written a book which may be read with the utmost facility, as well as delight, by anyone of average intelligence and instruction. The volume is on the whole, perhaps, the best that has been presented in a popular and untechnical form upon this most fascinating theme. The branch of investigation is one in which a very marked advance has been made within the last thirty years. In many particulars a complete revolution has been accomplished in reference to the views which were previously entertained. But, notwithstanding this, man's information concerning the actual condition and history of the magnificent luminary to which he owes so much, must be admitted still to be in the most rudimentary stage. It is known that the sun is nearly twice as large as the orbit of the moon; that it is ninety-three millions of miles away; that it turns on itself with an equatorial speed of a mile and a half in a second; that, with a density of only one

quarter that of the terrestrial substance, it is 330,000 times more massive than the earth; that it is formed entirely of a commingling of dissociated gases; that it is intensely hot; and that it radiates and scatters both light and heat continuously into space. But nothing whatever is known as to the primeval source of its glowing temperature; as to what becomes of that portion of heat which is scattered into space; as to the renewal and maintenance of its fires; as to the rate at which it cools; or as to the means by which the flashes of glowing light pass from sun to earth, and from star to star. Those are all fair subjects for the exercise of speculative ingenuity, but they are not matters that the finger of scientific demonstration can yet touch. The introduction of the new powerful instrument of research, the spectroscope, is no doubt doing great things to advance man's knowledge of the physical condition of the sun, but it is not yet competent to reach even to the threshold of these mysteries. For ourselves we can scarcely venture to hope that the vaporous eddies of the inter-stellar sea, which the new theory of the sun proposes to lay down, would prove a more reliable path to the reserved secrets of our yet inscrutable luminary than the old-fashioned paradox of the ether-filled void and the progressive dissipation of an indestructible energy.

ART. III.—1. *The Indian Empire*. By W. W. HUNTER, C.I.E., LL.D. London: 1882.

2. *Men and Events of my Time in India*. By Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I., &c. London: 1882.

3. *The British in India*. By the late Rt. Hon. Lord Justice JAMES. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Schwabe. London: 1882.

4. *The Finances and Public Works of India, from 1869 to 1881*. By Sir JOHN STRACHEY, G.C.S.I., and Lieut.-General RICHARD STRACHEY, R.E., F.R.S. London: 1882.

5. *Indian Financial Statement for 1882-3*. By the Hon. Major E. BARING, Financial Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India. Published in 'Calcutta Gazette,' March 1882.

A VERY common want is expressed in the frequent question: 'Where is the book to tell one all about India; 'just enough for a moderate knowledge of the subject?' It is a large subject, and perhaps such a book is not yet to be found. But there have been lately many books aiming at something

of the kind, including one or two of the recent volumes which we have taken for our present article. The books named by us are all of a somewhat optimist character, and the first three, at least, will certainly be useful as an antidote to the gloomy and pessimist views about India which have appeared within the last few years. The fourth volume is of a more aggressive and partisan character, and it will be necessary that we should test its statements with some care.

To begin with Dr. Hunter's 'Indian Empire,' it is a very good and useful compendium of the statistical character suggested by the author's name. There is no better statistician and no clearer and better writer than Dr. Hunter. If he has a fault, it is that he attempts too much. Of course it could not be supposed that the hundred volumes of the 'Statistical Survey' of India could be done by him without assistance; but when we come to the single volume which is the very pith and essence of it all, we should like to have as much as possible of the master's hand. It is admitted that a good deal of this has been done by another; and in some respects the contents and arrangement to some degree suggest the bringing together of a good many essays, rather than a wholly original work. There is some disproportion in the space given to subjects; perhaps too much to the ethnology and ancient history, for a modern hand-book, while the modern history is cut so short that it might have been better to omit it and keep to statistics and description. As regards arrangement, 'Christianity' is oddly interposed between 'British Administration' and 'Agriculture,' while 'Geology,' 'Meteorology,' &c., are put at the opposite end of the volume from 'Physical Aspects.' It is the case, too, as is admitted in the preface, that conclusions on very doubtful questions are sometimes rather baldly stated as facts. Even in the author's special domain of ethnology, it may be doubted whether Bramins and Rajpoots can well be classed apart as radically different from the rest of the Hindoo population, and whether there is anything very definite in attributing Jats and some other tribes to a 'Scythic' origin; for there were Scythians and Scythians. Notwithstanding these minor criticisms we may at once say that Dr. Hunter's book is a great repertory of information in small compass. The physical features, population, system of administration, means of communication, agriculture and products, manufactures and arts, are all well and succinctly described, and those who wish much information in a small space cannot go to a better source.

A good view of the modern history of India is supplied by the posthumous volume of Lord Justice James and Sir Richard

Temple's 'Men and Events of my Time.' The Lord Justice's book is a fragment edited by his daughter, being part of papers on India left by a man who had no immediate connexion with the country, but had been led by his legal studies to a particular personal interest in it. He gives a summary of the political and military history of the events by which we acquired the dominion of India, which is of much value as coming from a clear-headed and impartial English judge of his standing and eminence, carrying the history down to the days of the Mutiny. Sir Richard Temple, in a semi-biographical form, really gives us his view of the civil and administrative history of the last forty years, especially of the last quarter of a century since the Mutiny. Lord Justice James's quasi-judicial narrative is very important as enabling those who desire to know the truth to judge how far our empire in India was founded on ambition, aggression, and crime, or how far the history is free from serious moral taint—and in this view his judgment is decidedly reassuring. As sometimes happens, he is more inclined to deal with military and stirring events than with details akin to his own civil profession, and he seems to be on the whole more indulgent to the brilliant soldier and conqueror than to the civilian; he seems to prefer Clive to Warren Hastings, and even Sir Charles Napier finds favour in his narrative. While Clive's great pecuniary acquisitions for himself are treated indulgently, Hastings's zeal for the interests of the Company are less favourably dealt with, in such matters as the conquest of Rohilcund for the Nawab Vizier, the extortion of treasure from the Oude Begums, and the annexation of the Benares Province. In these things he seems hardly to have sufficiently sifted the versions handed down in popular history by the accusers of Hastings, nor to give sufficient weight to the eventual acquittal of the ex-Governor-General. He does not tell us that the Rohillas were comparatively recent foreign conquerors who held Rohilcund by a tenure of fealty to the Mogul, nor does he explain that in the case of the Begums the real question was whether the treasure was State property or passed to the Begums as personal property. He hardly does justice to Hastings as in truth the founder of our system of Indian administration. And later on he passes very lightly over the reign of Lord W. Bentinck, which gave form to the more modern system as it now exists. It may be said that it was Hastings who substituted an improved European administration for the corrupt native methods which had before prevailed, and that it was Lord W. Bentinck and his advisers who, by introducing an improved native agency, made the

machinery of government adequate to more modern and enlarged requirements.

While, however, Lord Justice James perhaps, as we have said, does scant justice to some of the personal acts of the early civil administrators, he shows with admirable clearness how, on the break-up of the Mogul empire, province after province fell into our hands, not as the result of any design of conquest or systematic rapacity, but by a sort of process of natural selection, the rule of the British East India Company being accepted as the best, or at any rate the least bad, that could be had. On the whole, he makes it tolerably clear that we have little occasion to blush for our conduct in acquiring the empire of the Moguls.

He is somewhat less favourable in his judgment of the subsequent annexations by which the empire was filled in and rounded off. He is inclined to an opinion adverse to the course long followed by the British Government, in requiring the sanction of the paramount power to successions by adoption to principalities, and he suggests some doubt as to some of Lord Dalhousie's annexations. The fact is that questions of this kind can hardly be decided by strict law in a country where there was no law, and where no rules of succession had ever been long followed. We are ourselves perhaps too much inclined to get rid of difficult questions by a mere reference to law, and to assume that if law cannot be found it must be invented. No doubt we owe our freedom very much to law and lawyers, but in India we have had many troubles due to a rigid adherence to what is deemed to be legal in opposition to the wishes and feelings of the people. Most of those with whom we had to deal were mere military adventurers, as recent and with as little indigenous title as ourselves; and policy cannot be left out of sight in our treatment of them. The doctrines in regard to escheat and adoption acted on before the Mutiny were much older than Lord Dalhousie's time, and had been often put in force in the case of small principalities. To the larger and older native States they were scarcely applied at all. It was always understood that old native dominions, such as those of the Rajpoot princes, were not escheated for want of direct heirs. In the case of Nagpore, the Raja had not only not adopted a son, but had distinctly refused to do so; and though there is some difference of interpretation in different parts of India, the Bengal courts at least have always held that a widow can only adopt when authorised by her husband to do so before his death.

Of course, all questions of legality *versus* expediency must

be subordinate to the obligation of keeping the faith of treaties, and on this subject justice should be done to Lord Dalhousie. From the point of view of public faith, by far the most doubtful of our annexations was Oude. Whatever their shortcomings, the Oude royal family had ever been loyal to us. It should be fully known that Lord Dalhousie distinctly refused to take the responsibility of what was done, and that the annexation was carried out in opposition to his opinion, and under orders from home.

This, too, is certain, that however much a generation which profits by Lord Dalhousie's annexations may carp at his proceedings, he has been singularly fortunate in the result. There is not a scintilla of evidence that the annexations had anything to do with the great military Mutiny which soon afterwards broke out, and it is as certain as anything can be that the possession of the Punjab it was which enabled us to stop the conflagration and save India. The possession of Nagpore and Berar has enabled us to unite the presidencies, and to weld the British territories in India into one empire and one system, in a way which would not have been possible if this break had not been made in the continuity of the mass of native States in the centre of the country. Many thought Pegu beyond the limits of India, and a very doubtful acquisition. We are not yet free from political embarrassment in Burmah, but at any rate Pegu has turned out to be the rice-granary of the world, and in point of agriculture and commerce a splendid possession.

In so far as he touches on our early civil administration, Lord Justice James scarcely does justice to it. He says (p. 58) that British India was hardly governed at all, and seems to think the result disastrous. There were no roads, no laws, no police, *no municipal organisation*. As regards this last he is certainly mistaken. The village municipal organisation was more real and effective than it is now, and the people in a great degree governed themselves in their own way. In truth, it has often happened that our rule has been more popular in its early stages than subsequently, for the simple reason that we did not govern too much, but only protected the people, and left them very much to govern themselves by means of the institutions which in times of revolution and anarchy necessity had kept alive. There are many instances to show that despotic power is by no means inconsistent with a great deal of very democratic self-government in the lower political strata, and this is especially the case under Mohammedan rule. Mohammedan law is so much connected with the

religion that Mohammedan rulers have always recognised its inapplicability to unbelievers, and they have generally been content to impose on the latter political subjection and tribute, but to allow them to govern themselves by their own laws and institutions. A notable instance of this is the position of the South Slavs and other Christian races under the Turks. We find, to our surprise, that through all the centuries of alien dominion they have retained their democratic institutions, and take to freedom, as ducks to water, when they have the opportunity. The Hindoos had been longer subject, but they did retain much of self-governing institutions on a small scale. Probably we have committed no greater error than in permitting the decay of those institutions, not so much by design as from the absence of the outside pressure which kept them together. We are too prone to believe in the efficacy of our own laws, and too ready to apply them to correct the abuses and shortcomings of an indigenous system. The result seems to be that when at last we recognise that the task is too much for us, and seek to introduce self-governing institutions, we are laboriously attempting to do so from above downwards, instead of being able to develop the lower municipal organisations from below upwards, as has usually been the case when freedom and self-government have had a spontaneous and healthy growth.

There is also some anachronism in the Lord Justice's criticisms of the Indian judicial system. He speaks as if of the early times of Warren Hastings, when he says (p. 59) that the procedure was cumbrous, dilatory, and expensive, provoked litigation, and engendered chicanery which surpassed anything known in England. These strictures are more applicable to the system initiated with the very best intentions by Lord Cornwallis, when an excessive prominence was given to the judicial machinery, so that, in Bengal proper at least, for generations the country was governed rather by the courts than by the executive. The machinery of administration was there wanting; there was no adequate protection for the poor, and too great reliance was placed on the English system of leaving people to maintain their own rights, if they could, before courts of justice which were not strong enough for the task, and where the rich and unscrupulous had great advantages over the poor and the unskilled.

Sir Richard Temple is the most active of men—active as an administrator, and active as a literary man of the official kind. His great experience and skill in both characters ensure that any book from his pen must be good and readable, and the last



volume which he has brought out, 'Men and Events of my 'Time,' is peculiarly interesting, containing, as it does, so much of personal narrative, both respecting himself and others. Sir Richard has always been greater in administration than in council. He has been accused of some want of fixed and decided views on great questions of policy; but then a certain openness of mind is not only favourable to an administrator who is set to carry out a policy prescribed to him, but also gives a great advantage in regard to that impartiality and freedom from partisanship in narrative, at which Sir Richard seems especially to aim. This volume is, no doubt, open to the suggestion that it is almost too good-natured—there is a good word for everybody; but, considering how much many historians indulge in too highly-accentuated characters, good and bad, it is something to avoid that fault, and only to make virtues more prominent than faults. Notwithstanding the perhaps too great uniformity of praise, there is, if we read between the lines, a great deal of just and common-sense discrimination in much of what Sir Richard says of the distinguished men with whom he has come into official contact, and his own experiences are pleasantly and well told in a modest and unaffected manner. Extraordinarily wide and various they have been.

In connexion with his early service, he introduces us to the system of revenue administration and general management which originated in the days of Lord William Bentinck, devised by Holt Mackenzie, and put in practice by Robert Martins Bird and Thomason in the North-West Provinces, and by John Lawrence in the Punjab—a system which in the main still prevails throughout all Northern India, with many developments and improvements. A sketch of the early administration of the Punjab under the Lawrences, coming from one who bore so active a part in it and won fame by his early reports, is peculiarly valuable and interesting.

Then we have an excellent sketch of Lord Dalhousie's career, in the course of which Sir Richard supplies the corrections to Lord Justice James's narrative, on which we have already touched. He fairly sketches the political history of Dalhousie's reign, and makes clear the fact that to him was due our modern system of public works in India—both the constitution of the public works department, the system of trunk railways which was then laid out with far-seeing skill by the Governor-General personally, and some other great works.

The character of Lord Canning is well given—his honesty, uprightness, and courage under difficulties—while there is an

allusion to that dilatory habit in the despatch of business which those who had to do with him well know to have much marred his efficiency as an administrator. Full justice is done to Lord Lawrence's career as Viceroy, as well as to that of Lord Mayo.

In recounting his provincial experiences, Sir Richard gives a very curious and interesting account of the Nizam and his surroundings, and of the relations between the Minister, Salar Jung, and his master. He depicts the comparatively little known region of the Central Provinces, and tells us a good deal about Bengal and Bombay, though perhaps not so much as we should like to know. Several chapters are given to Financiers and Finance, but that subject had better be reserved till we come to the book of the brothers Strachey. We reserve, too, Sir Richard's opening and concluding chapters, comparing India at the beginning and end of his career and taking stock of the position of the people under British rule, as well as the subjects of Famine and Decentralisation, which we shall come to presently.

Despite some serious errors, the brothers Strachey have really rendered such great services to the State that we may well regret the somewhat aggressive tone adopted in their volume on 'The Finances and Public Works of India, from 1869 to 1881,' and the disposition, while saying very little of the errors of those times, rather too much to attribute the good which India has enjoyed, and does enjoy, to the measures of that period, especially to those of the last four or five years—the reign of Lord Lytton. One would almost suppose after reading this book, able and clever as it is, that India had little previous history, or, at all events, little history of progress, but that all had been brought about in these dozen years in which the authors have borne so conspicuous a part. On the other hand, we might refer to an article from a well-known pen on the 'Progress of India,' which appeared in this Journal in January 1864, to show that nearly twenty years ago there was ample ground for asserting that India had already entered on a large career of progress. The Stracheys have made so many and repeated changes in the public accounts, so many adjustments to suit their own views of a right understanding, and in this book they deluge us with such a sea of cleverly manipulated figures, that it is extremely difficult to follow them with precision and exactness. Some salient features in regard to finance and public works may, however, be made out.

With all care to guard against the excessive optimism of

the Strachey view of the situation, it really does seem to be shown beyond contradiction that, apart from famine and war, the finances of India are decidedly prosperous, and that if there had been no war or other misfortunes they would have shown a very handsome surplus. Perhaps it makes us all the more sad to think what a good time India might have had these last two or three years if it had not been for that miserable Afghan war. Again, it is also clear that in respect of public works and material improvement India has been well kept up to the level of civilised countries; that in the last thirty years a transformation has been wrought by means of railways and other developments almost as complete as that which has taken place in Europe and America, dating from a somewhat earlier period. It is true, too, that some of the most important public works have not only been of immense benefit to the country, but have been, directly and from a commercial point of view, a distinct financial success. But when we look a little closer it is equally clear that the foundations of this prosperity were for the most part laid previous to the period comprised in our authors' narrative, as long ago as the time of Lord Dalhousie. It is patent that, however the more recent works may eventually improve, it is the older works, and especially the trunk system of railways laid down by Lord Dalhousie, and the older canals which now pay, and *not* the modern works.

As regards revenue, our situation in India is happily such that when we can keep clear of war, famine, and other extraordinary calamities, the revenue always has sufficed to meet a fair expenditure, and something more. The misfortune is that the drawbacks causing deficit seem to be the rule and the years of prosperity and surplus the exception, and that while the deficits caused by war have often been large the occasional surplus is usually comparatively small; and so debt, instead of being provided for by any sort of sinking arrangement, is piled up. Looking back to the beginning of the century, we find that while wars caused a long series of deficits, after the great settlement following the Pindaree war a considerable surplus was attained, and lasted two or three years, till again lost by war. Lord William Bentinck once more established an equilibrium, which increased to a very considerable surplus in the three years immediately preceding the first Afghan war. After the annexation of the Punjab there was again a small surplus; but it was soon lost, and the Mutiny threw back the finances for many years. Still, in the early years of the period with which the present volume deals there was a good

surplus, which the second Afghan war turned into a very large deficit in the last years of the series. The present prosperity of the ordinary revenues is very largely due to Lord Dalhousie's measures, bringing the Indian empire up to its natural limits, uniting the Presidencies, and increasing both the land and other revenues without any consequent increase, but rather with diminution, of our military and political obligations, and to the progress and increase of values due to his system of public works.

Apart from more general causes, and setting aside various adjustments and all question of increased and diminished taxation, it may be broadly said that the large surplus, which seems at last to be an actual fact, is mainly due to two special causes—the increase of the opium revenue and the increase of the public works revenue. The opium revenue, precarious though it be, has in the meantime taken a great start, mainly due to increased demand in China; so that while for a good many years the net opium revenue had averaged about six millions and a quarter sterling, in the last two years it has been eight millions and a quarter and nearly eight millions and a half—or a clear increase of two millions sterling; an increase, however, obtained by an expenditure of the reserve stock, as explained by Major Baring. The practical improvement in the public works revenue, though somewhat mystified by transfers and additions, is in fact solely, or almost solely, due to the astonishing increase of the income of the guaranteed railways. From an average deficit (after paying the guaranteed interest) of 1,851,000*l.* per annum in the four years 1869 to 1873, they have improved till they yield a considerable surplus in these latter years, thus bettering the revenue again to an extent of about two millions. The other railways do not yet pay the interest on the money borrowed for their construction in recent years, nor do any of the recent canals. The improved canal revenue is principally due to a change in the system of accounts, by which the profits of the older canals, hitherto lumped with the Madras land revenue, have now been attributed to public works. There can be no doubt, too, that the transfer to the separate head of 'Reproductive Works,' and the charging to capital instead of to revenue of some, at least, of the works formerly charged in the ordinary revenue account, has so far relieved the ordinary finance. Putting together, then, opium, increased receipts from the guaranteed railways, and the relief from charges placed to the extraordinary capital account, we have an improvement of not less than 4,000,000*l.* to 5,000,000*l.* per annum, which very amply accounts for so

much of the financial recovery as is not to be attributed to general progress, peace, and the favourable reaction after war famine.

The figures seemed to show that, occasional surpluses notwithstanding, there has been a steady and large growth of the debt—in fact, it is admitted that the total debt has increased from 97,000,000*l.* in 1869–70 to 157,000,000*l.* at the end of 1880–81. Yet this volume essays to prove (chapter iv.) that, after allowing for sums borrowed for reproductive works and some other transfers, there is actually a small decrease in the real debt and a considerable decrease in the interest paid. It appears that not only is the money borrowed for so-called reproductive works placed to a separate account, but that a large sum has been transferred from the ordinary debt to the same account as representing works of the same kind previously executed. The authors' own statement, in the Appendix, pages 22–23, shows that in the twelve years' revenue and expenditure there has not been a saving, but a loss of 4,422,353*l.*; and if we take the last four years of the series, we find there a deficiency of 8,911,556*l.*, or nearly 9,000,000*l.* It is admitted, too (page 62), that some of the works which were paid for with borrowed money are not really reproductive, and their cost ought to have been an addition to the ordinary debt. While, however, we must think that the volume under review puts things too favourably, it is certainly gratifying to find how comparatively little in excess of the public works expenditure has been added to the ordinary debt, notwithstanding the great expenditure on war and famine.

One word regarding the Afghan war bill, of which so little is said. The matter has generally been put as if there had been a mistake in the estimates. The fact is that there were *no* real estimates, that the war was carried on without any enquiry whatever into the actual expenditure, and that accounts of expenditure were put forward of which this only was certainly known to the responsible authorities: that whatever the cost might be, these did *not* represent the real cost. The military accounts of the Government of India did not give the expenditure, but only the amounts which had been finally adjusted, audited, and settled; necessarily much behind the real expenditure—in time of a distant war *very* far behind. Yet these were the accounts put before the public as if they were the real expenditure on the war. Although Mr. Stanhope afterwards expressed extreme surprise when the great excess was made known, it is difficult to see how the Home Government can be fully justified. The financial department

of the India Office must surely have known that the military accounts showed only audited, and not actual, expenditure. Yet in the House of Commons, in reply to the reclamations of members who insisted on the impossibility of carrying on the war on the small amounts stated, it was repeatedly asserted on the part of the Government that the accounts showed the correctness of their estimates.

As regards the estimates made in India in advance of the audited accounts, the papers show that the responsible officers of accounts carefully protected themselves by stating that it was impossible for them to offer any real estimate of the cost of a war of the character and duration of which they could foretell nothing. Being pressed, they put down sums which were avowedly the merest guesses, adding that, looking to 'the twofold uncertainty attending this doubtful estimate, every allowance must be made for any want of accord hereafter between the revised estimate and the actual charge;' and again, later: 'With an early settlement of affairs beyond the frontier the amount may suffice to wind up the accounts of the campaign; should the operations be protracted, the figure will no doubt have to be increased hereafter.' Yet it was on these estimates, and these only, that, so late as March 1880, Lord Lytton, in confident reply to Mr. Gladstone's grave statements regarding the suspected under-estimate of the charges of the war, loudly asserted that the estimates had been most carefully made, and that if they erred it was rather on the side of over than of under estimate. At that very time many millions in excess of these estimates had already been disbursed and spent. As Lord Hartington said in his final despatch, 'it is admitted that there was nothing to prevent the Government of India from being acquainted soon after the end of each month with the actual amounts disbursed to the military department from all the treasuries all over India;' in fact, the actual war expenditure might have been known by as simple a process as sending for a man's banker's book in private life. Yet Lord Lytton chose to carry on a great war, and make the most reckless statements regarding its cost, without resorting to this very simple expedient till it became inevitable, when the truth was at once known. This was no minor matter, in which carelessness might be condoned in the head of a great administration. It was the great feature of his reign; he carried on a great war and a dangerous policy without attempting to count the cost, or asking what was the actual outgoing. Under such circumstances it is useless to throw the blame on subordinates; the

main blame must always rest on the head of the Government who was directing and carrying out that policy. We cannot but think that in this matter subordinates have borne too great a share of the blame, and too little has been said of the conduct of the late Viceroy, who has been allowed to return with his honours and to pose as one of the orators and leaders of the Conservative party.

Returning to the Strachey book, we have in Chapters II. and III. a clear statement of the Indian revenues, showing the distinction between the revenues which are and those which are not derived from taxation of the people of India; and in later chapters we have treatises in greater detail on the opium, salt, and customs revenues and the local taxation. It is shown that the total amount of taxation is really very moderate; a very large portion of the gross revenue being mere matter of account—receipts credited against expenditure—while the land and opium receipts go far to take the place of taxation. As respects the land revenue, it is shown that while it has been swelled by the addition of province to province, and by the extension of cultivation, the rate of the Government demand per acre has positively diminished, and the proportion of the true rent taken by the State has still more diminished. The only question is whether, from a financial point of view, this does not prove too much, and show that while there are no more provinces to be added it is practically impossible to go on increasing the land revenue in proportion to the increase of wealth and values, after private property in land, and all the individual interests which grow around it, have been created and consecrated by enjoyment for long periods.

In the chapter on the opium revenue, which we may perhaps presume to have been written by Sir John Strachey (for throughout the volume the personality of the two writers is not distinguished), that thorny subject is discussed with much vigour and clearness, and with all the optimism, we may say all the positiveness, which runs through the volume. But in a matter which so vitally concerns Indian finances we may excuse an ex-Finance Minister for being a little intolerant of adverse opinion. Sir John shows beyond contradiction that up to this time the opium revenue, so far from falling away, has gone on flourishing and increasing, and he founds on that the statement (p. 252) that ‘these facts show conclusively that ‘the opinion frequently expressed as to the instability and ‘precarious character of the opium revenue is, so far at least ‘as the present time is concerned, *completely incorrect*.’ This decided view certainly conflicts with those expressed by Lord

Hartington, Major Baring, and other responsible authorities. Sir John insists that it is 'proved to demonstration' that in the immense majority of cases the Chinese use opium in moderation, and it is then 'as harmless as any other of the stimulants ' which enter largely into the consumption of the world.' We confess we have not seen this proof; in fact we know so little of the social life of the Chinese that it is scarcely possible that so much should be proved. In other countries there has been a disposition to suppose that an opium-eater is generally a man on whom the taste grows. We believe Sir John Strachey has never served in the Punjab, and he falls into error when he instances the 'Sikh nation' as the finest people in India, though they habitually use opium. The Scotch are a fine people, though they consume a good deal of whisky. But the Sikhs are not a 'nation.' The great mass of the people of the Punjab are not Sikhs, while the tendency to opium is confined to the comparatively few who have adopted to the full Sikh tenets and discipline, and to whom the use of tobacco is forbidden—generally old-fashioned soldiers or ex-soldiers; and the way in which people there talk of 'postees' or opium-eaters rather conflicts with Sir John's view. He is clear that the only risk to the opium revenue is from the 'misinformed ' prejudices of people in England,' and is very positive that we need not be under apprehension of action likely to be taken by the Chinese, who only want a large share of the profit and do not wish to stop the trade.

We think that what is made out is as follows:—The experience of a series of years shows that the increase in the demand for opium in China more than keeps pace with the increasing production in China; that there is, so far, no fear of a diminution in the demand for the Indian drug; and that, from this point of view, the revenue is as stable as any other. It is not proved that opium is so much worse than alcohol that it would be possible for this country to interfere to stop the production at the expense of the Indian revenue, while alcohol is not stopped at home. But what may happen, and it may be said has happened, is that public opinion makes it difficult or impossible for the British Government in any way to aid in forcing opium on the Chinese against the will of the Chinese Government. And there is a chance that the Chinese may become powerful enough to stop it, or to tax it so highly as to take much of the profit from the Indian Government. Recent papers show that, stimulated by the existing high prices, the production of opium has greatly increased in Persia. And Major Baring, in his



last statement, shows that the reserve stock in India has in the last years been diminished to a dangerous degree, while there has not been a production equal to the sales, and there is an apparent want of expansiveness in the production. Altogether there seems room for a good deal of caution and apprehension in regard to the opium revenue. We must not too much rely on it in spite of its recent prosperity.

Sir John Strachey seems somewhat uneasy in his mind about the salt duties, and very anxious to show that in manipulating them he has looked to reduction of taxation. In his preface he speaks of the reforms in which he bore so large a part as giving 'cheaper salt.' In the chapter on Salt he uses phrases which rather savour of special pleading; he has reduced the duty in 'the greater part of India,' has 'relieved' 148,000,000 people, and so on. That is literally true; but then if the reduction to the greater population is small, and the increase to the smaller population is great, it may be that there is no reduction on the whole—which was indeed the fact, as is shown by Sir John's own statement (p. 235). The average rate of the salt tax during the last few years was 2.48 rupees. Sir John fixed it at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  rupees or 2.50 rupees. Substantially, the tax remained, on the whole, at the same average rate as before, in the British territories, but there was a very great increase of salt taxation upon the twenty-five million subjects of the native States hitherto exempt from our salt tax. It well may be, and no doubt is, the fact that in many parts of India, quite apart from all question of taxation, salt has been, to some degree, cheapened by improved communications; but the example given at p. 230 of the price of 'Sambar' salt at Agra is hardly quite a fair one, for the particular kind of salt quoted, which is now brought in by the Rajpootana railway, was not the main consumption of the Agra country, but an expensive luxury—the main consumption was a much cheaper salt produced close at hand. We hardly see how he can speak of the great increase of the salt duty in Madras and Bombay as a step towards ultimate reduction. No doubt in this volume a reduction is recommended, and Lord Ripon has now given effect to that policy by the reduction announced in Major Baring's budget. But that fact seems rather to show the impolicy of the increase. What is of all things most wanted in India is stability in our arrangements. Surely if the Madras and Bombay duties were so soon to be again reduced, it could not have been worth while to increase them so much at the very moment when those provinces had suffered from severe and long-continued famine, especially as it is admitted (p. 224)

that the lower duty in Madras had been more profitable in proportion to population than that levied in any other part of India.

The chapter on the Customs Revenue is interesting, but suggests grave doubts as to the fairness of the course followed by Lord Lytton and Sir John Strachey. We need not recount the well-worn question of the cotton duties further than to recall that in July 1877 a compromise was arrived at in the House of Commons by a resolution agreed to without a division that the Indian cotton duties ought to be abolished 'so soon as the financial condition of India will permit.' It was distinctly understood that this implied that they were not to be abolished so long as the financial condition of India did not permit. It is admitted, too (see p. 277), that repeated pledges were given by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton that the abolition of the duties would not be effected by substituting other taxes on the people of India. Most assuredly the conditions precedent to abolition had not been attained under Lord Lytton. Not only had the country been afflicted by a great famine, but the Government had plunged into a war causing a heavy deficit, and they had imposed new and unpopular taxes. It was under these circumstances that Lord Lytton and Sir John Strachey, in the teeth of the adverse vote of the majority of the Governor-General's Council, abolished a great part of the cotton duties. They both avow that they did so with the intention of bringing down the whole; they knew that must be the result. (See Sir John Strachey's declarations, pp. 286 and 296 of the present volume.) This anticipation was speedily justified by the result. The Lancashire manufacturers altered their goods to suit the new classification. The whole trade was thrown into complete confusion; the revenue was rapidly disappearing, and further measures became indispensable. The abolition of the duties may have been a good thing, but the deed was not fairly done; the conditions of the agreement of 1877 were wholly set at naught.

There seems lately to have been a good deal of agitation in India on the subject of the excise revenue from spirits, which shows a large augmentation in recent years. It is the only case in which there may possibly be some doubt of the good effect of the recent measures of decentralisation. The spirit excise has been made over to the local governments. It is one of those revenues of which the management should not be guided so much by financial considerations as by higher objects; the tax should be calculated to repress consumption rather than to expand the revenue. Yet we cannot avoid the suspicion that

the more direct interest which the local governments now have in the revenue may possibly have had something to do with its increased productiveness in their hands. It so happens that in Bengal a very large increase has been coincident with a change in the system of management. Formerly, the system was one, handed down from former times, of a rough and ready character. The process of manufacture of spirits by the native method is so simple, and is so easily carried on with such petty implements in so many places, and on so small a scale, that Government supervision to levy a fixed duty all over the country is extremely difficult. The plan adopted then was to put up the privilege of the manufacture and sale of spirits in a specified tract of country to auction. The contractor was his own exciseman, made his own arrangements with the manufacturers and vendors, and tried to allow as little smuggling as possible, but to sell as much as possible under his own licenses. This is known as the *outstill* system. A good many years ago a new policy in regard to this and other articles of excise (intoxicating drugs, &c.) was adopted, viz. to try to bring the manufacture under greater restrictions, so as to levy a high duty from a small consumption rather than a light duty from a large consumption. All distillation was prohibited except in certain main centres, where it was subjected to an exact supervision by Government officers, and a fixed duty was levied according to strength. This was known as the *instill* system. A good deal of difficulty was experienced at first, owing to the ignorance and want of skill of the excise officers; but all this was gradually improved, and for some years the system was believed to be succeeding. It was impossible to put it in force in some sparsely populated jungle districts, but in most of the settled and populous districts it had become the established system. Now, somewhat unexpectedly, the Government of Bengal seems to have reverted to something like the old practice, alleging that the new system was not successful. The change has brought about a large increase of revenue; but also reclamation from missionaries, educated natives, and others, who allege that it is attended with an increase of drunkenness. It is much to be hoped that these allegations will be met and the question cleared up.

This is not the place to go into details regarding the various stamp and other minor revenues, but a word must be said of the attempts to introduce direct taxation in the form of income and license taxes. Sir Richard Temple and Sir John Strachey have both been upholders of the income tax. But against it are arrayed both the European and the articulate native community; the inarticulate natives, the lower

classes who do not pay the tax, counting for nothing in the matter. On the one hand, it seems certain that it has never been assessed in a satisfactory manner; on the other, it equally appears that, having always been tried as a temporary expedient, no sufficient and continuous effort to make a good assessment in a systematic way, with adequate machinery, has ever been made. So far, then, it is still an open question. The income tax has been tried two or three times, and varied with certificate and license taxes. There had been a period of exemption from all these taxes before Lord Lytton's reign. It remained for his Government to impose a license tax which combined every possible defect with the minimum of yield or advantage. It appeared to be a plan ingeniously contrived to tax the poor, but to exempt the rich, influential, and noisy, and so buy their silence. One can hardly imagine a baser form of tax. It seems to have been originally proposed to tax every non-agriculturist, down to the common labourer earning 50 rupees per annum. Before, however, the Act was passed, this lower limit was fixed at 100 rupees per annum, thus exempting unskilled labourers, for that income may be taken to correspond to 60% or 80% per annum in England. But there was an upper limit which practically exempted the banks and great mercantile firms; and not only were the servants of Government exempt, but also all the superior professional classes. A mechanic paid as well as a shopkeeper, but not a lawyer. After the first year the lower limit was raised from 100 rupees to 500 rupees, and to this present lower limit no exception can be taken on the score of severity. But the invidious exemptions of the rich and noisy remain, and all the fuss and worry of the tax are incurred for a very petty income of about half a million per annum for the whole of India. It seems impossible that it should be maintained in its present form.

There has certainly been some increase of local taxation of late years, and it has been suggested that in this way some of the burdens of the general Government have been shifted and reimposed on the public in another form. Sir John Strachey's statements show that this is not the case to any considerable extent. The general principle on which the Indian Government has acted is that local taxes are only to be imposed for new benefits not hitherto provided from the general revenue, and that the proceeds are to be locally administered for these objects. As compared with what may be called the original scheme of Indian revenue and expenditure handed down from native times, this rule is observed to the full—it may be said that nothing is now charged to local funds which would have

been borne by the general revenues half a century ago. The battle of liability, so to speak, was fought out with respect to the position of landholders under the permanent settlement when the road cess was imposed in Bengal in 1871; and it was then settled that landholders whose land revenue payments had been made permanent were, nevertheless, subject to local rates for their own benefit and the improvement of their districts according to modern methods. They are, in fact, put in the position of landholders in England whose land tax has been permanently settled.

It may be that in some cases the Government has in recent years, in default of local machinery, undertaken duties which are now, to some small extent, shifted back to the localities. As some main works of communication and irrigation are now transferred to the Extraordinary Loan Fund, so some minor roads, &c., may be transferred to the local Road Committees; but this transfer is really not very much on the whole. The total of the local rates levied in the different provinces of India (purely urban rates apart) seems to be about two and a half or two and three quarter millions; but of this a large portion consists of old payments for old purposes not heretofore shown in the general accounts, and most of the remainder is really expended by local bodies for real local improvements. Lord Ripon appears now to have made concessions in favour of localities which will quite counterbalance any advantage derived by the Government from transfers to local funds; with one exception, viz. what is called the Public Works Cess in Bengal. There seems no more objection in principle to a provincial cess for provincial works than to more local cesses; but in this case the tax was imposed on zemindars and cultivators, not so much for future benefits as to make up losses on works previously constructed, in regard to which neither the people nor the government of the province had any voice. It seems a pity that any suspicion of breach of faith should be incurred for a comparatively small sum.

A chapter of the Strachey volume is devoted to the subject of *octroi*. Many urban municipalities have striven to substitute town duties for direct rates; and Sir John Strachey has been very vigilant in checking the tendency, which had certainly in some cases shown itself, to make the local town duties on goods entering the town practically a tax on commerce in transit.

Looking over the principal sources of Indian revenue, our view is that, after all, we cannot surely reckon on that general and lasting elasticity which is now claimed for them. Not-

withstanding recent increase and present prosperity, it appears that by far the largest source of income—the land revenue—is not really very elastic, and that present conditions tend towards some sort of permanent settlement of the State demand; that the next largest source—the opium revenue—has a decided and serious political element of precariousness in it; that there are reasons for checking and reducing the excise and salt revenues; that the customs revenue has been practically almost abandoned; and that direct taxation is not yet a success. When we look to expenditure we cannot doubt that the labours of a succession of able and careful men have done most of what could be done towards reducing what can be reduced; and we may well believe that in the last few years Sir John Strachey's cleverness and care have been exerted strenuously and successfully to make up, as much as possible, for that political extravagance of Lord Lytton which he unfortunately countenanced. Something may be, and is being, saved in military details; but, on the other hand, necessary improvements must cost money. And we cannot forget that, after all, an army of some 180,000 men all told, effective and non-effective, is an unprecedentedly small force with which to hold so great an empire alien to us, to maintain order among our two hundred million subjects, to guard and check the numerous forces of the native States, and to leave something at our disposal in case of possible external complications. It is clearly enough shown that though what are called 'Home Charges' are very large, the cost of the Home Administration is but trifling; and the money wanted at home is for debt and guaranteed interest, charges for the European army, pensions, and other disbursements, which cannot be dissociated from the general questions of Indian finance, except in so far as it may be debated whether money to be borrowed can and ought to be raised in India rather than in England. It is, then, we think, well to take care that we do not run from too gloomy a view of Indian finance to one too sanguine. It is admitted, however, that, from causes which we have noticed, aided undoubtedly by skilful management, Sir John Strachey has been able to make over the finances, showing, when we exclude the Afghan war, a large present surplus. And, before touching on some other important subjects dealt with in the volumes before us, it may be well here briefly to examine Major Baring's mode of dealing with the financial situation in the present year. In doing so we must bear in mind both the drawbacks we have stated to very sanguine views of financial elasticity, and the necessity imposed on a prudent financier of doing something considerable in fair-weather days

of prosperity both to reduce the burdens incurred in adverse and imprudent days, and to secure a reserve for the darker days which must occasionally recur hereafter. In this view our only doubt is whether Major Baring's budget may not prove to be what we may call 'too good;' that is, whether in giving great and satisfactory remissions of taxation it may possibly sail too near the wind in respect of financial prudence. Major Baring has been called a bold man; yet in India that epithet may perhaps more properly be applied to the man who puts on than to him who takes off taxation. The latter operation is sure to be pretty loudly applauded. Certainly, considering the heavy debt which India has accumulated, and which has hitherto never been provided for by any sinking fund as in many countries, and the undisputed fact that she has just emerged from a series of heavy deficits caused by war, it does seem hazardous, in the very first year of peace prosperity and surplus, to give away the whole of that surplus by remission of taxation, as has, in fact, been done—the forecast for the coming year showing a balance to the good of only about a quarter of a million. It is true that for the first time a real provision to meet famine contingencies is made. The famine fund is now a reality and not a sham, being charged against the expenditure of the year, and entrusted to commissioners who are to account for it—the only fair way of securing its reality. Still, when the money is not wanted to meet actual famine in the particular year, one-half is to be expended on public works called 'protective;' that is, works which are expected to benefit the country, though not commercially remunerative; and this must be considered an addition to the expenditure on public works—it is not money saved; it is only the other half, or 750,000*l.*, which, when not expended, is to be made over to the commissioners and applied to the reduction of debt. To that extent, and to that extent only, there is a real insurance against famine expenditure past and future. We think, too, that there is some fallacy in Major Baring's claiming a surplus in hand of a million and a half from the past year as a justification for a narrow margin in years to come, for this surplus might more properly have been set against the heavy deficits of the previous years. Even the present bare equilibrium is only maintained by the retention of one tax—the license tax—which is admitted to be so objectionable that it cannot be retained in its present form, and must shortly either be recast or abandoned.

In saying, however, so much by way of caution, we have said all that we have to say of detraction. Assuming that the

reduction of taxation could be safely made, we think that the mode of doing it—the selection of taxes for remission and the dealing with them—is every way worthy of Lord Ripon's sterling honesty, philanthropy, and common sense, and Major Baring's financial skill. The truth seems to be that their hands were in a manner forced by circumstances, and they were obliged to risk something. Whether or no the time had arrived when the Indian finances fully admitted of the abolition of the cotton duties, it could no longer be said that the measure was absolutely prevented by recurring deficits, and the action of Lord Lytton and Sir John Strachey in partially remitting the duties, with the avowed object of making it impossible to maintain them, had placed the present Government in a dilemma from which it was difficult to escape. The existing compromise had entirely failed and could not be maintained. Under the circumstances it was practically impossible to go back and restore the duties in their entirety, and so the only course was to give them up without further delay. That being so as regards the cotton duties, the remaining import duties could not with any advantage be maintained. They yielded a comparatively small sum, and were wisely abandoned. It is, no doubt, a strange anomaly that, the import duties having gone, there is still a heavy export duty on rice; and, though there had hitherto been little complaint of that duty, it so happens that just at present there is an extraordinary glut of rice in Bengal due to abundant harvests, and considerable reclamations were made on the subject in the Viceroy's Council.

There were, however, other more urgent claims. It was, no doubt, felt that it would not be decorous or just that all the remission of taxation should be given in the form which English manufacturers had demanded, and that this must be balanced by at least an equal concession to Indian demands. In this view we cannot doubt that the Viceroy most wisely selected the salt duties as being the quarter where remission would be most beneficial, and where it would most reach the masses. It had become clear that the greatly enhanced salt duties in Madras and Bombay had borne very hard on the people of those parts of India, and had considerably diminished consumption. The effect of a certain reduction in Northern India had tended to encourage the belief that a further reduction to a standard more nearly approaching that which had prevailed in Madras and Bombay before Lord Lytton's time would lead to increased consumption and very beneficial effects. The only point on which there may still be doubt is whether there was sufficient reason for doing away with a moderate excess



charge in Bengal proper which has always hitherto been maintained. Certain it is that, owing to the very old standing of the tax in Bengal, the non-saline character of the soil, and the habits of the people, a high salt tax has always been more productive, more easily collected, and less complained of there than elsewhere. Owing to the permanent settlement, Bengal pays less to the Imperial Treasury in land revenue than most provinces, and the machinery for direct taxation exists less than in other provinces. While, then, as between class and class, we can have no doubt that Lord Ripon's firmness in resisting those who would have remitted other taxes rather than that on salt was most wise, we have some doubts whether as between Bengal and other provinces there was sufficient reason for abandoning a small comparative excess in Bengal. The Bengal officers seem to have been quite unanimous in thinking it unnecessary. Here, too, however, there was an English complication. It so happens that most of the salt used in Bengal is now imported from England; and though mere distance suffices to efface the effect of a small difference of duty, it is evident that, just at the point of meeting, this difference gives to the salts of Northern India some advantage over those coming from Calcutta. Against this advantage the Cheshire salt manufacturers protested, and *primâ facie* it was difficult to give them an effective answer. In truth, however, besides appealing to larger interests, they might have been told that if we look at the tax as an *ad valorem* one their salt is a much more valuable article, and the difference is in their favour, not against them. There was no need to sacrifice some half a million of revenue on English grounds. We look with doubt too on the declaration that the salt duty is to be considered a reserve tax which may be increased at any time when required. If this is to be so, we hope the increase may be confined to Bengal; no other province would bear such increase without serious derangement.

It is to be regretted that the Indian Government are not yet prepared to decide on the question of direct taxation; but it is a most difficult question, and there is great truth in Major Baring's plea that stability and finality in the decision are required more than haste. He truly says that nothing could be so bad as the twenty-three Acts dealing differently with the subject which have been passed in twenty-two years, and that, bad as is the present license tax, it is better to make no change than to make a change which is not to be permanent. The very considerable sum conceded to the North-West Provinces and Oude in the form of an assumption

by Government of the cost of the village and district accountants, hitherto paid by the landholders and cultivators, is not only financially politic as a relief to classes and provinces found to be more burdened than others, but is also a great administrative improvement. Both in Europe and in Asia we have become more careful of the rights and interests of the small tillers of the soil; and in India so much of the good intended for them by law has been lost for want of honest and efficient record that it is of great importance that the rural registrars of rights and payments should be independent public servants rather than in any way dependent on the landlords.

Great interest must attach to Major Baring's attempt to give greater inducements to small native lenders to avail themselves of the Government loans. We are not sufficiently informed to express an opinion on the precise form which he has adopted in his 'Stock Notes;' but it has long been felt that there is much demand among some classes in India for a secure income as distinguished from high interest, and that the English system of appealing to great capitalists, which has for many years superseded the 'open loans' of the days of the Company, sacrificed the chance of interesting small people in the loans as is done so successfully in France. An honest attempt to deal with the matter in this sense is worthy of all praise.

On the whole, what we must hope in regard to Major Baring's budget is that though, as he states it, the margin is almost dangerously small, it may turn out that his estimates have been very cautiously made; that, as in former years, the result may turn out more favourable than the estimate; and that there will be some considerable margin for the contingencies to which we have alluded.

We now pass from pure finance to some other important subjects touched in these volumes. The best and most important work of Sir John Strachey, in which also his brother had a large share, was the scheme of provincial decentralisation which they have consistently and successfully worked out under several Viceroys. That is the most lasting monument to their energy and practical sagacity; it has really effected an enormous change for the better with little friction and no considerable drawbacks. The Strachey chapter on the subject states the matter modestly, giving due credit to those who had gone before; but in its present shape the measure must always be associated with their names.

In truth, in one shape or another, the provincial autonomy now called decentralisation has had many vicissitudes. Under

the original Indian constitution, the Governor-General was only a sort of *primus inter pares*, and the presidencies of Madras and Bombay had their own legislative and administrative systems subject to but very partial control. In 1834 there was instituted for the first time a real Government of India, the local legislatures being abolished, and the attempt made to centralise the administration. Subsequently great acquisitions of territory were made in Northern and Central India, beyond the Bay of Bengal, and in various new and little accessible quarters, and these were not brought under the ordinary legislative and administrative system. They were called non-regulation; that is, without regular laws. But in fact they were governed by irregular laws laid down by the local rulers. So far as they were controlled from headquarters, they were subject to the Governor-General personally rather than to the Government of India. But, in practice, these provinces possessed themselves of a very pronounced local autonomy. Later, this non-regulation power was discovered to be inconsistent with the constitution laid down by the Acts of Parliament for the government of India. The so-called non-regulation provinces were deprived of their powers of local quasi-legislation and subjected to strict bonds. Once more, in 1861, there was relaxation in matter of legislation when local legislative councils were established for Bengal proper, Madras, and Bombay with very extensive powers, saving only certain matters reserved for the general legislation of India. A sort of home rule was in fact given to these provinces which they would have continued to enjoy if their liberties had not again been much curtailed by a growing and aggressive Legislative Department of the Government of India, which of late years, under Mr. Whitley Stokes, has made sad inroads on the province of the local legislatures. In financial matters the control of the central Government became more and more rigid and centralised, with an amount of evil and inconvenience which is well and vividly described in the Strachey chapter on the subject. The two brothers were the main agents in the first important measure of financial decentralisation carried out by Lord Mayo. And after nursing and tending the plant through several reigns, Sir John Strachey has had the satisfaction of giving it a much greater development before leaving India. The result is that, subject to a certain reasonable supervision, the local governments have now certain revenues of which they make the most, and they are themselves responsible for shaping their expenditure within the limits of their income in the way they find most

advantageous for the provinces under their charge. They have thus been incited to managements, economies, and improvements, the motive to which was previously wanting. The local administrations have been very greatly benefited, while the central Government is no longer subject to continually growing demands, but is, on the contrary, rather relieved of something of its existing burdens.

All this having been so successfully accomplished with so much benefit to all parties, it seems a pity that the Stracheys or one of them—perhaps General Strachey in this case—with that aggressiveness on which we have remarked—should have denounced by implication the folly of the Secretary of State in refusing sanction to what he calls Lord Lytton's wise and beneficent schemes for permitting the local governments to borrow for works of public improvement—to create provincial public debts in fact. Their power of borrowing has, it seems, been much restricted and controlled and kept within very narrow limits. No great system of provincial debts has been permitted, and only with special sanction have some limited funds been raised for local works. In these over-borrowing days, we are decidedly inclined to think that the Secretary of State is right, and that it is well so to restrict the power of local borrowing.

Famine is unhappily a subject which has been but too prominent in India. Sir Richard Temple touches on his famine experiences, and two chapters of the Strachey volume are devoted to that subject. Yet these hardly grapple with the most difficult part of the matter, dealing for the most part only with the financial aspect of the question and its connexion with what are called 'protective' public works. In truth, the subject is one which does not admit of an optimist view. Not only has India been afflicted in the last half generation with more frequent and severe famines than for several generations previously; but there has been an extreme divergence in the modes of treating them, with a great deal of ill success, and an absence of unanimity of opinion in regard to the right method for the future. The commission appointed after the last famine has no doubt collected a mass of information, and laid down many most excellent principles on matters more or less directly affecting famine; but it was too near an event affecting many reputations, and was constituted in such a way that it could hardly decide the more immediate practical questions involved. Its report was notoriously a compromise arrived at by omitting disputable matter, so that,

were another famine to occur, we should still be without an authoritative guide for immediate action in some respects.

In the Orissa famine reliance was in the first instance placed on the doctrine of supply and demand. A let-alone policy was followed. It was discovered too late that this principle had entirely failed, and unhappily that discovery was coincident with a season when Orissa was isolated by the monsoon from traffic with the outer world. A famine of the most extreme severity and great mortality resulted. The matter was hardly bettered by the energy of the Government in sending some months later, when a new crop had come in and the famine was over, great supplies of grain which rotted, and were eventually sold by auction. In the subsequent Bengal famine of 1873-4 the failure of the crops was in some tracts much greater than in Orissa, and the area affected was very much larger; but the country was not so isolated, and the Government took early action for ensuring a sufficient supply of food. The principles of relief then followed were founded on the belief that the people of India, not having been demoralised by any poor law, were not too prone to seek relief, but, on the contrary, rather apt to die in their homes without seeking it. Famine, it was considered, was a wholly exceptional state of things in which relief might be given in a way not fitted for dealing with ordinary pauperism. The attempt was made to prevent all mortality by bringing relief to the doors of the people, while at the same time it was hoped by keeping them at their homes to avoid disturbance of their agricultural habits and to enable them to cultivate the next crop as soon as the rainfall permitted. Accordingly the test of need, in the shape of labour in return for food, was used with moderation, work being as much as possible offered within reach of every man's home. Great reliance was placed on advances of grain to responsible cultivators who engaged to repay the value later on. They were thus enabled both to carry on their cultivation and to employ others. These plans seem in the main to have been completely successful. There was fortunately no sickness among the working gangs employed near their homes, the people showed no undue eagerness to earn the Government dole, and it has not been suggested that the effect has been permanently demoralising. As soon as the rain fell they went off to cultivate their fields; and eventually the advances were recovered in a way that had scarcely been hoped for. It seems certain that this is the only famine which was so effectively met that there was almost no loss of life. But, the current of opinion then running strong in favour of liberal relief, it turned out that Sir Richard

Temple had provided a supply of food considerably in excess of the actual need, looking, as he tells us, to the possibility of another failure of the periodical rains; and it was said that some officers had shown some over-zeal in the latter part of the famine time in getting rid of the grain which they found on their hands. Some fortunes, too, were made by the successful transport of the grain; and altogether it happened that in the end detractors arose who alleged waste and excess in the conduct of the relief operations, while the very completeness of the success made it difficult to confute those who alleged that the want was greatly exaggerated. So opinion remained a good deal divided. The failure of crops in Bengal and Behar shaded off towards the boundary of the North-West Province districts, in which the want was never very acute. But there, too, considerable relief was given. When Sir John Strachey succeeded Sir William Muir in the Lieutenant-Governorship of those provinces later in the famine year, he conceived the view that this relief was an abuse, and soon succeeded in stopping it, for the most part without much injury; and he came to hold strongly what may be called the severe view of famine relief, believing in the necessity of checking abuse by severe tests. When a few years subsequently the great famine in Southern India occurred, Sir John Strachey was Lord Lytton's most influential adviser, and practically he moulded the system to be adopted according to his own views. Treating the question as one of pauperism, he insisted on what may best be understood as a rigid system of indoor relief as opposed to the milder outdoor system adopted in Lord Northbrook's time. He laid down stringent rules under which, except in the case of the infirm, no relief was to be given, even in the shape of labour, near the homes of the people, applying what was called the 'distance test'; that is, the reality of the need was tested by requiring those who sought relief to go a prescribed long distance from their homes, and there to labour in great gangs on large public works, residing in what were called 'closed camps,' which were in fact temporary poor-houses where the inmates were subjected to regular poor-house discipline. Of course such a system was in each individual case far more expensive than the other, just as in this country an indoor pauper costs far more than the dole which an outdoor pauper will accept. But it was hoped to save by repelling abuse, keeping down the numbers, and avoiding too indiscriminate charity. Whether the plan of a distance test by which the people were taken away from their homes with the effect of diminishing the opportunities for reverting to cultivation was in any degree one

of the causes of the prolongation of the famine cannot be known ; but it is undoubted that the measures adopted in this southern famine, though involving an expenditure far greater than that in Bengal, were not successful in preventing an excessive mortality. No doubt repeated failures of rain caused the suffering and disease to be prolonged beyond previous experience, and made this famine difficult to cope with beyond all others. It seems to have been understood that there had been some neglect in Mysore and some laxness in Madras which Sir J. Strachey's measures were intended to remedy. But in Bombay, where his system had been from the first adopted, the public were led to believe that it had been highly successful. It now turns out, however, that even in the Bombay districts the mortality must have been very great. It has generally been very difficult to draw positive deductions from the results of Indian censuses, because they have only gradually approached to accuracy. The earlier censuses have always erred in failing to count all ; and when subsequent censuses have shown much larger numbers there has been a doubt how much is due to increase of population and how much to greater completeness of enumeration. There has never been any suspicion of over-counting. The detailed reports of the new census have not been published, but the summaries which have appeared show very distressing results in the districts affected by the last famine. Thus :—

	Census of 1871.	Census of 1881.
Mysore . . . . .	5,055,412	4,186,399
<i>Madras Districts :—</i>		
Bellary . . . . .	1,653,010	1,339,763
Cuddapah . . . . .	1,351,194	1,120,118
Kurnool . . . . .	914,432	711,557
North Arcot . . . . .	2,015,278	1,817,561
Salem . . . . .	1,966,995	1,599,425
<i>Bombay Districts :—</i>		
Ahmednugger . . . . .	773,998	672,987
Poona . . . . .	907,235	737,191
Shalapore . . . . .	718,034	472,406
Kaladji . . . . .	816,037	647,309

These results seem to show that the mortality due to famine and sickness attending famine must have been very heavy indeed. Looking to the variety of practice and the ill-success of some of our best efforts, it appears extremely desirable that there should be some authoritative settlement of the principles on which relief is to be administered in case another occasion should unhappily arise.

The Strachey chapters on Famine are very much devoted to the public works side of the question, and the views enunciated on that subject may be taken to be primarily those of General Strachey. He has always held extreme views. He thinks that the Indian cultivators do not know their own interests, and especially that they do not sufficiently appreciate the use of water. He strongly advocated a system under which the country was to be covered with great protective works, designed by skilful and public-spirited engineers, especially irrigation canals; and if the people failed voluntarily to buy the water so as to meet the cost, they were to be compulsorily assessed in sums sufficient to cover the interest of the money expended and the risk. The Duke of Argyll forbade this plan. But General Strachey was not convinced; he still thinks there should be scarcely any limit to the borrowing of money for such purposes, and greatly laments the blindness of the Government at home as evidenced by the restrictive orders of successive Secretaries of State down to the present time.

This, then, brings us again to the subject of public works. We have already alluded to the cardinal inconsequence which seems to run through General Strachey's figures, in that he founds his very positive demonstration of the soundness of his views on the remunerativeness of the older rather than of the more recent works, running the two together by a change in the system of accounts. The success of the older railways has certainly been such as to demonstrate the fitness of India for railways, and to dissipate all the doubts which were at one time entertained. The most paying railways are, it happens, precisely those which are in direct competition with the greatest natural waterways in the country—the Eastern Bengal and East Indian lines. It may now safely be asserted that where there is a sufficiency of population, produce, and commerce, railways will succeed in India. We must, however, always remember that the success of great lines in populous districts does not ensure the success of extensions and branches in poorer territory. Some of the new lines promise well; but some lines are unremunerative and not very promising. A wise discrimination must be exercised in regard to these undertakings.

The irrigation canals stand on a less sure footing. They are not, like railways, of general applicability. There are great physical differences affecting them, the rainfall being in some parts and at some seasons enormous, in others almost wholly wanting. Those who first took up the subject have



naturally appropriated the best sites, and subsequent projectors are more and more at a disadvantage. In the South by far the most successful and paying works are those in Tanjore made by King Vikramadytya or some other Hindoo monarch who flourished two thousand years ago. Next come the works in the deltas of the Godavery and Kistna, the success of Arthur Cotton's early days; while when we get into the uplands of the Madras Irrigation Company's works, or the latitude of Orissa, success is more than doubtful. So again in Northern and Western India, the canal systems of the rainless tracts on the Indus and the dry districts of the upper Jumna, devised in former days, are a success; but of modern canals the Ganges Canal, undertaken in Lord Dalhousie's time, is the only one which yet shows a moderately paying return, even when credit is taken for *indirect* gains in the shape of land revenue. All the rest are still in the stage of experiment; none have yet given assurance of paying as commercial undertakings, and some are distinctly unpaying concerns. No doubt there are administrative and other difficulties which may in many cases be overcome; but it is admitted that there are many canals or projects which cannot be expected to pay commercially, and which are only justified as what are called 'protective works,' *i.e.* to guard against the contingency of famine.

In this view it seems to us that General Strachey should not have omitted fairly to discuss the drawbacks which have attached to some of the canals. While those in deltaic tracts may be judged by their direct results, it is the fact that canals on the upper courses of some of the great rivers have in several cases been accompanied by an extreme unhealthiness. Not only has this been the case in the ill-regulated native-aligned canals of the Upper Jumna; but on the Ganges Canal great districts formerly among the healthiest in India have of late years suffered from a most distressing feverishness. Then the alleged deterioration of the soil from the exudation of hurtful salts and the over-stimulus of abundant water, without manure to replace the loss caused by over-cropping, is a subject not fully investigated and not touched by General Strachey. On the whole we may say that these public works questions are not so clear as he seems to suppose, and we may well doubt whether he is right in denouncing the restriction of his spending plans as an evil; whether, on the contrary, here also caution in regard to excessive borrowing has not been well placed.

Although we have had much occasion to criticise, we

cannot close this review without again acknowledging the eminent services which both the Stracheys, the authors of this volume, have rendered to the State during an unusually long career. They are both men of remarkable ability and great energy; and coming, as they say, of a family which has for generations devoted itself to India, they have given their lives to that country, and laboured with no stint or sparing of themselves, in health and out of health, at all times and seasons. We can only regret that with all Sir John Strachey's great ability and clearness of perception, he should seem to have sometimes been content, in consideration of getting his own way in some things, to lead a Viceroy the way he wanted to go. We cannot but think his thick and thin support of Lord Lytton, in his frontier policy and in some other respects, a sort of prostitution of the talents of both brothers. Still, after all, their action has redeemed that reign from barrenness; with all its mistakes and blemishes the Stracheys did in some departments effect much in that time. The present Viceroy, Lord Ripon, is not only, so far as we can at this distance yet judge, showing an admirable character and conduct, and carrying on the Indian administration with singular tact, prudence, and success; but he is especially fortunate in the happy contrast of his quiet and unostentatious common sense and thorough devotion to the welfare of the masses, with the rashness and, if we may so call it, tinselness of his predecessor's career. He has so far been surprisingly successful in his measures for withdrawal from the unhappy complications beyond the frontier, and has restored India to peace and prosperity. Acting on the strong popular sympathies of his life, he is effectively aiding and supporting measures for the protection and encouragement of the long-suffering ryots; and he is not only developing and extending the system of provincial autonomy which the Stracheys have so well fostered, but has taken the initiative in wisely-conceived measures for what may be called a new departure in the same direction; that is, the further development of self-governing institutions on a smaller scale in the localities under the various governments. He seems to have realised the truth that real self-government is to be most effectively attained by reviving and promoting those local institutions on a small scale which are indigenous to the country, and seeking, by developing and aggregating them, to lead the people to higher phases of self-government. Appreciating the fact that for us, foreigners and aliens, the task of governing these great populations in all details is far too much, and that the mere employment of native agency under a cen-

tralised Government does not suffice to remedy all evils, he seeks to obtain relief at the hands of the people themselves by leading them to manage their own affairs. Most of the local governments have accepted his suggestions in a frank and liberal spirit. We trust this recent movement is the beginning of a great new development.

So far, and probably for a long time to come, there can, we think, be no question that all that can be successfully done in this direction is an unmixed good. But it must be admitted that if self-governing institutions should be largely developed on a greater scale, the question may some day arise whether the need for our aid is not diminishing, and whether we must not shape our plans in view to the possible eventual coming of the day when we shall not be wanted at all. It is yet too early to face this question; but in conclusion we may touch very briefly on the views of our authors regarding the advantages of British rule to India.

Although we have described Sir R. Temple as generally optimistic, he is in this matter cautious, and balances two sides of the question. In his opening chapter he dwells on the benefits derived by the natives from the protection and peace which we have given them; from police, law and justice a settled land system, free trade and freedom from internal customs and exactions, education, and public works. He thinks that many classes have been largely advantaged by our rule, and says that the personal loyalty of native princes and feudatories has been recently stimulated. He treads on doubtful ground when he speaks of the success of Christian missions and Protestant converts counted by hundreds of thousands.

On the other hand he admits the existence of a good many evils and drawbacks. The victims of famine are still, he says, counted by millions, still more the victims of disease and epidemics; for the sanitary state of the country generally is not good. Agriculture is backward and unimproved. Many of the lower classes have comparatively little benefited by our rule, and are still badly nourished. Education has hardly penetrated to the masses. The educated classes in our own territories are not always so content as they might be, and the native press is pretty often hostile if not disloyal. He truly enough sums up by saying that the result of it all is 'a strange mixture of good and evil;' that is a pretty safe statement. In his last chapter he tries to analyse this good and evil more exactly and particularly—with a sort of scientific accuracy, in fact. And, though most of his statements are on the whole just and true, it must be admitted that he sometimes becomes

a little enigmatical and obscure. Still he leaves the general impression that while there is good and bad, the good preponderates. The Stracheys seem to have little of doubts and misgivings; they may admit that there is still much to do; but they seem clear that, in recent times at any rate, our rule has been an unmitigated good, especially from a material point of view. They dwell with much emphasis on the result of our great public works, the enormous improvement of communications, the great works of irrigation and other undertakings; they claim especial success in the matter of sanitation and the improved condition of our towns, barracks, and jails. Then they advert to laws codified, courts of justice revolutionised, schools and hospitals spread over the country, and municipal government introduced into towns. As the result of freeing trade from restrictions and imposts, they show the immense increase in the volume of exports and imports. Altogether they are satisfied that the country is prospering in the highest degree. The improvement and advance effected in recent years is, they say, such that it can hardly be surpassed in any country in the world. There is in all this much ground for a just pride. Yet we might point to some drawbacks, as does Sir Richard Temple. Some of the illustrations of success are not very fortunate. Take one of Sir John Strachey's favourite subjects—sanitation. In his introductory chapter he twice dwells on the immense improvement in the health of jails. Formerly there were, he says, few jails in which a sentence of imprisonment did not carry with it a serious probability of death; now things are entirely changed. The improvement in the health of the prisoners is, he asserts, most remarkable. Yet it was only the other day that Lord Hartington stated in the House of Commons figures showing that during the last year or two there has been shocking mortality in the jails of some of our greatest provinces. It is still matter of great doubt whether our improved modern jails are more healthy than the old semi-native jails of half a century ago. Again, Sir John Strachey draws a vivid picture of the horrors of Calcutta twenty years ago and its improved condition now. It is true that Calcutta was in such a state that no one *ought* to have lived. That many Europeans did manage to live and even to grow fat, is one of the great mysteries of insanitation. Now there has been a vast improvement in all the machinery of sanitation, yet we hear of a development of civilised typhoid which was almost unknown before. And it has not yet been made clear by figures that in practice Calcutta really is very much more healthy than it was twenty

years ago. The new census shows that the population has rather diminished than increased in the last ten years—a fact quite unexplained. However, exceptions apart, we have no doubt that Sir John Strachey may fairly claim most of the improvements on which he dwells; but he hardly sufficiently takes into account the considerations *per contra* to which allusion has already been made.

The fact seems to be that, after all, we can get little beyond the conclusion at which Lord Lawrence arrived after an enquiry into the comparative advantages of British and native rule, that, setting one thing against another all round, the natives really are on the whole the better for British rule *sua si bona norint*; but then they do not always know it. The more educated among them are apt to forget the evils from which we have delivered them, and to see largely those things which we deny them. The masses are creatures of habit; they are apt to conform to the conditions under which they live, and the longer our rule lasts the better they endure it. There may be doubts about the success of our justice and our sanitation; question whether, in conceding property in land and limiting the land revenue, we have always benefited to the full the actual cultivators who form the mass of the people of India—too much reason to suppose that we have failed to give the people as much local self-government as they had before. All these things we honestly endeavour to cure; and we may well hope that, by perseverance and search after the truth, we may much amend what is amiss. The aspirations of those to whom we have given a European education and English ideas are more difficult to deal with; no doubt they will aspire more and more. Quick and clever they certainly are; but a good deal of the backbone of the Anglo-Saxon is generally wanting. They must have some patience; the day may come when they may be fitted to lead their countrymen to independence, but it is not yet.\*

\* The text of the very important Resolution of the Indian Government of May 18, 1882, on the subject of the extension of local government, reaches us as we close this article. It seems to us to be excellent in spirit, and couched in most judicious terms, and we regard it as a step to the recognition and revival of the local institutions and village communities which were indigenous to the country.

ART. IV.—1. *Discours prononcés dans la Séance Publique tenue par l'Académie française pour la réception de M. Taine, le 15 janvier 1880.*

2. *Discours prononcés dans la Séance Publique tenue par l'Académie française pour la réception de M. Pasteur, le 27 avril 1882.*

3. *Etudes et Glanures pour faire suite à l'Histoire de la langue française.* Par E. LITRÉ, de l'Institut. Paris : 1880.

4. *Dictionnaire de la langue française contenant : 1° Pour la nomenclature : Tous les mots qui se trouvent dans le dictionnaire de l'Académie française et tous les termes usuels des sciences, des arts, des métiers et de la vie pratique. 2° Pour la grammaire : La prononciation de chaque mot figurée et, quand il y a lieu, discutée ; l'examen des locutions, des idiotismes, des exceptions et, en certains cas, de l'orthographe actuelle, avec des remarques critiques sur les difficultés et les irrégularités de la langue. 3° Pour la signification des mots : Les définitions ; les diverses acceptions rangées dans leur ordre logique, avec de nombreux exemples tirés des auteurs classiques et autres ; les synonymes principalement considérés dans leurs relations avec les définitions. 4° Pour la partie historique : Une collection de phrases appartenant aux anciens écrivains depuis les premiers temps de la langue française jusqu'au seizième siècle, et disposées dans l'ordre chronologique à la suite des mots auxquels elles se rapportent. 5° Pour l'étymologie : La détermination, ou du moins la discussion, de l'origine de chaque mot établie par la comparaison des mêmes formes dans le français, dans les patois et dans l'espagnol, l'italien et le provençal ou langue d'oc.* Par E. LITRÉ, de l'Académie française. Quatre Tomes 4to. Paris : 1874.

THE names which we have placed at the head of this article are those of four of the most illustrious representatives of the intellect of France in the present age. M. Littré, whose recent death the Academy and the world of letters have to deplore, takes rank amongst the greatest masters of language ; M. Dumas still pursues his valuable researches in chemical science, and he combines with them an eloquence and elegance in literary composition not unworthy of his scientific renown ; M. Pasteur has carried to their furthest limit the investigations of physiology, and has rendered incalculable services to man-

kind by tracing to their sources the germs of life and of the diseases which affect life; M. Taine must be placed amongst the best French writers left to us since the extinction of the great historians, critics, and orators of the last generation. By a fortunate accident three of these eminent persons were called upon to take part on two memorable occasions beneath the dome devoted to the public sittings of the French Institute. That building, dedicated to letters, to science, to art, and to criticism, may be regarded as the last refuge and asylum of the genius and culture of France. It has resounded for two centuries to the voices of the great leaders of thought and eloquence of former generations; it still collects within its walls whatever is best and noblest in French society. This institution alone survives the great cataclysm which has swept away thrones, and churches, and orders, and constitutional government. The National Institute, and especially the oldest branch of it, the French Academy, still pursues its calm and dignified course, unshaken by despotism, by sedition, by popular tumults, by the violence of war, or by the scourge of revolution. Even during the siege of Paris we believe that its sittings were scarcely interrupted. Beneath the customary forms of academic compliments, which are in themselves idle ceremonies, it is not difficult to trace in its proceedings the language of earnest thought and warm feeling; and we shall have occasion to show that the great conflict of the age between faith and science, between the intellect and the senses, between spiritualism and materialism, between mind and matter, between the finite and the infinite, was the real subject of the discourses delivered on the occasions to which we now particularly refer.

But there was in this encounter a peculiar contrast. M. Littré, to whose memory the speech of M. Pasteur was devoted, was himself a Comtist; his philosophy was entirely negative; he denied everything which could not be brought within the evidence of the senses. These Agnostic opinions were strenuously assailed by the eminent man of science, whose duty it was to relate the touching history of his life. M. Taine, who had been elected to the Academy two years before in the place of M. de Loménie, disclaimed all adherence to Comtism, and spoke with very little respect of its founder, but his language was not less sceptical; it was a distant echo of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, which destroyed all beliefs and planted nothing in their place; it was an avowal of the supremacy of matter over mind, which is characteristic of all his own writings. To him M. Dumas replied with great force

and point. The great chemist told him that all the researches of the present generation into the secrets of the material creation indicated the existence of powers infinitely beyond it, and that the utmost advance in scientific knowledge only brought us to the verge of an incalculable horizon. The discourse in answer to M. Pasteur was delivered by M. Renan, but it proved to be a feeble and disjointed effort of French incredulity, without its wit. So that the cause of scepticism and negation was on these occasions upheld by the men of letters, enquirers into the origin of language and the phenomena of history, whilst the cause of belief in an infinite and supernatural power was defended by the men of science, whose lives have been devoted to the study of the natural world and to demonstration by the experience of the senses. The contrast was striking, and we think our readers may follow it with interest.

But before we proceed to that part of our subject, we must pause to pay a tribute of respect, unhappily too long delayed, to the memory of the most remarkable of these eminent persons. There are other experimentalists, there are many historians, but M. Littré stands alone as the greatest of lexicographers, and the literary work accomplished by his almost unassisted labour was literally stupendous. We can use no other term. The character of the great Dictionary of the French language, to which he devoted thirty years of unremitting toil, is best described by the elaborate title-page which we have transcribed at the head of this article. The mere material bulk of the work, which was published in four thick quarto volumes, is astonishing. The manuscript (without the supplement) covered 415,636 pages. The proof sheets were 2,242. If the Dictionary had been set up in a single column of type, it would have extended over 37,325 mètres, or about twenty-seven miles. The work was first projected in 1841, when M. Littré had already passed the fortieth year of his life; it was not till 1846 that the contract was signed with M. Hachette, whose liberal support was indispensable to the author. From that time forth the collection of authorities and materials, and the art of classification, which was the result of numerous experiments (some of them being abortive), occupied about thirteen years. Several persons were employed to read and extract, with a precise reference, passages from the whole body of the French classical writers from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century; to which M. Littré added, from his accurate knowledge of the old French chronicles and poets, a multitude of curious archaic examples from the thirteenth century down-



wards. The arrangement of this enormous mass of materials seems to have been entirely done by M. Littré himself. The work of printing began in September 1859, and was completed in July 1872. Every proof passed under the eyes of four careful correctors, besides the printer's reader, and the final revision of the author. It took about two months to carry a sheet through the press. In the course of this vast operation 292 quarto pages of three columns each were added to the proofs. Twice the composition and execution of the work were interrupted by a revolution and a war; but, by assiduous efforts, M. Littré always kept ahead of his compositors and correctors. We must leave him to relate in his own words how this was effected. The volume entitled 'Glanures' contains a paper, written in the last hours of his life, entitled 'Comment j'ai fait mon Dictionnaire,' which tells the wonderful story of his literary existence.

'My rule of life included the twenty-four hours of the day and night, so as to bestow the least possible amount of time on the current calls of existence. I contrived, by sacrificing every superfluous indulgence, to have the luxury of a dwelling in the country and another in town. My country abode was at Ménil-le-Roi, near Paris, a small old cottage with near an acre of productive garden, which *dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis*, as it did to the old man in the Georgics. There I was master of my time. I rose at eight; very late, you will say, for so busy a man. Wait an instant. Whilst they put my bedroom in order, which was also my study, I went downstairs with some work in hand. It was thus, for example, that I composed the preface of the Dictionary. I had learned from Chancellor d'Aguesseau the value of unoccupied minutes. At nine I set to work to correct proofs until the hour of our midday meal. At one I resumed work, and wrote my papers for the *Journal des Savants*, to which I was from 1855 a regular contributor. From three to six I went on with the Dictionary. At six punctually we dined, which took about an hour. They say it is unwholesome to work directly after dinner, but I have never found it so. It is so much time won from the exigencies of the body. Starting again at seven in the evening, I stuck to the Dictionary. My first stage took me to midnight, when my wife and daughter (who were my assistants) retired. I then worked on till three in the morning, by which time my daily task was usually completed. If it was not I worked on later, and more than once, in the long days of summer, I have put out my lamp and continued to work by the light of the coming dawn. However, at three in the morning I generally laid down my pen, and put my papers in order for the following day—that day which had already begun. Habit and regularity had extinguished all excitement in my work. I fell asleep as easily as a man of leisure does; and woke at eight, as men of leisure do. But these vigils were not without their charm. A nightingale had built her nest in a little row of limes that crosses the garden, and

she filled the silence of the night and of the country with her limpid and tuneful notes. Oh, Virgil! how could you, who wrote the *Georgics*, describe as a mournful dirge, *miserabile carmen*, those glorious strains?'

We have never heard of another example of severe labour of the brain carried on systematically for seventeen or eighteen hours a day for so many years. But M. Littré, who was himself a great medical authority, is of opinion that it did him no harm. He was past forty when he began this work; he was fifty-nine when he began to print the Dictionary; he was seventy-two when he completed it; and he lived to be near eighty. To these details we will only add that he abstained from every kind of luxury and indulgence, except a holiday of one month in the year, spent on the coast of Brittany. He lived on the smallest pittance on which life could be supported. Hachette allowed him a hundred pounds a year, but half of this sum went to his wife and daughter. He had previously saved 40,000 fr., but that was lost in the Revolution of 1848. The publisher's advances to the author amounted to no more than 40,000 fr., a sum which was eventually repaid out of the profits of the sale. But until the completion of the work the sale was small, and these thirty years of unexampled labour were at the time wholly unproductive. Happily M. Littré's life was sufficiently prolonged for him to witness the triumphant success of his great undertaking. It brought affluence to his declining years; it placed him on the seats of the French Academy; it has given him fame far beyond his modest aspirations and his simple tastes. We have been informed that 50,000 copies of the Dictionary have been sold; if this is the fact, it is without a parallel for a publication of this price and magnitude.

It is impossible for us within our present limits, and with the task we have now before us, to attempt a critical examination of this great work. Suffice it to say that the conception was as original as the execution is marvellous. The French language has been spoken and written for 700 years; like all languages it has undergone vast transformations in that period; like all living languages it is still undergoing a process of perpetual evolution. The Dictionary of the Academy is the standard of the accepted and existing language of France; it excludes archaisms, it condemns neologisms, it gives no references or derivations. M. Littré's design is far broader and more vast; it is based on the historical growth of the language, and it includes the history of every word in the language from its first occurrence, its etymology, and its

various meanings, down to its modern use. The period of what is termed contemporary or classical French dates from Malherbe, a little more than 200 years back; but, with few exceptions of recent date, every word has a tradition of centuries behind it. Thus, each article in M. Littré's Dictionary includes, first, the word; then its pronunciation; then the conjugation of the verbs, if irregular; then the definition of the various meanings of each word, illustrated by quotations from the best authors of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, all textually referred to so that they can be found; and these meanings are scientifically arranged, always proceeding from the more simple and concrete to the more abstract and metaphorical. This classification of meanings is the most remarkable feature in the work, because it is executed with an extraordinary amount of philosophical discrimination. Take, for example, the word *Nature*: M. Littré dissects and unravels it into twenty-eight shades of meaning, and each of these is verified by appropriate quotations and authorities. Such an article takes the reader into the depths of philosophical speculation; in tracing the history of a word he follows the history of thought. The verb *passer* runs to no less than sixty-six meanings, many of them amusing, proverbial, anecdotal. The word *faire* in French represents the two English verbs to *make* and to *do*. It consequently covers an immense field of action. M. Littré defines it as the word 'qui dénote toute espèce d'opération qui donne être ou 'forme.' He traces it through eighty-two shades of meaning, and the article he devotes to it is an essay of no less than eight quarto pages. Hence this Dictionary becomes attractive and even fascinating. Like Forcellini's *Lexicon*, which it most resembles, there is scarcely a passage or marked expression in the French classics which is not cited in it; but Forcellini and Ducange were dealing with dead or expiring languages; M. Littré had to force his way through the Babel of modern literature and society.

We now pass from the book to the man, whose life is scarcely less remarkable than the work to which he devoted it, and here we shall avail ourselves of the guidance of M. Pasteur in his discourse. Emile Littré was born in Paris, February 1, 1801. His father was an artilleryman of the first Republic, who had adopted with passion, both in politics and religion, the stern theories of the Revolution of 1791, and defended them in the patriotic army. He transmitted these opinions to his son, who inherited the same austerity of principles, tempered, however, by great natural benevolence. His mother was a

woman of the same energetic stamp, though uneducated. Sainte-Beuve described her as 'a Roman matron.' The lad was educated at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, his father having a small appointment in the office of Inland Revenue in Paris. The elder Littré learned Greek, and even began Sanscrit, to assist in the education of his son. On leaving college the young man acted for a time as secretary to M. Daru; but he desired to follow the medical profession, and had all but completed his hospital training, when his father died, leaving him too poor to take his degree and to enter upon practice. Accordingly he never did practise medicine, except gratuitously amongst the poor of his village. Yet such was the medical reputation he acquired by his subsequent writings, that, as we have been informed, he was ultimately elected a member of the Medical Council of Paris. At this early stage of his life, in 1831, he was compelled to fall back on the humble occupation of a teacher of foreign languages and mathematics, and a translator of articles for the *National* newspaper, which made him acquainted with Armand Carrel. Meanwhile his mind, conscious of its strength, yet modest to excess, formed vast and varied projects, which he hesitated to execute. Such was the mastery he had already acquired over the sources of the French language, that he amused himself by translating a book of the 'Iliad' into French verse of the thirteenth century. He also translated the elder Pliny, and in 1834 plunged into a greater work, a translation and edition of the writings of Hippocrates, for which his medical studies had prepared him. Indeed, he continued to write on medical subjects, in which he always took the strongest interest. 'Though I have studied 'medicine,' he said, 'without having made any practical use 'of it, I would not exchange for anything else this fraction of 'knowledge which I have acquired by persistent labour.'

The use he did make of it was to watch over the health of his village, for to a rigorous austerity of life he united the utmost tenderness of heart, and although he wandered far from all theological belief, his life was one constant example of self-denial, of consideration for others, and of what might be called the religion of duty. No monk ever lived on simpler fare or in a humbler abode. That cottage still remains in the state in which he left it, and over the table, as a visible symbol of reverence and toleration, hangs a picture of our Saviour. We have already related in his own language the extraordinary labour in which his days and nights were spent over the Dictionary. Yet his door was never closed against the visit of a friend; he continued to take part in the transactions of the branch of the

Institute to which he belonged; and yielding to the earnest solicitation of the widow of Auguste Comte, he consented to write, in addition to his other work, a biography of that personage.

Born and educated upon the devastated soil of the French Revolution, Littré had entered upon life without religious opinions; indeed, like the elder Mill, his father had deliberately withheld them from him. But at the age of forty he read the 'System of Positive Philosophy' by Auguste Comte, and he thus described the impression he received from it:—

'This book subjugated me. A conflict arose in my mind between my old and my new opinions; the latter triumphed. I became a disciple of the Positive Philosophy, and I have remained so. For the last twenty years I have been an adept of this philosophy. The confidence I feel in it has never been shaken. Employed on very different subjects—history, language, physiology, medicine, erudition—I have constantly used it as a sort of tool which traces for me the features, the origin, and the conclusion of each question. It suffices for everything; it never deceives me: it always enlightens me.'

This is the best testimony ever borne to the value of M. Comte's philosophy; and it is borne by an eminent man, and that man a Frenchman. M. Comte has had but little honour in his own country; he was detested, despised, and to some extent persecuted in France while he was alive; and, with the exception of M. Littré, we have never heard that he has obtained any eminent disciple amongst his own countrymen.

From England, on the contrary, he received solid proofs of sympathy and interest, for he lived on an English annuity; and since his death his works have been carefully translated and his opinions adopted by some of the young and active minds of the present times. The French even deny him the merit of originality, and repudiate his system, probably because they know more of the man than we do. But we shall leave M. Pasteur to discuss it.

'The fundamental principle of Auguste Comte is to set aside all metaphysical enquiry into first and final causes, to reduce all ideas and all theories to fact, and to restrict the character of certainty to experimental demonstration. His system includes a classification of the sciences, and a pretended law of history expressed by the assertion that the conceptions of the human mind pass successively through three states—the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific or positive.

'M. Littré was full of praises of this system and of its author. In his eyes Auguste Comte was a man destined to hold a great place in posterity, and the positive philosophy was one of those products of a

century or more which change the level of human thought. If he had been asked what he esteemed most in the laborious efforts of his life, Littré would doubtless have replied that it was his sincere and persevering apostolate of positivism. It is not uncommon to find the most learned of men deluded as to their own chief merits. I confess, therefore, that I have formed an estimate of the work of Auguste Comte differing widely from that of M. Littré. The causes of this divergence are the result of the very nature of the enquiries which occupied his life and of those which have exclusively occupied mine.

'The labours of M. Littré were directed to researches in history, language, and scientific and literary erudition. The subject of these studies lies entirely in facts belonging to the past, to which nothing can be added, from which nothing can be subtracted. The method of observation to be followed in them can seldom lead to strict demonstrations. Scientific experiment, on the contrary, admits no others.

'The experimentalist in the conquest of nature is continually opposed to facts not yet manifest, and which exist in the potential rudiments of natural laws. The unknown, within the limits of the possible, and not of the past, is his domain; and to explore it he employs that marvellous experimental method, of which it may be said with truth, not that it suffices for all things, but that it rarely deceives those who use it aright. The mistake of Auguste Comte and M. Littré was to confound this method with the simple method of observation. Unused to experimental philosophy, they use the word "experience" in its ordinary signification, which is by no means its meaning in scientific language. The daily tasks of the man of science lead him to seek the idea of progress in an idea of invention. I find no invention in Positivism. The mere gradation of the human intellect and the classification of the sciences have no claim to the title.'

M. Littré found a certain repose of mind in the absolute denial by the Positivists of all metaphysical truth. He was, in fact, what is now called an Agnostic. Without denying the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, he dismissed them from his thoughts, as subjects incapable of scientific demonstration. To this M. Pasteur replies:—

'As for myself, holding that the words "progress" and "invention" are synonymous, I ask by what new philosophical or scientific discovery the soul of man can be torn from these lofty themes. They seem to me to be eternal, because the mystery that enfolds the Universe, from which they emanate, is itself eternal. . . .

'Positivism errs in more points than in its mistaken method. The thread of its argument, though apparently close enough, has in it a vast fault, which the sagacity of M. Littré might have detected. He frequently remarks, in speaking of positivism from the practical point of view, "I call positivism," he says, "all that is done by society to promote social organisation on a scientific basis, which is the positive conception of the world." I accept this definition if it be rigorously applied; but the great and manifest fault of the system is that it omits

from the positive conception of the world the most important of positive ideas—that of the Infinite.

‘Beyond this starry firmament what is there? More skies and stars. And beyond these? The human mind, impelled by an irresistible power, will never cease to ask itself, what lies beyond? Time and space arrest it not. At the furthest point attained is a finite boundary, enlarged from what preceded it; no sooner is it reached than the implacable question returns, returns for ever in the curiosity of man. It is vain to speak of space, of time, of size unlimited. Those words pass the human understanding. But he who proclaims the existence of the Infinite—and no man can escape from it—comprehends in that assertion more of the Supernatural than there is in all the miracles of all religions; for the conception of the Infinite has the twofold characters that it is irresistible and incomprehensible. We prostrate ourselves before the thought, which masters all the faculties of the understanding, and threatens the springs of intellectual life, like the sublime madness of Pascal. Yet this positive and primordial conception is gratuitously set aside by Positivism, with all its consequences on the life of human society.

‘The conception of the Infinite in creation is everywhere irresistibly manifest. It places the Supernatural in every human heart. The idea of God is a form of the idea of the Infinite. As long as the mystery of the Infinite weighs upon the mind of man, temples will be raised to it, be the object of adoration Brahma, Allah, Jehovah, or Jesus. Metaphysics are but the study of this commanding notion of the Infinite. The same ideal conception is the faculty which, in presence of beauty, suggests the perfection of beauty. Science and the true passion for discovery are the effects of that intense desire to know, which is inspired by the mystery of the Universe. And what is the true source of human dignity, of liberty, of modern democracy, but the conception of an Infinite Power, before which all men are equal? “There must be,” says M. Littré, “some spiritual bond of humanity, without which society would lapse into isolated families or hordes, and be no real society at all.” This spiritual bond, which he placed in a sort of subordinate religion of humanity, can only consist in the lofty conception of the Infinite, because the spiritual bond must be one with the mystery of the world.’

The genius of M. Littré was essentially analytical. In that spirit he delighted to trace the uses of words and language to their roots and filaments; and he performed that task with consummate ability. But we discover in his writings no power of constructive reasoning. On the contrary, he was apt to mistake mere reveries and phantasms for the laws that govern society and the human mind. Thus in 1850 he announced ‘that peace for the next five-and-twenty years was foreseen by sociology, and, indeed, that peace was to last throughout the present period of transition, at the end of which a republican confederation would unite the west of Europe and put an end

‘to armed conflicts.’ In 1878 he was obliged to confess that all his forecasts were mere delusions. In the interval four wars had broken out, and the great monarchies of Germany and Italy had consolidated their power at the expense of France. We have a profound respect for M. Littré as a philologist, but he certainly was not a politician nor a philosopher. That new-fangled term ‘Sociology’ covers a multitude of false speculations and puerile blunders.

M. Taine is not a disciple of Auguste Comte, and he professes no great respect for that positive philosopher. He is rather a follower of Condillac and the sceptics of the last century; and, as we have had occasion to point out in reviewing his works, he attributes, like the late Mr. Buckle, a sovereign power to matter over mind, and to external circumstances over the formation of individual and national character. We have not forgotten his caricature of English literature, which he ascribes to the carnivorous tastes of the Anglo-Saxon. He judges of the genius of a nation by its diet and its climate. On the occasion of his own reception at the Academy in January 1880, M. Taine delivered an *éloge* of his predecessor, M. de Loménie, which is really a masterpiece, unexceptionable in taste and style. No one has drawn a more faithful and graceful picture of the French society of the last generation, such as gathered round Madame Récamier at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. But these things have passed away. M. Dumas, the eminent chemist, in his reply to the new academician, touched on the vagaries of a more recent period, and did not leave M. Taine’s materialist philosophy unnoticed.

He told him that

‘the fanatics of the naturalist school, upsetting language and placing the physical above the moral side of things, contend that to judge of a man’s work you must trace his innermost life, ascertain whether he was born on a calcareous or a granite soil, learn whether his ancestors and himself have drunk wine, cider, or beer, or eaten meat, fish, or vegetables—nay, you must penetrate the meanest details of his existence, and descend from the heights of criticism and from a scientific system to the gratification of a paltry curiosity.’

This sarcasm was not ill-directed to its mark, but M. Dumas went on:—

‘The physician and the naturalist may teach what is physical in man, that his nerves are sometimes instruments of pain, and that his body is but dust. That is their business. But philosophy and eloquence should cast their mantle of purple and of gold over the baser aspects of life. It is their business to strengthen the heart of man and raise his soul to immortality. That is what you tell us has been done by Mr. Tennyson, the greatest poet of his time, if not of his country,



whom some of his admirers place above Byron and not far below Shakespeare.'

And the old man eloquent went on:—

'The philosophy of nature played a considerable part in the events of the last century. The schools of Greece thought they had penetrated to the elements of all things; the Roman poets, in turn, regarded themselves as the interpreters of creation; Diderot and his rivals boasted that they possessed the universe. But the discoveries of science in our own age prove that none but the ignorant can suppose that the whole book of wisdom has been revealed to us. The source of life and its essence are unknown to us. We have not seized that mysterious link which connects the body with the mind, and constitutes the unity of individual man. We have no right to treat man as an abstract being, to disdain his history, or to attribute to science an influence over the direction of the moral axis of the world, which its progress does not justify.

'We have, it is true, conquered the earth, measured the track of the planets, calculated the mechanism of the heavens, analysed the stars, resolved the nebulae, and followed the eccentric course of comets; but beyond those stars, whose light is centuries in reaching us, there are other orbs whose rays are lost in space: and further, further still, beyond all limits and all computation, are suns which we shall not behold, and innumerable worlds hidden from our eyes. After two thousand years of effort, if we reach the utmost extremity of the universe, which is but a point in the immensity of space, we are arrested on the threshold of the Infinite, of which we know nothing. "The nature of man, his present and future existence, are mysteries impenetrable to the greatest genius, as well as to the rest of mankind," said d'Alembert, at the height of his fame. "What we know is but little," said Laplace on his death-bed. Those were the last words of the illustrious rival of Newton. Let them also be mine.'

The lofty idealism of these speakers repudiated alike the Comtism of M. Littré, the materialism of M. Taine, and the destructive criticism of M. Renan. It is no less opposed to that mis-called philosophy of the senses which has found of late years so many able advocates amongst the men of science and the younger thinkers of England. The perceptions of the senses are undoubtedly the only guides we possess to a knowledge of the material world, and the inferences drawn from them by the faculties of the understanding are the legitimate conquests of physical science. But they entirely fail to explain the higher functions of the intellect, which are the domain of metaphysics; still less do we derive from the senses the moral laws of justice, of truth, of charity, of conscience; and least of all that conception of the supernatural and the infinite which it is the glory of man to trace in nature and in the emotions of the soul. Man alone, said Goethe, is a

religious animal ; and those who would degrade his nature to that of the brutes, begin by extinguishing in him the sense of religion.

These are, in other words, the sentiments expressed by M. Dumas and M. Pasteur. And who are they who hold this language? The one is a chemist, conversant with all the known properties of natural bodies and the marvellous combinations of the atomic theory which reduces them all to a few primitive elements. The other is a physiologist who has refuted the theory of spontaneous generation, and established on a solid basis that life alone can impart life. They have both travelled as far on the road of natural science as it will take them ; they have even enlarged the bounds of physical knowledge. But arrived at that term of man's labour, they acknowledge that an infinite horizon of thought, of action, of forces, and of power lies beyond the scope of sensuous observation. He studies Nature with a careless eye and a benighted mind, who does not perceive that the supernatural lies in it and above it. For when all is said that science can teach, and all is done that skill can achieve to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruits, one gift remains without which everything else were vain—that gift which the Supreme Creator has reserved absolutely to Himself—that gift which man and every living creature can take away, but can never restore—that gift without which this earth would be no more than the cinder of a planet—the mystery and the miracle of LIFE. Life is everywhere, without life nothing would exist at all : matter would be the *caput mortuum* of the universe. With the diffusion of life, creation begins ; and of that act all but a supernatural power is incapable. The seed of cummin you commit to the earth includes it ; the single grain of wheat shoots up, not only to reproduce itself, but to multiply its ears a hundredfold and in successive generations, millions upon millions of times, and to nourish a world ; the acorn carries in its little cup a thousand years of vitality ; the midge and the butterfly that sport for a day upon the rushes and the blossoms enjoy it ; the laborious earth-worm that builds up the fertile soil of our fields and gardens has it ; it ascends through all the scale of existence until it arrives at Man, a being capable of conceiving Infinite Power and hopes of an everlasting future. Yet who shall say what Life is? What is the value of a system of philosophy which denies or discards the only rational solution of the very first problem and condition of our own existence?

These lines were already in type when we received from Paris the discourses delivered at the French Academy on another similar occasion, the reception of M. Cherbuliez as the successor of M. Dufaure, which took place on May 25 in the present year. M. Cherbuliez is well known to all Europe as a novelist, and (under the name of Valbert) as an acute and impartial critic of political events. Born in Geneva, the son of an excellent pastor and professor of that city, he has resumed his French nationality after an interval of two centuries, under a provision of the law of France which recognises the nationality of the descendants of all Frenchmen exiled on account of their religious opinions, at however remote a period. The descendants of the victims of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes may now, if they please, resume the character of French citizens. M. Cherbuliez has done so, and the French Academy, with genuine liberality, has opened its doors to him and placed him in the chair of a man illustrious for his integrity and his eloquence, the late M. Dufaure. It therefore devolved on M. Cherbuliez to retrace the character and career of his predecessor. M. Dufaure was no unworthy colleague of the eminent men to whom this article is devoted. He was, like them, one of those Frenchmen cast as it were in bronze, who present so striking a contrast to the volatile character commonly attributed to the whole nation. But M. Cherbuliez remarks that 'if the gaiety of the French is the needle that carries the thread, a grave Frenchman is the gravest of men.' Such were the *Doctrinaires*, such the Jansenists, such the Huguenots, such the great shade of L'Hôpital.' M. Dufaure was of that mould—not a politician in the common sense of the word, not quite a statesman, great as an orator and advocate, but above all things a patriot and a man of inflexible truth and honour, who accepted and performed every task imposed on him by duty, without the least tinge of vanity or even of ambition. It is good in an age when such characters are but too rare, and in a country where such men have ceased to rule, to fix our eyes on the examples of the past; and we shall conclude these observations by transcribing a page from the just tribute paid to the memory of M. Dufaure.

'He was no doubt one of the personages of our own time, but he belonged, as it were at once, to two ages. His political principles were our own; but his character, his habits, and the turn of his mind resembled those of a Parliamentarian before '89: he might have been the last survivor of that old *bourgeoisie* of France, which is a thing of the past. Let us not allow France to be calumniated by the supposition that a constitutional spirit is an exotic in this land, brought from

across the Channel. Long before the Revolution, there were here men who passed their lives in defending law against caprice and against rapine, strict in their notions of procedure, resolute in defence of their own rights, and not less careful of the rights of others, which is the touchstone of freedom. England never gave birth to better men. These Parliamentarians, these *bourgeois* of old, had their faults, which might well be pardoned. Modest as well as proud, they combined with a love of restraint and a habit of close enquiry, a prudent circumspection, a conscientious and learned hesitation, which stopped them on the brink of innovations. They did not subject everything to discussion; they had no longing for the forbidden fruit. No doubt it is good and necessary that there should be in the world that intrepid curiosity, that bold imagination, those daring explorers of the unknown, who are not daunted by the lassitude of effort, nor by the height or the depth of the paths before them. But it is also well that there should be minds temperate and discreet, caring less for theories than for results, faithfully attached to moderate opinions, which are after all the most profitable in the government of society, since it may well be that common-place is the foundation of social life. These men of a well-balanced intelligence and regular habits never aimed at extremes. They sought to reconcile opposites, and were less afraid of an inconsistency than of an exaggeration. They defended civil liberty against the Church, and they defended their own faith against unbelievers. Religion was in their eyes the salutary discipline of conscience, which they felt to be needful for themselves and for others.

‘M. Dufaure was of this race and lineage. He might have found his prototype in this or the other of the modest men, not unfamiliar with true greatness, who have figured amongst the most useful artificers of our history. Like them he was always the zealous champion of moderation. Like them he had a passionate love of order, of rule, a detestation of exaggerated opinions and a dread of adventures. Like them he held a tranquil and rational faith, alike averse to bigotry, to petty observances, to pious intrigues and intolerance, as he was to the precipices of metaphysics; he remained faithful to those religious sentiments which, he said, ought “to dwell in the recesses of the heart, “and not be lavished in the sight of common day.” Yet he did not fear, in one of his last and finest speeches, to pay a tribute to the great memory of the defender of Calas. Such was M. Dufaure in his lifetime, and in the hour of death.’

The last of the great constitutional orators and statesmen of France, in this century, could hardly be described in more judicious and appropriate language.

ART. V.—*The Red Book of Menteith.* By WILLIAM FRASER.  
(Privately Printed.) Two volumes. 4to. Edinburgh: 1880.

THESE two volumes, although professing only genealogical importance, and compiled for the information of the members of a family, are of singular historical value, and contain many elements of romance. They consist of the records of an old ancestral Scottish title, descending through many centuries, and at last disappearing. The vicissitudes which befell its successive holders, the strange and picturesque adventures which marked the course of some of them, and the strong light which these domestic annals throw on contemporaneous public events, render this work of Mr. Fraser a very remarkable contribution to the story of the times over which it extends. There is also to be found in the second volume a collection of original letters, charters, and other public documents invaluable to the antiquary, and of great interest to the general reader.

This important work is due to the indefatigable industry of Mr. Fraser, and to the liberality of the late Mr. George Stirling Home-Drummond of Blair Drummond. One portion of the documents which it contains is in the possession of the Duke of Montrose, who inherited 'twa hundreth wrettis of the ' earldom of Menteith ' on the death of the last earl; the other portion is preserved at Gartmore, Mr. Graham of Gartmore being a claimant of the earldom. This book is in fact a continuation of the splendid series of histories of the great Scottish houses of Herries, Lennox, Buccleuch, Keir, Pollock, and Fraser, most of which have been reviewed in previous numbers of this Journal, and it is certainly inferior to none of them in historical interest. As these family records have all been printed for private circulation only, and in very limited numbers, they are not easily accessible, and the few copies which have come into the market at sales have fetched enormous prices. Five of them were sold in Edinburgh not long ago for 367*l*.

From this description it will be understood that the volumes before us rise far above the ordinary contents of a family charter chest. The records they present relate to the most important periods of Scottish history, and illustrate in an attractive manner the growth of the political and social constitution of the northern portion of the island. We propose to select from the mass of valuable material before us, three epochs or periods, and to try to present to our readers, taken from the career of the Earl of Menteith of the day, a real,

stirring, and chequered picture of Scottish life.' These three periods are, the reigns of the two Alexanders in the thirteenth century; the reigns of Robert II. and Robert III. in the fourteenth century; and the reign of Charles I. in the seventeenth; and we have selected these special themes, partly because the events to which they relate are more than usually interesting, and partly because they illustrate some passages of Scottish history of which little is known. The hero of each is an Earl of Menteith for the time. These men whom we have chosen as our heroes, and the periods in which they flourished, will be found to deserve the prominence we propose to give them. They were the master spirits of their time. Each of them at one period of his life swayed the destinies of Scotland, and directed the course of events with almost regal power. Their characteristics were respectively different, and so were the times on which they were thrown. But all three were men of unusual vigour, and left a distinctive mark on their country's history; and the story of their separate careers, as told in the pages before us, is replete with dramatic interest. When we have filled in our sketch, we shall ask for the attention of our readers to the appendix of documents and records in the second volume, where will be found some original correspondence of men of distinction, from Charles I. himself down to Rob Roy the freebooter, and including Montrose, Claverhouse, with many others of note in their time.

Few subjects are so dark as the state of Britain, either in its northern or its southern parts, before the Roman invasion. The early state of England is sufficiently obscure; but the condition of Scotland remains wrapped in impenetrable mist. The absence of authentic information leads naturally to the impression that the country must have been emerging from a condition which we complacently call barbarism, when historic light is first thrown on it. Perhaps not a little pedantry has been expended on this matter. When Scotland begins to be known, and the men who ruled it stand out on the canvas, there is no want of intellectual vigour in the picture. It presents rather a heterogeneous accumulation of disorganised communities, none of which seem to have had any right but that of the sword to be where they were. The two great civilisers of the world are peace and easy communication; and were these withdrawn even from our modern civilisation, there is no saying how far we might recede in two or three generations. A great deal of civilisation may easily be, and has often been, changed by such causes into a great deal of barbarism. But culture is not necessarily in the ratio of time, nor is its pro-

gress proportional ; and if we find, as in a large measure we do find in these volumes, that different as the conditions of society were, the ways and habits of men, their cast of thought and their course of life were not after all so far removed from what prevailed within the last two hundred years, it is not impossible that our predecessors in that age were not immeasurably in front of those who had preceded them by the same distance of time. The absence of authentic records is not conclusive of the absence of previous culture. The old Scottish chroniclers used to insist that there were ancient records, but that Edward I., when arbiter between Bruce and Baliol, got possession of them, removed some to England, and destroyed the rest. But without having recourse to this old international theory, it is not difficult to account for the disappearance of such records, if they ever existed. A thinly populated country, not fertile certainly, but with considerable tracts which repaid cultivation, when at last overrun by hordes of immigrants from all quarters, pressed hard in the strange current which set in from Eastern Europe, might in the mutual struggles of its invaders lose all trace of its former nationality and a former civilisation. But this work shows us that the modern antiquary can go back seven centuries, and, with no great allowance, find the same features in intelligence, sentiment, and action, which the recorded history of the last three or four centuries discloses. He finds the same underlying democratic love of liberty, still seeking protection from and by kingly power ; vigour of mind still rising to the head, and displayed in every phase of varying fortune ; separate commonwealths or kingdoms set up in rivalry—then uniting—then separating again ; while the gentler arts and culture flourished exactly in proportion to the repose from war. When the story of the Book of Menteith opens, Scotland was at last one kingdom. Not so long before, Picts and Scots, Angles and Danes had divided even its narrow and scanty territory into at least four monarchies ; and even after they were at last united, there was hardly a corner in Scotland in which there was not a royal pretender wandering, and every now and then heading a band of marauders for the recovery of what he called his crown. It was in the reign of Malcolm III. and the renowned Queen Margaret that the unity of the kingdom seems to have been consolidated. This was about the year 1050, and if that gifted woman was any type of her times, she in her own person indicated that peace and tranquillity alone were needed to bring the country fairly abreast of the general culture of Europe.

Such in outline was the position of Scotland in the year

1107, under the reign of Alexander I., when we find with Mr. Fraser the first notice of an earldom of Menteith. The title and the district take their name from the river Teith, one of the brightest tributaries of the Forth, above Stirling, and the beautiful Lake of Menteith is one of the most charming spots in that lovely country. It is not, however, until the year 1150 that we find the name of the first recorded Earl, 'Gilchrist.' His son Murdoch bore the title until 1213, and to him succeeded two sons, both named Maurice, with whose fortunes the first volume commences.

These two Maurices each claimed the succession, although the grounds on which the elder's claim was questioned do not clearly appear. At last, however, their claims were adjusted by a partition of the land, and the elder Maurice withdrew his pretensions to the title, and drops out of this history. The younger assumed the earldom on the gift of William the Lion, and was one of the seven earls who took part in the coronation of Alexander II. in 1214. He died in 1230 without male issue, but left two daughters, whose fortunes and those of their descendants bear a large share in the subsequent narrative.

It is remarkable that of the three earls whose vicissitudes we have selected as the theme of our remarks, only one, the last, acquired the title by succession. The others obtained it by marriage with the daughters of previous holders, whether in right of their wives, or by contemporaneous grant from the Crown, we need not stop to enquire. The subject is a fertile field of battle for genealogists, but we have no mind to involve ourselves in the fray. Our author wisely leaves the point open, and is content to deduce his pedigree, and illustrate the history of the men who form it, without concerning himself with heraldic controversy. Of this and other thorny questions which his labours have elicited, we intend to say nothing. Our object is to elucidate from these successive sketches of actual Scottish life the political and social characteristics of the time.

Earl Maurice, as we have said, left two daughters, Isabella and Mary. The eldest married, about the year 1234, Walter Comyn, Lord of Badenoch, the second son of William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, himself a baron of great power and influence. Little is known of the origin of this celebrated family. The worthy English chronicler, Winton, in a passage quoted by Mr. Fraser, mentions a tradition, that being the youngest of three brothers who came to England in the reign of Richard I., and being unable to speak English, when he opened a door,

‘Cwm in, cwm in, he wold ay  
As he herd othir abowt him say;’



and hence his name. But the name has an evidently Norman etymon. Mr. Fraser says that the Comyns came over with William the Conqueror in 1066, and that Robert de Comyn was by that monarch created Earl of Northumberland; that a younger son of his, William, was Chancellor of King David I., and that William Comyn's grand-nephew, Richard, was the father of William Earl of Buchan, and the grandfather of Walter Comyn, the husband of the heiress of Menteith. The family name soon came to be borne by many powerful barons. In the succeeding reign there were three earldoms held by the Comyns, Buchan, Menteith, and Athole, and it continued to be historic for more than a century.

Walter Comyn, for many years before his marriage with Isabella of Menteith, was much about the Scottish Court, and conversant with important political affairs. The date of his birth is not apparently ascertained, but as he is said to have been of great age at his death in 1258, he must have been well advanced in life before his marriage. Mr. Fraser thinks he may have been one of the hostages detained by King John for payment of 15,000 marks, for which William the Lion had undertaken, as one of these was a son of the Earl of Buchan. It is, however, certain that in 1220 he accompanied King Alexander to York, when that monarch met Henry III., a meeting which resulted in the marriage of Alexander to King Henry's elder sister.

This was not the first family bond between the two Royal houses. Indeed, the old Scottish chroniclers are rather sad and regretful over the introduction of Saxon blood into the pure Scots stream of their monarchy. But it is impossible not to see that these English alliances had a marked influence, not only in softening the relations between the two Courts and kingdoms, but also in introducing a more refined and courtly tone among the leading chieftains of the north. From this time forward, until the first of the Jameses left his English place of enforced residence—it was hardly a prison—to assume the cares of sovereignty in Scotland, there were many personal relations of friendship and good feeling between the leaders of the two nations. No doubt, the craving and jealous eyes of the occupant of the English throne had long been fixed upon the consolidated Scottish monarchy, as we shall see. But there can be traced throughout in the influence of these relations not a little advance in the nation and its leaders in the arts of government, as well as in those of peace. Later on in the story, Mr. Fraser finds an instrument witnessed both by the Douglas and the Percy, then evidently not at mortal strife.

Mr. Fraser is able to trace this Walter, Lord of Badenoch, through many charters witnessed by him; and whatever may have been the amount of culture in those days, their parchment was enduring, their ink permanent, and their penmanship sometimes wonderfully sharp and clear, as a glance at the facsimiles in the second of these volumes will show. Cheap conveyancing has its merits, but six centuries after this the genealogists of the year 2400 will be fortunate if they find the paper and ink of the present day half so lasting. The world changes very slowly in some things. We were told the other day of a charter of Alexander II., in which the most minute boundaries are still to be found, and their names, duly rendered from the original Celtic into their Saxon equivalents, exactly what they are at this day.

On his father's death, in 1233, the Earl of Menteith became the foremost man in Scotland. Long versed in affairs, and apparently of popular and courteous manners, he was the stay and support of the Scottish Crown. The times were in need of such a counsellor; for the constant assertion, at every favourable juncture, of the English claim of feudal superiority over Scotland kept the nation in a state of perpetual ferment. The Scottish monarchs did, indeed, hold fiefs in England of the English king, and for these they from time to time did homage; but the recurring demand that the same acknowledgment should be paid for the Scottish kingdom was as constantly and resolutely refused. But Scotland was far from being of one mind on that matter. There was a strong English party among the leading families; whether prompted by personal jealousy, or convinced of the expediency of exchanging the less powerful for the more powerful ruler, it is hard to say. Whether Scotland might not have gained in the first instance by more equal laws, more respect to freedom, and a more firm and fixed constitution, which would have arrived in the train of annexation, may perhaps be doubted. But there must be thrown into the other scale the too certain results of the galling sense of subjection: and we have seen in our own day how long the recollection of injury may continue among the conquered, and the bitter fruits it may produce.

Hume, who was no lover of nationalities, or of popular liberty, thought the English monarch's desire a very reasonable one. However that may be, Scotland did not mean to be annexed to her southern neighbour, and the Earl of Menteith was for the time the champion of her liberty. Passing over the well-known events which arose out of the Haddington tournament, in 1241, in the feud between the Earl of Athole

and the Bissets, which but for Menteith's exertions would have ended in war, we come down to the death of Alexander II., in 1249. His young son was at this time only eight years old, and the condition of Scotland, virtually without a ruler, stirred again into life the embers which Menteith had with difficulty subdued eight years before. The English party, headed by Alan Durward, a man high in office and of power and address, wished to postpone the King's coronation, in order that he, Durward, as was pretended, should himself gird him with the knightly sword, a ceremony which was said to be essential as a preliminary to coronation. But Menteith was too wary to allow the situation to continue, as it was certain that the English party would take advantage of it. The few words which are ascribed to Menteith by the historian Fordun, and are quoted by Mr. Fraser, are so characteristic of our conception of the man, and so suggestive of vigour and kindliness, that we need no apology for inserting them. He is said to have represented to the meeting of Estates, 'That a country 'without a king was beyond doubt like a ship amid the waves 'of the sea without rower or steersman. He had always 'loved King Alexander of pious memory, and this boy also 'for his father's sake. So he moved that this boy be raised to 'the throne as quickly as possible, seeing it is always hurtful 'to put off what may be done at once.' There was no great novelty in this speech, but it was very much to the purpose, and the young King was crowned on the spot.

The design which Menteith's readiness and vigour thus frustrated exploded two years afterwards on the occasion of the marriage of the young King of Scots to the daughter of Henry III., who was his first cousin. When the two sovereigns met at York in 1251, Henry made an attempt to make the boy king do homage for his kingdom, as well as for his English fiefs, which the young monarch, with spirit beyond his years, refused to do, saying that he had come for an honourable purpose to celebrate a marriage, and not to answer such a demand without consulting his council. Before the festivities were over, Alan Durward, being denounced for treasonable intentions by Menteith and the Earl of Mar, fled from the Court, and guardians were appointed to the King, of whom Menteith was the chief.

The poor young English bride, however, had no very brilliant result from her marriage. She and her royal husband were, it seems, kept so close for fear, not without reason, of hostile designs, that she writes a plaintive letter to her father from Edinburgh Castle, complaining that she is 'kept in a

‘dismal and solitary fortress, exposed to the unhealthy air off ‘the sea.’ We do not wonder at her impatience; but it very soon appeared that the precautions of Menteith and the Regents were not without reason, for Alan Durward, who had come to an understanding with the King of England, in 1255 surprised Edinburgh Castle, and carried off the royal pair to Roxburgh Castle, where Henry met them. The counterblow, however, soon followed, and two years afterwards the King and Queen were seized at Kinross, and conveyed to Stirling, by the Nationalist party, headed by Menteith. The latter were now entirely triumphant, and terms were come to with Henry, and war was again averted. While thus in the very zenith of his power, and in a position as high as a statesman could aspire to, this patriotic and able Scotsman was killed by the fall of his horse in 1258.

Such is a very slight sketch of the first figure on our canvas. As far as his lineaments are drawn by Mr. Fraser, he seems to have been a true man in days when true men were very rare. Worse times were at hand, when the same praise could hardly have been bestowed on any public man—when men swore fealty one day, forswore themselves the next, and vowed again the third, without their credit suffering any apparent diminution. We think this, our first hero, was a very *preux chevalier*, and it is a pleasing contrast to the rough and stirring scenes in which he spent his life, to think that he was the founder of the Priory of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Menteith, the ruins of which, on their island in that beautiful sheet of water, attest the gentle and generous piety of the founder.

The events which followed the death of Menteith have a certain dramatic interest, and were not without some political importance. His widow, the Countess Isabella, who must have been many years younger than her husband, shortly after his death married an English knight of the name of Russell, to the great indignation of the public, by whom she was accused of having poisoned the Earl. Mr. Fraser surmises that this knight of the thirteenth century may have been of the Bedford family; but, whatever the cause may have been, Countess Isabella was banished from Scotland. The probability is that it was not the social position of her husband, but his nationality, which gave the chief offence, as it seemed to imply traitorous leanings to the enemy to whom her first illustrious consort had been through life opposed. Countess Isabella made strong efforts to enlist the Pope on her side for the recovery of her title and lands; but although the lands were divided she was

never reinstated in her dignities, and she who had been all but Queen of Scotland ended her days in exile.

We have not space to follow here the episode of the Pope's interference, and the illustration very graphically given in these pages of the sturdy and determined attitude assumed even by Catholic Scotland against Papal dictation. We must pass on to the subsequent fortunes of the Earldom of Menteith.

The great Earl left no son. He left a daughter, Isabella, married to Sir Edmund Hastings, who in her right seems to have preferred some claim to the Earldom, which, however, was never allowed. The title passed to Mary, the second daughter of Earl Maurice, who married Walter Stewart, the third son of the High Steward of Scotland, and was acknowledged as Earl, or created such, about 1260. The second daughter made a marriage nearly as brilliant as that of her elder sister, and she had the further distinction of handing down the title and the family good fortune to a successor whose alliance was even more remarkable than either.

Dark and evil days, however, were brooding over Scotland. We do not mean to stop to describe them in detail, or to forestall the interest Mr. Fraser's work must raise in his readers. Walter Stewart became an influential and trusted counsellor of the new King, and was one of the nobles who were commissioned to treat for the marriage of Eric of Norway with Margaret of Scotland, in 1281, and in the marriage of the Maid of Norway with the Prince of Wales, in 1289. Meanwhile, however, the unfortunate death of Alexander III., by falling over a cliff at Kinghorn, and that of the Maid of Norway, left the throne of Scotland vacant to any adventurer. There were thirteen claimants, and they all swore fealty to Edward I. The end of that century and the beginning of the next proved how deep a hold the patriotism of the great Earl of Menteith had left on the mind of the population. The gallant, though unsuccessful, struggle of Wallace prepared the way for the greater and successful struggle of Bruce, and the establishment of a new dynasty on the field of Bannockburn. These we pass, and take up the fortunes of the Earldom—again the inheritance of a female, in 1361, a century after the death of Earl Walter and the succession of the second daughter of Earl Maurice.

Walter Stewart had by the Countess Mary two sons—Alexander, who succeeded to the Earldom of Menteith on his father's death in 1296, and Sir John Menteith, who achieved for himself, justly or not, a less enviable but quite as enduring

reputation as the betrayer of Wallace. 'The false Menteith,' indeed, became so common an expression and sentiment among the populace as in great measure to overshadow the well-earned distinctions of the family. Mr. Fraser makes a gallant attempt to rehabilitate him—with what success our readers must judge for themselves. We fancy, however, that the simpler state of the fact was probably the true one. Wallace was out of fashion; submission to the only King *de facto* appeared to be the inevitable fate of the distracted country. His father, Walter Stewart, had himself sworn fealty to Edward I.; further resistance was an idea and a sentiment only, and Menteith thought to himself that he only did his duty, as many a weak man before and since has done.

One other episode we must mention before we leave the commencement of the fourteenth century, because it marks the end of a great family, apart from its personal and political significance. The story of the murder of the Red Comyn by Bruce—an act, no doubt, which largely tended to open the way to the throne—is told by Mr. Fraser in a couple of pages. Sir John Comyn (the Red Comyn was grand-nephew of the great Earl) also was a competitor for the crown, and, following too many examples in those days, after agreeing to waive his claims, played his rival false and betrayed him to Edward. Bruce, having detected him, stabbed him with his own hand within the precincts of the Franciscan Church of the Minorites in Dumfries. That Bruce had good reason, we do not doubt.

‘Altho’ the deed was foully done,  
The loon was weel away.’

But Bruce's own career had been far from absolutely transparent or consistent. However that may be, that fatal stroke ended the political influence of the proud, able, and ambitious Comyns, who lost from that time all political importance.

It is a well-known incident in this tragic event that, when Bruce informed his friend Kirkpatrick of what he had done, the latter asked if the traitor was dead, and, on Bruce saying he was ignorant, exclaimed ‘Then I will mak siccar,’ and rushed to the spot and despatched him. We were amused on looking into Hume's account of this matter, of which he does not very much disapprove, to find that so careful was he not to let a word escape in his pages which could betray the broad Scotch he had spoken all his life, that, for the benefit of his English readers, the old vernacular motto of the Kirkpatricks, ‘I mak siccar,’ seems to have been thought too plebeian to repeat, and comes out in the English form of ‘I will secure him’!

Alexander Stewart, the eldest son of Walter, and his successor in the earldom, was one of Bruce's supporters, was present at the battle of Dunbar in 1296, taken prisoner, and in 1297 his son Alan appears to have been a hostage for him. Alan afterwards succeeded to the title, about 1304, was again taken prisoner by the English, and died in captivity. He left a daughter Mary, who succeeded to the earldom in 1332, and married Sir John Graham. Her daughter Margaret, in the fourth generation of the descendants of Earl Maurice's second daughter, was destined to a life of chequered incident and to transmit the earldom to a husband more historic than any one who had previously held it.

We let the curtain fall on the historical picture during the competition for the crown and all the woes the distracted state of the country entailed:—

‘Ludumque Fortuna, gravesque  
Principum amicitias, et arma  
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus.’

These times have gone by. The strong hand of Bruce, who swayed the sceptre he had won for about twenty years, consolidated the Scottish monarchy, and all prospect of subjugation or annexation had for the time vanished under the feeble successor of Edward I. The crown of Scotland, however, after his death, devolved on a much weaker successor; and once and again the independence of the kingdom trembled in the balance during the reign of David. David himself was taken prisoner by the English at the disastrous battle of Durham; and John Graham, the Earl of Menteith, was taken along with him, and executed by Edward's orders. His widow, Countess Mary, possessed the title during the minority of her daughter Margaret; and our curtain rises again with the accession to the throne, on the death of King David, of the High Steward of Scotland, Robert Stewart, Earl of Strathern, the progenitor of an illustrious royal race.

Countess Margaret, who succeeded her mother in 1362, was four times married: 1st, to Sir John Moray, Lord of Bothwell, who died in 1351; 2nd, to the Earl of Mar, by whom she was divorced; 3rd, to John Drummond, of Kincraig; and, 4th, to Robert Stewart, third son of Robert II., in 1361.

Of these four marriages Mr. Fraser says:—

‘She was four times married, and she received five dispensations from the Pope to enable her to enter into her successive matrimonial alliances. Two of these marriages occurred before Lady Margaret had attained the age of twenty years. From her second husband,

the Earl of Mar, she was unjustly divorced. Her third marriage, which was made for the sake of healing the fierce feuds between the Menteiths and the Drummonds, caused her to incur ecclesiastical censure, and by her fourth marriage she carried the Earldom of Menteith back to the race of her maternal ancestors, the Stewarts. Her fourth husband, Robert Stewart, Earl of Menteith, became also Earl of Fife, then the premier Earldom of Scotland, and Lady Margaret thus became the senior countess in the realm.' (P. 116.)

Her fourth husband was destined to still higher honours, and assumes his place in history as the Governor of Scotland for fifteen years, under the title of Duke of Albany.

We need not follow this fortunate, or unfortunate, damsel through her various matrimonial or ecclesiastical vicissitudes, as only one of them is material to our theme. Her earlier experience in matrimony presents a singular picture of the social condition of the times in the upper ranks, and melancholy reflections on her own fate. A high-born, wealthy, but forlorn maiden of fourteen years of age, she evidently becomes, deprived of her father's guidance, the sport and shuttlecock of contending families and factions. She was but of the age we have mentioned when she married Sir John Moray, to whom it seems that she stood within the forbidden degrees, and thereupon was put in motion all the Papal machinery to remove the obstruction. Mr. Fraser quotes at length a dispensation by Pope Clement VI. dated in 1348. This union lasted but for three years, and after Moray's death the widow accepted as her suitor the Earl of Mar, and another dispensation from Pope Clement, dated in 1352, follows in Mr. Fraser's pages. The young Earl seems soon to have grown tired of his bride, and obtained a divorce, how does not appear in this record; but Fordun explains that '*postea, instigante diabolo, per ex-quæritos colores et rationes minus veras sine prole inter eos habita divortium procuravit.*' The third marriage, with Drummond, was, as Mr. Fraser explains, merely an arrangement of policy to heal tribal feuds, and it lasted but a year, having also been preceded by a Papal dispensation; and her last and more fortunate venture, in her marriage to Robert Stewart, was sanctioned by a similar dispensation.

We now approach the most interesting, as well as the most valuable, contribution to history which Mr. Fraser's pages have conferred on the public. The Countess Margaret did not survive to witness her husband's highest honours; but she lived till 1380, saw him Earl of Fife in 1371, and on the Earl of Strathern's accession to the throne became the daughter-in-law of the King.



It does not appear that Robert Stewart assumed the title of Menteith until the death of King David in 1371; probably his mother-in-law, Countess Mary, survived until then. He appears, according to Mr. Fraser's account, to have been created Earl of Menteith on the occasion of his father's coronation; while the earldom of Fife was acquired by him by a singular transaction with the widow of the last holder, which is detailed by our author.

From his accession in 1371 down to 1388 King Robert II., who was a vigorous monarch, had great confidence in his son the Earl of Fife and Menteith, many particulars of whose administration and of some military expeditions which he undertook are described with spirit, and will well repay perusal. In one of these forays across the border we are told that the Earl of Menteith discovered a charter of King Athelstane at Cockermouth, of which he says, 'The peculiarity of this charter was its brevity, its entire contents, as translated by Bower, being, "I, King Athelstan, giffys here " to Panlan, Oddam and Roddam, als gude and als fair as " evir thai myn war, and tharto witnes Mald my wyf. "'

'The brevity of this charter,' says Mr. Fraser, 'must have favourably impressed the Earl, for the historian (Fordun) adds that afterwards, when he became Duke of Albany and Governor of Scotland, and prolix obligations or charters were read by those pleading before him in Court, he was wont to say that greater confidence and trust were preserved in former days, when writs were made more compendious than now, when by lengthy documents our new lawyers confused their deeds by frivolous exceptions and tedious ambiguities.'

The anecdote is a good one, and the style of the conveyance worthy of all commendation; but the fact that new lawyers and prolix pleadings had appeared in Scotland is a proof that what we call civilisation had made some progress since the days of the Comyns. In 1388 Robert II., enfeebled by age and infirmity, found the cares of sovereignty too heavy for him, and, as his son John, afterwards Robert III., was infirm, took steps to have the Earl of Menteith nominated by himself and the Estates Guardian of the Kingdom; and this office he continued to hold even after his brother, who was styled Robert on his accession in 1390, had ascended the throne. Mr. Fraser says he ceased to be Guardian of the Kingdom in 1392; but this seems to rest on surmise only.

We come now on exciting, anxious, and stirring times for this northern kingdom, and events which bore fruit for many a day thereafter. David, the eldest son of Robert III., who was at that time Earl of Carrick, was in 1398 created Duke

of Rothsay ; and, at the same time, the Earl of Menteith was created Duke of Albany. A great title certainly Menteith assumed to himself, for Albany, as Macpherson said, was Scotland or nothing ; for although this historical title has recently been revived in favour of an illustrious prince of our own day, it has in fact no territorial meaning at all. But the limitation of the title of the heir of the throne to a feudal castle did not escape the notice of the censorious in that or succeeding reigns, who held it a proof of inordinate ambition, although probably less importance was attached to this consideration at the time than the prejudices of succeeding critics have discovered in it. But the appearance of the Duke of Rothsay on the stage, and the sad and tragic story connected with his name, brings us at once to the most original portion of this book.

The character of the Duke of Rothsay, as Mr. Fraser portrays him here, differs but little from the imaginary features sketched by Walter Scott in the 'Fair Maid of Perth ;' and if they bear any resemblance to the original, one cannot help regretting that vigour and abilities so clearly evinced had not been better disciplined for the service of his country. He was plainly clever, attractive, and popular, but he was reckless, headstrong, and impulsive ; unbounded in the license he allowed himself, and utterly regardless of the results of his levity either on himself or on others. There was another element which knowledge of human nature suggests. An easy-tempered father, and a domineering strong-handed uncle, acting on an ambitious and buoyant spirit, might easily chafe a temperament such as his into a state of constant irritation and disgust ; and he might continue his daily follies and midnight orgies all the more because his austere relative looked so sternly upon them. He would feel, too, that he was not in his proper place, that if his father was infirm, the heir to the crown was his natural and proper confidant ; while the Duke of Albany, regarding him as a mere boy, treated his interference as presumptuous and idle. So Scott has painted this ill-starred scion of royalty ; and such we can easily persuade ourselves he was. That his temperament and his position combined led him ultimately to ruinous courses no one can doubt. He may even have become dangerous to the State, and was exactly the kind of man who is most likely to be so. But that his uncle did discern in the fractious, jealous, volatile heir to the throne seeds both of power and of enmity which might prove inconvenient hereafter, we can doubt as little. These things do not argue the truth of the accusations laid to Albany's charge ; but they

gave them colour in minds which were predisposed to believe them.

Matters were probably not improved by the action of the Scottish Parliament in 1399 in appointing the Duke of Rothsay the King's Lieutenant through the country for three years. Mr. Fraser says this was not a slight to the Duke of Albany, who had ceased, as he contends, to act as guardian since 1392; but it might easily be so construed. Meanwhile, Rothsay, utterly regardless of opinion, made enemies all round, including the powerful Earl of March, to whose daughter he had been betrothed, but he deserted her.

Matters so standing, there is no doubt that Rothsay was, by the Duke of Albany's orders, and, it is said, with the King's consent, arrested by stratagem and confined in Falkland Palace, where, on March 26, 1402, he is said to have died of dysentery. 'Some said,' adds Mr. Fraser, 'that his death was caused by starvation.' Certainly Scott leaves no doubt on the minds of his readers as to the impression he meant to convey.

The defence made by Mr. Fraser for the Duke of Albany, which is full and very able, is as good as could be made for a man against whom much is surmised and nothing proved. If it is not conclusive, this may be because the ground of impeachment is impalpable, which to a great extent it is. At the same time an astute counsel would find some weak points in the defensive armour. The two grounds on which Mr. Fraser maintains that Albany could not have been a party to the murder are, *first*, the high opinion which his contemporaries had of him, and *secondly*, that the Parliament acquitted him, after full investigation.\* To a certain extent these grounds of defence are mutually destructive; because the fact that Parliament thought it necessary to enquire proves that contemporaneous opinion, in some quarters, had pointed to his guilt. That Albany was a man of great gifts, courteous, dignified, able, a man to impress the public, and one who had done great service, is quite true; but if no one had thought he was accessory to his nephew's death, no one would have

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\* The Report of the Parliamentary enquiry was 'Ab hac luce divina Providentiâ et non aliter migrasse dinoscitur;' and Mr. Hill Burton, from whom we quote this verdict, admits that the accusation rests only on an assertion in the *Scotichronicon* and the chronicles founded on it. At the same time he thinks that the sinister motives and character of Albany warrant a strong suspicion of his guilt. The charge rests mainly on the old maxim 'Is fecit cui prodest.'

proposed a Parliamentary enquiry. As to that enquiry itself, it may be true that a favourite has no friends; but it is only true when the favourite cannot help his friends. Parliament two hundred years later investigated the alleged Gowrie conspiracy, and found that it was as their Royal master alleged: nevertheless, incredulous posterity has never ceased to doubt. By a similar enquiry or trial Bothwell was acquitted of the murder of Darnley, of which he was unquestionably guilty. On the other hand, as we shall see, the memory of the Duke of Albany has ever been abhorrent to the Stewart kings, and historians as well as Parliaments may be disposed to study such prepossessions.

But here we must allow Mr. Fraser to speak for himself:—

‘After the investigation thus made by the Parliament, and their decision, as well as that of the father of the Prince himself; considering also the facts stated by the historians of the time, that the Prince was taken by command of his father, and only placed in ward at Falkland after the Council had agreed that it should be so; and further, considering the great attachment of the Duke of Albany to his brother, King Robert, and the high character which is given to him by his contemporaries, he must be freed from the imputation of causing the death of his nephew the Duke of Rothsay. There is not a shadow of anything like proof to show that he was guilty of such a crime; none of the attendant circumstances can be legitimately construed as pointing to his guilt. Albany did but his duty to his country, his king, and the Prince himself, by putting him under the restraint which his own father authorised, but was himself too weak to impose, and it is a great injustice to the memory of this famous Regent to affirm that because the Prince died under his roof, he was guilty of his murder. Nor was the Duke of Albany the overbearing tyrant which he is represented to be, for from the Exchequer Rolls we find that the Duke was frequently taken to task by the Exchequer Auditors, and money refused to him by them. Was it likely that the proud nobility could be more easily intimidated than these officers of the Crown, who were probably appointed by Albany himself as Regent? Those who have defamed the memory of the Duke ought at least to have founded on facts which might stand the light of research; but not a single fact has been produced to prove that Albany was guilty of the murder of Rothsay.’ (Vol. i. p. 177.)

If the natural disposition of a critic to differ from what an author most vehemently asserts has led us to state our objections to what is here urged in Albany’s defence, we are not insensible to the spirit and vigour of Mr. Fraser’s performance, and a large proportion of his readers may possibly agree with him. But if Rothsay had come to the throne, Albany’s shrift might have been as short as the ultimate retribution was deadly.

Albany continued to administer the affairs of Scotland until

the King's death in 1406. The old monarch received a great shock by Rothsay's unhappy end; but a second calamity befell him in that year in the capture by English cruisers of his only remaining son James, on his way to France by sea. The King sank under this blow, and died on April 4, 1406. Four years before this the eldest son of the Duke of Albany, Murdoch Stewart, was taken prisoner at the battle of Hamildon Hill, and was, with the Prince, detained in England for fourteen years.

Albany, after the King's death, and during the captivity of James, remained Governor of Scotland until his death, at an advanced age, in 1420. His administration was vigorous to the end, and although diversified by occasional forays on his English neighbours, and signalised by one most disastrous defeat, the independence of the kingdom in his hands suffered no diminution. He administered in the name, and with the authority, of the captive James. His eldest son, Murdoch, obtained his liberation in 1416. 'But the King of Scots,' says Mr. Fraser, 'was too valuable a prize to surrender.'

As this volume of Mr. Fraser's work was passing through the press, a very important and valuable discovery was made of letters written by James from his place of captivity. These are supposed, and reasonably so, to throw some light on the causes of the King's prolonged detention, and on his estimate of the conduct of his powerful relatives. We hope we are not too sceptical or too cynical when we again express a doubt of Mr. Fraser's sanguine conclusions on this head. We do not say that Albany could have obtained the King's release sooner. But we do see from these letters that James thought he might; and that he did not acquiesce in the release of Murdoch whilst he himself, an independent Sovereign, was kept in captivity. Besides, when a man has been virtually a king for thirty years, he does not like to be deposed; still less does he like the prospect of being called to account. That Albany intentionally threw obstacles in the way of his Sovereign's return is not likely; but it is far from unlikely that his exertions to bring about that object, which would terminate his own vicarious authority, were not very energetic or sincere. For, if James should not return, why should Albany not be the father of a race of kings? Macbeth is not the only man who has listened to promptings of this kind. All we can say is that the position was friendly to the intrusion of such fiends, and that James certainly thought so.

The drama is working up to a catastrophe as terrible as a Greek tragedian could have desired. The great Governor

of Scotland, Albany, died in 1320, and his son Murdoch reigned—as Governor of Scotland—in his stead. He was a gentler man than his father. Recollections of their joint captivity may have softened him towards the Sovereign; at last he apparently bestirred himself in the matter of the King's restoration; and in 1423 the King was ransomed for the sum of 40,000*l.*, and arrived in Edinburgh on April 5, 1424. The storm burst forthwith. The King's first act was to arrest Sir Walter Stewart, eldest son of Duke Murdoch. He was crowned at Scone on May 21, Duke Murdoch placing him in his regal chair. Duncan, Earl of Lennox, was arrested and imprisoned in Edinburgh in August 1424; and on March 12, 1425, the King arrested Duke Murdoch and his son Sir Alexander, and thereafter took possession of his castles. On May 18, after a formal trial by Parliament, Walter Stewart was led out and beheaded on the Heading Hill of Stirling. On the 19th the Duke of Albany, his son, Sir Alexander, and the aged Duke of Lennox, met with a similar fate. Mr. Fraser thus describes this cruel and ghastly event:—

‘The scene of their execution was an eminence to the north of the Castle, the Gowling Hill, or the Heading Hill as it was afterwards called from this sanguinary scene. The event itself was one which drew from those who witnessed it expressions of deep regret and compassion. Duke Murdoch and his two sons were men of gigantic stature; and of Sir Walter Stewart it is recorded, in marked contrast to the testimony of Bower, that he was a most loveable person, of sagacious eloquence, agreeable to everyone, and universally beloved, and that his death was deplored not only by those who knew him, but by all who had heard of his fame.’

Thus was Rothsay avenged: within sight of the mountains which overhang his fair domain, and of the silver stream from which he derived his title, did the last Stewart, Earl of Menteith, meet his end. It was a brutal and tyrannical outrage; and the King, by whose directions it was done, was reminded of it by the assassin who slew him, as he plunged a dagger into his heart twelve years afterwards. But we cannot agree with Mr. Fraser that the deed is unaccountable. Our author says:—

‘Feelings of revenge against the whole House of Albany on account of the alleged murder of Rothsay and detention of King James in England are also stated as a reason for the arrest; but as these alleged facts have been shown to have no foundation, they are not likely to have given rise to such feelings.’ (P. 275.)

But, in the first place, Mr. Fraser forgets that in nine cases out of ten such outrages are the results of suspicions and con-

victions which have no foundation. Though all the world believed in Albany's innocence of Rothsay's death—which all the world did not—his brother might cherish the contrary impression, and beyond all doubt he did so. Even had it been otherwise, Rothsay's imprisonment was the act of Albany, and not to be forgiven in the mind of his relative. So also the captive himself was not unlikely to think that the man who profited by his imprisonment did not desire it to be terminated. We need search no further for the causes of this catastrophe than the most ordinary stirrings of human passion.

But, unfortunately for Mr. Fraser's theory, the letters from James himself put this matter beyond doubt, and Mr. Fraser, a few pages further on, admits as much. The impression on the mind of the captive Prince is undisguised. He says, writing to his uncle the Duke of Albany in 1416, complaining that he had written 'syndry tymys to you and the three Estates touching our deliverance,' 'and of thir letteris ane no al had we 'never answer, and tharof we ferlyis nouch lytyle.' Therefore he proceeds to require him to send an answer by his chaplain (John Lyon), and to make execution for his deliverance 'so dowly [duly] that in your default we be nouch 'send [sent] to sek remede of our deliverance otherquare in 'tyme to cum.' This is plain speaking enough; but in what is called a circular letter by the King, apparently of the same date, the truth of his own feeling on the subject is evinced in unequivocal terms. He says (modernising the words) that he hopes his friends (to whom it is addressed) will stir up his trusty and most loved uncle to do for his deliverance after the ordinance of the general Council: 'For we understand our 'most excellent cosyng the mighty King of Ingillande will be 'to us gracious and helplik, for we have communed with him.' He asks for an answer, as to what they may do in this matter: 'and what you think we should do if our deliverance were put 'in delay, as it has been' (p. 286). The King of England was willing, says James. His own letters were not answered. He must look elsewhere for deliverance, if the delays which have occurred continue. All this has no interpretation but one, and so Mr. Fraser thinks: for he says the impression on the mind of James was 'a mistaken opinion.' Possibly: but James did not think it mistaken; and it was an impression probably not weakened by seven years of additional captivity.

Whatever may have been its inducing causes—and they seem to us no mystery—this sanguinary act of vengeance terminated a distinguished line, who ruled Scotland for nearly forty years, and who, but a few weeks before, had been the

foremost in the land. Whatever his faults or errors, no more vigorous hand ever held the helm of Scottish affairs than the first Duke of Albany. They said he was a hard ruler; but the people loved him. Bower says, as quoted by Mr. Fraser:—

‘He was one of the most patient of men, gentle and kind, affable and communicative, open-handed to strangers, singular above all his compeers. In stature he was tall and comely in form, with white hair and an amiable countenance. He was endued with temperance and constant forbearance. Indeed, wisdom had so adorned him as if with the ornament of every virtue, that his speech was always gracious and wholesome, whether in the highest courts or in any other.’

When the commanding presence of his son and his two grandsons appeared on the Heading Hill, the people loudly lamented their fate, nor did they ever forgive the author of it. Here ends our second act. As the line of Comyn perished by the dagger of Bruce, so the Stewarts of Menteith disappeared under the axe of the headsman, and the attainder of their name.

For the third time under Mr. Fraser’s guidance we shift the scene, and leaving behind us the tragical end of the Stewart Earls of Menteith, we take up the theme once more exactly two hundred years later. The six Jameses of the royal line have all come and gone; that stormy commencement brought with it no augury of prosperity or peace to the dynasty; and we find ourselves in the year 1627 with an Earl of Menteith still among the foremost, and high in the confidence of the Crown, in the commencement of the reign of Charles I. No English invasion now broods over the nation. The old terror is at an end, and other controversies and contests have supplanted the moss-trooper and the borderer. The Reformation has stirred up larger sympathies and a higher tone of feeling among the populace. A middle class has arisen, and the feuds of contending barons have given way to the battle of social and personal liberty against arbitrary power. Whatever may be said of the tyrannical and treacherous policy of Charles I., he had acquired at the English and French Courts the tastes of an accomplished and cultivated man; and he brought with him to Scotland accomplished and cultivated men in his train. In spite of his short reign and bloody fate, he left an impress on Scottish government which was permanent. The band of Scottish jurists, trained in foreign universities, which sent out from time to time scions of the best blood in the land, began to mould into coherent and symmetrical harmony a cultivated code of jurisprudence; and



the Scotland of Charles I. was as different from that of the Duke of Albany as the Rome of Augustus was from that of Fabius or Camillus. Above all, the crowns were at last united, not by conquest but by succession; and the 'auld enemy of England' began to be regarded not only with friendship but with admiration. The feeling may not have been quite reciprocal; but Scotland sunned herself now, unwillingly but persistently, in the glances of her southern sister.

In some respects our King James VI. has received scanty justice from posterity. Of his moral temperament there is nothing favourable to say. He was of an ignoble type, certainly: his tastes mean and his manners, in the sight of English courtiers, ungainly and absurd. But his ability was of a much higher order than history has ascribed to him. If he is judged, as it is right to judge him, by results, he should be placed higher. He is said to have been cowardly and unwarlike; but perhaps he had discerned, before his age, the mistake of interfering in the affairs, quarrels, and wars of neighbouring nations. Certain it is that peace abroad, and, more wonderful still, at home, remained unbroken in his time. No faction under him obtained the upper hand; and in Scotland tranquillity and order had produced their usual results—trade and commerce began to flourish. Drummond of Hawthornden had proved that a Scot could write melodious English verse, and Napier of Merchiston had placed his name in the first rank of exact science. Among the statesmen and jurists of his day, for at that time the character was usually combined, were some men of marked ability and culture. Seton Lord Dunfermline, Hay Lord Kinnoul, Maitland Lord Thirlstane, and Hamilton Lord Binning, were prominent men, all of them conspicuous for their learning and scholarship, and all of them trained by foreign travel and study in the highest Continental seminaries.

Among them, in 1621, there appeared in Parliament a young Earl of Menteith, who was destined to a career, short indeed, but the most brilliant of them all. We must revert for a moment to the history of the title, in the interval, in order to deduce his pedigree. After the execution of the second Duke of Albany and his two sons the estates were confiscated; and in 1427 the title of Earl of Menteith was conferred on Malise Graham, Earl of Strathern, who was at the same time divested of the latter title. From him, through six descents, the title was lineally transmitted to the seventh Earl, William Graham, who was born about 1591. The intermediate holders were not conspicuous, and the few notices Mr.

Fraser has collected concerning them do not attribute to them any remarkable distinction. When William, the seventh Earl, succeeded, the family fortunes seem to have been at a low ebb; and we have no particulars given us of his earlier life or education. It does appear, however, that he had attracted the notice of his sapient sovereign as early as 1617, for Mr. Fraser quotes two very characteristic letters from James to the Earl of Mar, in the first of which he most earnestly beseeches him 'to procure our exceeding great contentment—' namely, to search out and send unto us two couple of 'excellent terrieres, or earth dogs, which are both stoute good 'fox killers, and will stay long in the grounds. We are credibly informed that the Earle of Monteth hath good of that 'kind, who wee are sure wilbe glade to gratify us with them.' Whether the royal wish was gratified or not does not appear; but, if so, the act may have formed the introduction to his son, Charles I., in whose favour the young Earl was soon destined to rise. His career, indeed, was very remarkable. He was appointed a member of the Privy Council in 1626. In 1627 the King (Charles) wrote to thank him for his services, and promised to remember them. He was appointed President of the Council in 1628, and in 1631 this office was conferred on him for life. In 1628 he was created Lord Justice General, the highest judicial office in Scotland; and in 1630 he received the at that time unexampled honour of being sworn of the Privy Council of England. His distinctions culminated in his being created Earl of Strathern in 1631. Mr. Fraser has printed in his second volume a complete series of letters from Charles to Menteith, which show the terms of intimacy and exuberant confidence on which they stood, and the respect in which he held his judgment on the most important transactions. We have not space to refer to these letters, which are very interesting, in detail; but they relate to some of the most important events of that period of the reign. Among the rest, one of Charles's favourite projects was his great scheme of tithe commutation in Scotland, by which he hoped to recruit the royal finances, and at the same time relieve the landowners of serious inconvenience. He only partially succeeded; but the conception of his plan was very statesmanlike, and the results to this day of the incomplete scheme have proved very beneficial. There are many letters from Charles himself to Menteith on this subject, as well as on all other public affairs. In one he tells him to take care that the people of Edinburgh choose a proper Provost, although he adds, characteristically, that he leaves them a free choice. In another he tells him to

see that the Archbishop of St. Andrew's show himself a true servant of his at an ensuing Convention (p. 33), although his Majesty knows him to be so. In a third, he instructs him to deal with the Lord Napier for the surrender of his office of Depute Treasurer; and, 'if he will not yield to any fair and 'reasonable proposition made by you therein, wee require you 'to cause put him to a trial touching anything that can be justly 'objected against him in the execution of that office' (p. 33). But the entire collection is full of interest, and quite characteristic of the shifty, temporising, and, we are afraid we must add, insincere character of the royal writer.

In the year 1632 Menteith was the most powerful and influential man in Scotland; high in the King's favour, and flourishing both in reputation and fortune. The amount of influence which he was supposed to have at head-quarters is singularly illustrated by another remarkable series of letters to him from a very well-known man in those times. Of all the eminent lawyers of that day none stood higher than Sir Thomas Hope, who held the office of Lord Advocate. He was a powerful and successful man, and had enjoyed many of fortune's favours; but one thing he wished, to have his son placed on the bench of the Court of Session. But this end seemed doubtful; and he besieges the ear of the favourite Minister with earnest and not quite dignified entreaties on that score. In the months of November and December 1631 there are ten letters from him to Menteith on the subject. The matter does not go smoothly, and Sir Thomas Hope finds enemies behind the scenes, on whom he bestows language by no means restrained. In one passage he says:—'I die 'calumnies goes ryff in thir dayis, for I have hard my Lord 'Traquair chargit with a passage as fals as the divell' (ii. 142). And again, a month afterwards, 'I must entreat your Lord- 'ship's favor for an letter to the Council for trying of that 'divilish calumny of that reverend father of lies, &c.' (ii. 145). Apparently it was Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet on whom these reproaches were heaped. Whether they succeeded or not the correspondence does not show.

But alas for the favour of fortune and of princes! The tide was even now on the turn; and he who by the easiest stages had gained the pinnacle of power was about to be hurled from it by the backbiting of jealous rivals and the unthinking tattle of a woman. Menteith's rise had not unnaturally provoked the proverbial envy which pursues merit. It was too rapid, too brilliant, and too complete to escape this universal penalty. But he could not have expected that the

same spirit of moody, fitful, and revengeful jealousy which had led to the tragical scene in 1425 would have, on occasion far less provocative, turned the heart of his royal master from kindness to cruelty. The story, in all its meanness, comes out clearly in Mr. Fraser's pages; and with a short summary of its leading features we must close this analysis of the fortunes of the Earls of Menteith.

Sir John Scot, of Scotstarvet, was a person of some celebrity in that day. Whether he was the 'father of lies' to whom Sir Thomas Hope refers we do not know; but it is quite certain that he and other officials about Charles's court were resolved, if they could, to ruin Menteith's credit with the King. Their first step was to raise objections, at first technical, but at last touching Menteith's honour, about the lands and the title of Strathern. The King at first, although touchy about his royal possessions, would not give up his favourite, and said it was hard he could not love a man but they would tear him from his arms. In the end Menteith resigned his earldom of Strathern, and assumed, by the King's desire, that of Airth; but, apparently, the latter gave no heed at all to the imputations on Menteith's honesty. The conspirators, defeated, attacked the King on a more tender quarter. The substance of the charge, which rested on the loosest hearsay evidence, was that the 'Earle of Airth had remarked to the Lady Marquessa of Hamilton "that he had "as good a right to the crowne as the King had," and that "his blood was redder than the King's." It was supported by depositions of Sir John Skene, Lord Ramsay, Lord Wigtonne, and Lord Fleming, none of whom had heard the words themselves, nor was it stated when, where, or how they were uttered. Such averments did not afford evidence to hang a cat. Nevertheless these depositions were received by Charles immediately before his coronation, and he appointed the 24th of June, 1633, for the trial of the Earl, and wrote to four Advocates, directing them to inform themselves for his defence, and to appear in his interest on the morrow.

'Whether this trial took place on the 24th has not been ascertained, but another diet was held on the 10th of July following, which the Earl was unable to attend by reason of sickness. All attempts to make the Earl plead guilty of uttering treasonable speeches proved unavailing, as he continued in a firm denial.'

The root of the mischief was that David Stewart Earl of Strathern having been the eldest lawful son to King Robert II. by Eupham Rose his second wife, this William Earl of Strathern claimed to be the successor and lawful heir to the

said David; Charles himself was lineally descended from King Robert III., who was a child of the King's first marriage with Elizabeth Mure, but some doubt had been thrown on the validity of this marriage, though it was recognised, and the succession to the crown settled by the Scottish Parliament. Upon this Strathern's enemies attempted to persuade Charles that his favourite aimed at the crown, and that the race ought to be extirpated. Charles gave way to these unjust and ungenerous suspicions. Nothing could be more absurd, especially as Lord Strathern not only denied the words imputed to him, but submitted himself without reserve to the King's pleasure. Charles named a Commission 'for the tryale of this business,' and on May 7 he addressed the following letter to his supposed rival:—

'Charles R.,—

'Airth. I give yow licence, if it please yow, to retire to any of your owne houses in the countrey till my coming to Scotland, at which tyme (and after these things ar cleared which we houe to be but calumnies wherewith yow are charged) we will not feall to have a cair of the standing of your house and of your credit, and will give yow that marke of our favour which we promised to yow heirtofore. At Whythall, the 7th of May, 1633.'

The enquiry led to no result, but the King chose to assume the guilt of his loyal subject. On July 14 he wrote again to the Earl of Traquair:—

'C. R.,—

'If you find the Earl of Airth cum to such a confession as will give us satisfaction, we bi thes give you warrant to assure him of his lyf and forfaitour. Given at Seaton, the 14th of July, 1633.'

The word 'forfaitour' was substituted in the King's own hand for that of 'fortune,' which he struck out.

As for fortune, the luckless Earl was ruined, and Charles was obliged within a few months to make payments 'for the relief of the Earl of Arthe's debt.' These letters are worthy of the sovereign who abandoned Strafford to the block. Yet the loyalty of Lord Airth remained unshaken. As dangers and difficulties thickened round Charles, he bethought him of his old friend and servant. In 1639 he writes in an altered tone.

'Charles R.,—

'Right trusty and well-beloved cousin. We greete you well. Having heard how that you have refused to adhere to any of the courses held by the Covenanters, and that from the begining you have alwise disproved the same, wee have been pleased to tak particular notice thereof, and for which wee give you hearty thankes, assuring

you that wee will not only be carefull to protect you, but will likewise acknowledge your affection to our service in a reall manner when occasion shall offer, and wee doubt not but you will continue as you have begunne, and withall contribute in what lyes in your power for advancing thereof, speciallic at this time. We bid you farewell. From our Court at Whitehall, 19 March, 1639, stilo Scotico.

‘To our right trusty and well-beloved cousin the Earl of Airth.’

Shortly afterwards the King sent his special commands to Airth to attend and assist his Commissioners at the Assembly and Parliament then next ensuing, and in November 1639 he summoned him to Court. But the King did not reinstate him in his offices, nor even repay the money which Airth had advanced in his service. The ruined Earl lived on until 1660, and lived, therefore, to see the Restoration. There is one letter from Charles II., dated in 1650, acknowledging the sufferings which the Earl of Menteith and his family had been put to on account of their loyalty and fidelity, and promising, if he ever had an opportunity, that these would be remembered; but either the opportunity never came, or the King forgot his promise, for the house of Menteith never again assumed an important place in the history of Scotland. The letters of the Stewart Kings are exceedingly characteristic and interesting, and the publication of them by Mr. Fraser is an important contribution to history.

The next successor to the title was a man of no particular mark, and with him the recognised line of the Grahams of Menteith disappeared altogether. The concluding episode in this long history is striking and significant. After the title had apparently become extinct there appeared at one of the elections of the Scotch peers a man who claimed the earldom, and proposed to vote in respect of it. He was a medical student, in poor circumstances, and for many years thereafter went by the name of ‘the Beggar Earl.’ He at last was found dead on the roadside, and so ended the fortunes of the earldom of Menteith.

We have now gone cursorily over a very large tract of Scottish history, from the twelfth to the last century; and we are very grateful to Mr. Fraser for the amount of information and interest which these volumes contain. We have been unable to do more than glean out from this repertory some of the more salient, and perhaps less familiar, passages in the history of Scotland; but what we have been able to exhibit to our readers falls very short of what they may find in the volumes themselves. The second volume contains, along with the correspondence to which we have already referred, a great

variety of interesting documents which would well repay perusal, and which would themselves furnish ample material for a separate dissertation. He has given his readers, in addition to the copies of the letters contained in the appendix, several facsimiles of the originals. Those of Charles I. are striking and suggestive. He writes a clear, bold hand, expressing himself with precision and dignity; and if the spelling is not altogether according to modern ideas, it is better than that of most of his contemporaries. The one letter from Charles II. is written in a hand less bold, but more refined. There are also in the collection some letters from Claverhouse, and from the Marquis of Montrose, and two or three from Rob Roy, the celebrated freebooter. Mr. Fraser discusses the question how far Claverhouse was an illiterate man, which has been alleged with great emphasis on the one side, and as emphatically denied on the other. Judging by the specimens which we have here, if spelling be any test of acquaintance with literature, we should say that the renowned warrior stood very low in that scale; for anything more detestable than the spelling of the letters which Mr. Fraser has given us cannot well be conceived. Rob Roy's letters are rather better expressed, and immeasurably better spelt. At the same time, spelling was no test of education in those days, and it was on a comparatively arbitrary footing, even with well-educated men, for many years afterwards. We were greatly struck by finding in one of the worst specimens of Claverhouse spelling a quotation of a line of Lucan (whose name, however, he takes care to mis-spell), but which is so apposite to the subject of his letter as plainly to be quoted from his own familiarity with the author. Although, therefore, we are not amongst the admirers of Claverhouse, we are not inclined to condemn him as illiterate on any such ground. He was a man of intellectual force, and could hardly have held the place he did among his contemporaries if, in truth, he was uneducated and ignorant.

The remainder of the second volume is composed of a large and very valuable collection of ancient charters, and some specimens of seals of rarity and interest to those who are skilled in such matters. But we must now take leave of our author, very grateful for the light which he has cast upon so many dark corners of our national history, and anxious to recommend to those who can obtain access to these volumes a more complete acquaintance with their contents than our limits permit us to furnish.

- ART. VI.—1. *Papers relating to the Affairs of Sulu and Borneo, and to the Grant of a Charter of Incorporation to the 'British North Borneo Company.'* Part I. Correspondence respecting the Claims of Spain. Part II. Correspondence respecting the Claims of Holland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1882.
2. *The New Ceylon.* Being a Sketch of British North Borneo or Sabak, from special and other exclusive Sources of Information. Written and compiled by JOSEPH HATTON, with New and Original Maps, corrected to date. London: 1881.
3. *The Head Hunters of Borneo; up the Mahakan and down the Barito, and Journeyings in Sumatra.* By CARL BOCK. London: 1881.
4. *The Garden of the Sun; or, a Naturalist's Journal of the Mountains, and in the Forests and Swamps of Borneo and the Sulu Archipelago.* By J. W. BURBIDGE, Trinity College Botanical Gardens, and formerly of the Royal Gardens, Kew. London: 1880.

THE grant of a royal charter to a British company for the occupation of the northern portion of Borneo, the largest island in the Eastern Archipelago—in the world indeed, if Australia be ranked among the continents, as it may well be in view of its vast area—has attracted much attention, not in this country only but on the Continent and in the East. The concession of a territory, nearly as large as Great Britain, formally recognised and sanctioned by the Crown, could hardly fail to be the object of much hostile criticism on political and economic grounds. The Spaniards and the Dutch were not slow to put forward rival claims, and oppose the grant of a charter as an encroachment on their sovereign rights in the Eastern seas, where they have practically been allowed during the last half-century to claim a monopoly of territorial possessions. The opportunity of turning this contention to account in party warfare was too inviting to be resisted. So novel an incident as the grant of a charter to a private company for the founding of a new colony under the ægis of the British flag, furnished another charge of adventure and innovation. And accordingly a debate was raised in both Houses of Parliament, and in the Commons pressed to a division. The result, in spite of all hostile comment, left the new company and its charter invested with the sanction of a large majority; while



in the House of Lords there was such a concurrence of approval on both sides, that no division was taken.

So far then as criticism and comments could affect the future of the colony and the company, the opposition encountered must have proved the best advertisement, and an encouragement to the shareholders to prosecute with energy the objects set forth in their charter. These objects are unexceptionable in character, and such as everyone would desire to see carried out to the fullest extent. Taking the preamble of the Treaty of 1847 with the Sultan of Borneo (Bruni)—in which the desire of the Queen is recorded ‘to encourage commerce between her Majesty’s subjects and the subjects of the independent princes of the Eastern seas, and to put an end to piracies which have hitherto obstructed that commerce’—as the starting-point of the negotiations with her Majesty’s Government for a charter, the statement submitted in support of the prayer of the petitioners shows in a few words the development they hope to give to such proposed ends, and the grounds for their anticipation of success.

‘The natural resources of the granted territory are great. It has splendid harbours, and a good climate for the tropics. It contains extensive forests, producing much hard-wood timber, and there are in it, as the undersigned believe, valuable mineral deposits. It will afford new outlets for British trade, new markets (which are much needed) for British manufacturers, and new and rich districts for the cultivation of coffee and tea, and for tropical agriculture generally. There is every prospect of a good commercial return for the British capital employed. Civilisation and order will by degrees be introduced. And the interests of the British Empire will be promoted by the establishment of British occupation in a region offering, by its situation and circumstances, many strategical and other public advantages.’

There is, no doubt, a certain glamour of adventure and romance in the boldness of the first conception of a plan to obtain the peaceable and legal possession of a territory some 20,000 square miles in extent, from two Eastern Sultans claiming a divided authority within its limits. The acquisition of Sarawak, on the western coast of Borneo, by Mr., afterwards Sir James, Brooke, some forty years ago, by purchase and friendly negotiation, is the only parallel example in modern times. Such acquisitions carry us back to half-forgotten treaties in past centuries when the Dutch and English East India Companies were laying the foundations of a great colonial commerce and empire in the Eastern seas; while the Spanish and Portuguese still stretched eager hands over the richest islands of the Indian Archipelago. The voyages of the

earliest navigators, following the newly found track of Vasco da Gama, and the records of such adventures abound in quaint and marvellous incidents as well as deeds only too many of a darker hue.

In North Borneo we have the latest addition to the already overflowing tale of British colonies, and the newest manifestation of that spirit of enterprise which has spread the English race over every quarter of the globe during the last three centuries. The part which colonisation has played in the world's history in all times, ancient and modern, down to the present day, presents a subject of great interest to all students of national development and progress. Among the influences which have exercised a notable sway over the destiny of nations, and determined the rise or fall of states, it would be difficult to fix upon any one of these as having proved more potent and far-reaching. To trace the various forms which colonisation has taken since the first dispersion of the Aryan race from the great beehive and nursery of nations—the plateaux of Central and Northern Asia—and the occupation of Europe some three thousand years ago in successive waves of immigration, which was colonisation in its largest development in ancient history, and terminated in a long interval of barbarism by the submergence of the Roman and Greek civilisation, is in itself a separate study. But the fusion of the old with the new elements of humanity, apparently so confusedly and blindly mixed, led to the commencement of a new era in the Middle Ages, towards the close of the fifteenth century. When modern colonisation commenced, navigators under the Portuguese and Spanish flags, feeling their way across the stormy Atlantic and along the equally unexplored shores of Africa to the Eastern seas, at last opened to the astonished gaze of Europe a new world in the West, and a new way to the old with all the fabled treasures of the East. How stupendous the changes these events caused, and how subversive of the existing relations among European nations the revolution effected, can hardly be rightly appreciated without some reference to the state of Europe when these startling discoveries first burst upon its awakened intelligence.

Phoenicia, Greece, and Rome, each in their turn, established colonies as far west as Great Britain, reflecting the types and forms of the parent state. And when the modern era of colonisation commenced, the same history was repeated. What Venice began in the Adriatic and *Ægean* in the eleventh century, the other European states continued in the wider fields of the Western and Eastern seas in the sixteenth.

The first colonies of ancient history in the Mediterranean consisted mainly of single towns, trading ports, or factories. Such also were all the early attempts at colonisation by Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch on the Malayan coast, at Goa and Calicut, and throughout the Eastern Archipelago. But in ancient times another type was not wanting where a large number of real emigrants founded agricultural colonies, such as were planted in New England and New South Wales in more recent ages. These are both types frequently reproduced by modern nations with slight modifications.

In another and deeper sense, the European colonisation of the Middle Ages following the discoveries of Vasco da Gama and Columbus East and West, was controlled by the Past and its traditions. That great and profound religious conception which had for 1,500 years interpenetrated the whole mind and being of the European race, both its original and the derived form of Christianity, went with the European settlers and colonisers everywhere, to leaven, though not to temper, the greed of the trader and the cruelty of the conqueror. It shaped in some degree the colonising activity of the Portuguese on the coast of Africa, and the Spaniards still more decisively in Mexico and South America. The acquisition of gold and the conversion of the infidel became the two objects never lost sight of by the mail-clad adventurer and the monk, his constant companion. And looking back through the whole history of their joint operations, it is hard to say which wrought the greatest amount of wrong and suffering—the grasping spirit and insatiable greed of the mailed hand, or the ruthless and intolerant fanaticism of the Dominican and his confraternity wearing the cowl.

The native races were everywhere displaced, reduced to slavery, or exterminated. Whether designedly or otherwise, it is certain that the natives and aborigines have always disappeared before the advance of the European. If there be any exception, it is in Africa, where the immense population of the central continent, at the back of all the European settlements along the coast, and the colonies of the south, seems to have successfully withstood the decimating advance of the European element. Even in tropic America, where the African has so long been the slave of the white race, they do not perish out of the land, but, on the contrary, increase and multiply. It is estimated that at the present day there are, in the southern states of North America alone, five millions of Africans who until quite recently were slaves. It is probable that in the end, if not now, Europeans of all

nationalities will learn that to utilise the vast possessions appropriated by the strong hand in past ages, and reap from them the riches and harvest they are capable of yielding, the aid of the native and his labour are essential. Europeans, in effect, can contribute nothing but capital, enterprise, and intellect; but the motive power of labour, to render these fruitful, cannot come from Europe, and must be supplied either by the natives or by the vigorous African and Chinese races. Africa and Asia must thus supply a very material part of the means by which European colonisation can alone prosper in tropic regions, and their population can hardly be held, therefore, to play any unimportant part in the whole field of colonisation. Soon after the same greed and lust of dominion which precipitated the nations of Europe westward and eastward, led them to enslave or exterminate for their own immediate advantage the native races, the want of labour was urgently felt. An exclusive commercial system established after the manner of the Carthaginians, by which they sought to monopolise the whole benefit of their possessions, was equally a mistake in the interest of those who adopted it. By neither system separately, and still less by a combination of both, could they secure this object. On the contrary, it is now, however tardily, generally acknowledged that the whole policy was as radically wrong in regard to their own interests, as it was undoubtedly vicious in respect to others. Spain was the first to adopt the exclusive system, and to shut out all the nations from the trade of their American possessions, in the belief that in that way the nation would make the most of what it had acquired so easily; and all other European states were only too ready to follow in the same lines. If England was the last, she not the less, after the time of Cromwell, adopted the same false system, with slave labour to cultivate the land, and the exclusion of all rival trade in her colonial produce. But the ideas which every European swarm from the native hive carried with it, were strictly those of their native land, and, at that time, of Mediæval Europe. So it was undoubtedly in regard to the trade in gold and slaves begun under the Portuguese on the Guinea coast. The traffic with Africa, and subsequently on the Eastern seas, was, like that of the Moors in the Mediterranean, half piracy and half commerce; and ships and commerce were often farmed out by the kings of Portugal to needy adventurers. It is recorded that the king conferred on Fernan Gomez, who acquired great wealth south of Sierra Leone by traffic in gold dust and negroes, the appropriate coat of arms, 'Argent, three ne-

‘groes’ heads collared or, and with rings in their noses and ‘ears.’

Nevertheless, these tidal waves of colonisation West and East, and more especially perhaps over the vast continents of North and South America, were destined to work great changes upon European ideas. The social balance of power in old kingdoms was displaced by colonial wealth. The feudal system was undermined, and revolutions in national finance speedily followed. In the words of Mr. Payne \*—

‘We see a mediæval military order turning West Indian planters; religious bodies founding American states; the European world leaving off fighting for religion and fighting for sugar hogsheads instead; the outcasts of the Batavian marshes suddenly becoming the first nation in Europe, and the Hague the centre of the world’s diplomacy; the humble trade guild grown into the rich and powerful commercial company, speedily transformed into a sovereign power holding in its hands the welfare of millions.’

It is even suggested that we may yet see ‘a revolution of ‘races—the despised negro expelling his master from the ‘fairest regions of the earth, which he has been forced thither ‘to cultivate like a beast of labour, and asserting for himself a ‘place among civilised nations; and even the American Indian ‘rising up at last to shake off the tyranny of the priest and ‘the Government official.’ This, however, is not of the past, but of the future, and we must hope that if retributive justice should ever take this form it may at least be very remote in its advent.

Whatever lures the discovery of the New World, and two vast continents in the West, may have held out to European enterprise, it was still to the East, with its fame of inexhaustible riches, that all eyes were turned at the end of the fifteenth century after Vasco’s successful voyage to India. ‘The ‘wealth of India’ had been from the earliest periods of the world’s history a popular tradition and a dream of the future. Long anterior to the time when Solomon drew his gold and ivory and merchandise from Ophir, with its uncertain localisation, and all the fabled treasures which dazzled the eyes of a Queen of Sheba, the popular imagination revelled in dreams of Eastern lands teeming with gold and precious stones for those who could gain access to the far-distant shores. The pearls and the rubies, the spices and incense, were only typical of all this inexhaustible mine of the most coveted of earth’s gifts. All these were apparently brought within measurable dis-

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\* *European Colonies*, by E. J. Payne. Macmillan & Co.

tance by the direct sea route opened to Europe. Merchants, navigators, and adventurers of many nations eagerly followed on the track of the Portuguese.

Although the English were the first to follow the Spaniards to the New World, John Cabot having sailed from England in command of two of Henry VII.'s ships in 1496, and discovered the islands of St. John and Newfoundland and all the coast from Labrador to Virginia, we were not so prompt in this second race in the world's sweepstakes. Sir Francis Drake was the first Englishman to sail to the Indian Archipelago (in 1577-1580), and the success of the voyage should have turned the attention of his countrymen strongly to the East, where Portuguese and Dutch and French had already made great progress. Spain, possessed of the only existing ports on the Pacific coast, sought somewhat tardily also to get a footing in the real Indies they had been in search of under Columbus. But it was not until 1519 that they took into their service Magalhaens, an able and intrepid navigator, who discovered the straits at the south of the new continent now known by his name, and on his way eastward discovered the Philippine islands, where he was hospitably received; but being strongly tinctured with the indiscreet religious zeal, the vice of his age and country, he planted a cross, and sprinkling a little water on the king and his family, he thought to establish the Christian religion, and this led to a fight in which he lost his life. This discovery gave rise to a conflict of claims between Portugal and Spain, in reference to the Pope's bull of 1493.\* In parcelling out a new world to the west, the Pope had apparently overlooked the geographical fact that on the other side of the circular earth a boundary might equally need defining between rival claimants. Ultimately Spain was confirmed in possession, while the Portuguese retained the Moluccas. From this vantage-ground the Spanish might have seriously injured the trade of Portugal with Eastern Asia; but Spain, pursuing its narrow policy of commercial

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\* 'Alexander VI. having divided the conquests of the New World between the Kings of Castile and Portugal, they agreed to make the division by means of a line which the cosmographers drew across the world, in order that the one towards the West and the other towards the East might follow out their discoveries and settle peacefully whatever each might win within his demarcation. This was a line drawn from the North to the South at a distance of 100 leagues west of the 'Acores and Cape Verde islands.' See Volume issued by the Hakluyt Society, 'The Philippine Islands,' translated from Antonio de Morga.

restriction, confined the trade of the Philippines to Mexico, and so lost her chance, and the Portuguese were not seriously molested by this first rival. They had rapidly become lords of the chief ports along the whole coast of Africa east and west as high as Zanzibar, and of the principal ports of India, even pushing their way under Albuquerque into the Persian Gulf, while they contemplated making themselves masters of the Red Sea also. They had settlements in Ceylon, Malacca, Macao, in China, and other parts of the Eastern Archipelago. The whole trade of the East for nearly a century went through the Portuguese from Goa, one of the best harbours in the world, to Lisbon. But colonisation in the modern sense was not thought of or desired. The emigrants from Portugal to the Brazils had half depopulated their native land, tempted there by a tropic country of unlimited extent, where wealth could be gained in a few years by enforced labour in raising tropic produce for which there was a ready market. Nothing would have been less attractive to the mailed hidalgos of Portugal or their vassals, as an occupation, than to drive the plough even in a temperate climate. So, following the natural bent of their habits and disposition, they made no effort to plant colonies on the coast of Africa and India, or the Eastern Archipelago, but only to secure ports and an existing trade in the East, the richest in the world. They took this, and were content. Territory to them was not an object of desire, and only an incumbrance to any extent beyond the vantage-ground required for a military or a trading station. In such a territory as Brazil alone, where the valuable produce could only be obtained by culture and plantations, and in the spice islands of the East, did they extend their operations into the interior.

In the meantime, the greatest revolution which perhaps the world has seen had taken place in the sudden transfer of a vast commerce, the growth of many centuries, from one route to another, and the consequent ruin of States and populations on the old line of traffic. Venice had grown rich and powerful during four centuries by its lion's share of the richest and most important trade at that time in existence. Through her colonies of Cyprus, Crete, Eubœa, and possessions in the Morea, and her relations with Egypt, Aleppo, and Asia Minor, all the produce of the East paid toll and tribute to her. Nor was Venice alone affected. Egypt lost a large share of its revenues, and a great loss fell upon the Italian republics and the free cities of Germany, which had also grown rich by their share in the distribution through Central Europe of the rich merchandise from the East. Augsburg and Nurem-

berg rapidly decayed, and became half deserted. The Doge of Venice and the Sultan of Egypt were too great sufferers to accept this sudden ebb of the tide of commerce with resignation; and they combined to raise a fleet and attack the Portuguese in the Indian seas; when the conquest of Egypt by the Turks put a stop to all operations in this direction. Not, however, before Albuquerque, foreseeing a great danger, had conceived the idea of destroying the port of Suez; and, failing in that, by their African vassals and other allies of Portugal, of turning the Nile into the Red Sea, and laying Egypt desert. Where the Portuguese would have turned the course of the Nile, and made its fertile valley a waste, another European combination has since made the Suez Canal, to unite the two seas, and to roll back the great tide of commerce in tenfold volume by the most direct route between India and Europe through Egypt once more, but under very different conditions of tribute and extortion. Such are some of the great and enduring transmutations of power and displacements of the commerce of the world, which supplies not only the material resources of wealth to States, but the life-blood of nations in the activity, industry, and enterprise which only commerce seems able constantly to stimulate and maintain in vigour. Wherever commerce fails or decays, the vitality and strength of the nation seem to suffer a corresponding depression. And as it was in ancient times in the Mediterranean and on all its shores, so now in these modern days colonisation and commerce have kept each other company with mutual advantage.

How far, under abler statesmen at home and such energetic and bold administrators as Vasco, Albuquerque, and Almeida, Portugal, the smallest of European states, might have succeeded in preserving the command of the vast and rich heritage of trade and colonial possessions bequeathed by Vasco and his first successors, it is vain to surmise. The probability is that under any circumstances she must, within another century, have been compelled to share her possessions and abandon a monopoly of the trade she sought to retain against all rivals in the same field. But an event happened of no apparent magnitude, which, nevertheless, changed disastrously the whole course of her history. King Sebastian fell in an expedition against the Moors in 1578, and Philip II. of Spain, taking advantage of the situation, declared the succession at an end, and claimed Portugal as a fief of Spain. For sixty years Portugal, with all its colonies and possessions, remained a dependency of Spain, and became a prey to all the enemies the



policy of Philip created ; and her ships and commerce were exposed to plunder and eventual ruin. But as the Portuguese sun set in the East, a new power sprang into existence in Holland. The intolerant bigotry and tyranny of Philip of Spain drove the merchants of Antwerp away, and they flocked to Holland. The Dutch soon appeared on the Indian seas to reap the lapsed inheritance of the Portuguese. The first venture of the Dutch would seem to have been due to a fortuitous incident, curiously originating in the Portuguese administration, and directly leading to the earliest success of their rival. A Dutch captain in the Portuguese service, Hautman, having been taken by the Moors, and the Portuguese Government refusing to ransom him, he applied for help to some merchants of Amsterdam, offering to pay his ransom by showing them the way to the East. It was in consequence of this that four ships were fitted out by Hautman's friends, and freighted with their goods. The voyage proved so successful that it was repeated, and soon a permanent settlement on the rich island of Java followed, and another at Sumatra. From this beginning the Dutch, profiting by the weakened power and the corruption and arrogance which had made of the Portuguese enemies among the natives, soon became masters of the chief portion of the Eastern trade, and many of the Portuguese possessions. Companies for mercantile adventure were largely and successfully employed to absorb the whole traffic. And in 1602 the States-General, consolidating their companies, created the 'Netherland and East India Company.' This, we are told, was 'the turning point in the commerce of Europe, for it was the first great joint-stock company whose shares were bought and sold from hand to hand. It prospered exceedingly, for it soon paid a dividend of sixty per cent.' And it is further curious to trace how the implacable hostility of Philip of Spain 'stimulated the progress of Dutch navigation, and drove the Dutch more and more into the Eastern trade' for the sinews of war and the means of resistance, thus completing the ruin of the Portuguese, who were driven from all their positions in the Eastern seas one by one with great rapidity. There is a fact connected with the restrictions on trade in this region applicable in its bearing alike to the Portuguese and the Dutch. With the latter their main object was to engross the trade of the Moluccas, and, being a mercantile company invested with a monopoly by their charter, they fixed themselves wherever the best soil for spices was to be found, and destroyed all the spice trees elsewhere, in order to keep their rivals out of the field,

and also to enhance the price of their own produce. Thus they cultivated the clove in Amboyna, and the nutmeg in the Banda islands, looking narrowly, not to say greedily, for large commercial returns. But another fact worthy of notice was the almost exclusive importance the Portuguese first, and the Dutch after them, attached to the spice trade. The annual profits of the King of Portugal from this source alone were estimated in 1529 at a sum of 200,000 ducats. It is reported that 'the most profitable of all the Eastern trades was that in 'the spice of the Moluccas, especially in nutmegs and mace, 'the taste for which had rapidly spread in the Middle Ages 'from India and Persia throughout Europe.' It was this spice trade more than any other which was the great prize for which the Dutch did battle, and in the end drove the Portuguese out of the field. It is curious to trace the vast influence which the rich spiceries of the East exercised over the history of Eastern colonisation and the efforts of European Powers. 'The Philip-  
'pines were discovered by the ill-fated Magellan in the course  
'of the first circumnavigation of the globe in the year 1521,  
'ten years after the conquest of Malacca by the Portuguese.  
'It was the *search for spices* which led to the accomplishment  
'of the circumnavigation of the globe, and the discovery of the  
'Magellan straits and the Philippines, as well as the more  
'splendid achievements of Columbus and Vasco—all of them  
'the most striking events in the history of mankind.'\*

The English were somewhat slow to follow the footsteps of the Dutch. It would almost seem as if a purely accidental circumstance, as in the case of the Dutch, was needed to rouse public attention to the importance and value of the trade as a source of national wealth and activity. We are told that 'the growth of that mighty system of trade which has since  
'transformed the face of the world was slow, and it met but  
'little encouragement at home.' Henry VIII. seemed more eager about his mimic tournaments and masques, not excluding his succession of wives and his quarrel with Rome and the religious Reformation, than the vigorous development of trade. Even after the accession of Elizabeth and the defeat of the Armada had opened the maritime road to India, it was not until the wreck of a great Portuguese Indiaman on our coast, called the 'Mother of God,' of 1,600 tons burden—which on being towed into Dartmouth was found to contain a cargo worth 150,000*l.*—that it was seriously contemplated to compete with the Dutch and begin an Eastern trade of our own, instead

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\* Crawford's 'Indian Archipelago,' Article 'Spanish History.'

of trusting for the supply of Indian produce, as in olden times, to an annual ship from Venice! But at last the merchants of London, and Bristol, and Plymouth, and other trading ports began to compete in earnest with Holland for the commerce already slipping fast from the unnerved grasp of the Portuguese under the baneful rule of Spain. Together they still retained possession of the most advantageous positions. Nothing daunted, however, the 'East India Company' was formed, and on the last day of the sixteenth century a Royal Charter was granted. On December 31, 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a Charter 'to George, Earl of Cumberland, and 215 knights, 'aldermen, and merchants, that at their own cost and charges 'they might set forth one or more voyages to the East Indies, 'to be one body politic and corporate by the name of the 'Governour and Company of Merchants of London trading 'into the East Indies.' In a recent article of this Journal, entitled 'Records of Early English Adventure,'\* we related at some length the early operations of this great Company, the voyage of Lancaster, and the establishment of British factories at Acheen and Bantam. We shall therefore not repeat these details, but they prove at how early a period, and with what success, British enterprise had extended to the Eastern Archipelago.

The subsequent history of English progress in India and the East may be summed up as the struggle of the British East India Company against the Dutch and other enemies, native and European—the Portuguese and the Dutch principally on the sea, and the French on land—until a final struggle between England and France ended in our undisputed supremacy. The Portuguese and Spaniards had by that time fallen out of the race, while the Dutch had rested content with some of the finest islands in the Eastern seas. The French alone had remained on the continent of India, and it soon became apparent that there was not room for both England and France side by side. In the old as in the new world this battle had to be fought, and France ultimately retired before the advance of her rival in each. By the treaty of 1763 the French bound themselves to maintain no more troops in India, and by the same definitive treaty between England, France, and Spain, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Grenada, and the other Leeward islands of the West Indies and North America from Florida to Labrador, were ceded to England. In 1768 the Spanish capital of the Philippines was

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\* 'Edinburgh Review,' October 1880. No. 312, p. 391.

taken by Draper and held to ransom ; and in the later French wars of Napoleon, the Dutch colonies of Java and the Cape of Good Hope were taken possession of by us to preserve them from the French, though the former was voluntarily restored after the general peace of 1814. The supremacy of England in India and throughout the Eastern seas, after these conquests and treaties, ceased to be seriously questioned, and is not now open to dispute. This may be considered the close of the chapter in all that relates to the European colonisation in the East. Our part in the great work had a tardy commencement. We were, indeed, the last of all the competitors, and had only very small ventures in the beginning. They began with the despatch of five ships laden with merchandise, under Captain Lancaster, in 1601. One cannot help a feeling of regret that Elizabeth, who made the grant of a charter to the first East India Company, destined to found a great empire from such small beginnings, did not live to see even the earliest result, when Lancaster, after 'visiting Sumatra and Java, 'established factories there and returned with freights of great 'value.'

Passing in review all the more prominent events of these four centuries of European colonisation, one remarkable fact stands out distinct through all the transmutations of the period, and that is the influence of individual effort and character in creating the opportunities and shaping the results. To Prince Henry of Portugal we owe both Columbus and Vasco da Gama, who by their contemporaneous efforts opened a way to a new world in both hemispheres. We are told by Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great navigator, that his father, while in the Portuguese service, first conceived and matured his idea of penetrating to the East by sailing across the Atlantic. To these three men is due the long cycle of colonisation, which not only revolutionised commerce but the world itself as it was known at any anterior period. It is difficult to fix the limits of the influence exercised by these events on Europe, and the races with which European nations were brought in contact.

The mercantile enterprises again which effected such great results were for the most part the work of individuals, either acting singly or associated in mercantile companies. The Governments of Europe had very little to say in the matter. In Portugal and Spain the sovereigns associated themselves in some degree with the earliest discoveries, but subsequently only deadened the spirit of national and individual enterprise by granting feudal fiefs and exclusive privileges over large tracts

to courtiers and priests. The Governments of Holland and England each set their seal of approbation on the most active of the mercantile companies by the grant of charters; but did little more, until revenues and great colonies had been created by their subjects. Commerce and capital thus became the great factors in promoting, by means of colonisation, the freedom of trade, and the abolition of all feudalism and restrictive legislation.

It would be easy of course to show that outside the range of men of action—the commanders of armies and fleets, monarchs and statesmen wielding the power of a state and determining its policy—the same power of individuality has been the chief factor in determining the destiny of nations throughout the course of history. Three names stand out in luminous characters and so prominently as to occur to all minds in illustration—Confucius, Gautama, and Mahomet. The first two lived and died some 500 years B.C., and yet the systems of thought and governing influences they originated have endured to this day, and determined the motives and actions of more millions of the human race, through a long succession of ages, than any monarch or general, kaiser or autocrat—more even than any other creed or philosophy the world has known. So also in the more purely intellectual sphere of science, abstract and applied, how enduring and commanding has been the influence of individual thinkers and inventors! How much do we owe to Galileo and Newton, and how much to Watt and Wheatstone in more modern times! All the conditions of life and international intercourse have been profoundly affected by the steam-engine and the telegraph, while the telephone and the electric light promise still further to modify the ordinary relations of social existence. These are creations of individual minds which make epochs in the history of the world, and leave an impress of personality in each succeeding era. The whole aspect and progress of human affairs have been changed on many occasions by the labours or the genius of one man, out of the millions of contemporary men and women who leave no mark or ‘footprints on the sands of Time.’

The history of colonisation impresses us with the influence of navigation and commerce, not only in determining a commercial policy for this country, but in the rise and fall of States. Three of the smallest States in territory and population became within a century great maritime powers; and two of these, Holland and Great Britain, successfully asserted the freedom of the seas against the rest of the world, and checked and foiled the designs of Spain and France, the two

greatest. Venice lost her commerce, and with it her wealth and power. The new colonies were no doubt great sources of wealth; yet not so much directly, as in the case of Spain, by the gold and silver extracted from the mines by the enforced labour of natives and imported negroes, as by the encouragement of navigation and commerce and individual enterprise in a freer atmosphere. These were the true sources of national wealth and power, and the only enduring ones.

This admixture of the spirit of adventure and mercantile enterprise seems to have been a marked characteristic of the descendants of the Vikings. Danes, Angles, and Normans mingled in successive generations the Scandinavian blood with something of the Berserker temperament, and constituted a mixed race with many of their strongest traits dominant in the British strain of the blood of the Norsemen. Prince Henry of Portugal, 'the navigator' and founder of the school of trained naval explorers, inherited this spirit. As grandson of our Edward III., and the son of Philippa, a daughter of John of Gaunt, he was by birth a descendant of the race. From such a stock, and with an island realm, it is not wonderful that we should have colonies scattered far and wide over the four seas, and in number and importance unequalled by any other European power. We have not yet as a nation, whatever Ministry may be in power, lost heart 'through craven fears of being great.' And although the present Government has shown a disposition in debate to minimise the value and scope of the charter they have had the wisdom and the courage to grant, it is a matter of congratulation that their acts are better than their words, and the result of the debates in both Houses sufficiently shows that the first, and not the last, truly interpreted public opinion on the policy adopted. If it be our boast that our language and race are more widely spread than any other, it is a legitimate subject of pride, for it has been the guerdon of those qualities which win command and keep it.

It has been truly said that 'no race is more adventurous than the English, none has spread itself more widely over the waste parts of the earth, and in none is the wandering impulse so deep-seated and so common.' Even so late as a hundred years ago room was still left for the discovery of lands unheard of before; but after Cook's last voyage, begun in 1775, this could no longer be said. During the ten years immediately preceding, he made those discoveries in the Southern Pacific Ocean with which his name ought always to be associated

when we think of the great and flourishing colonies of Australasia, New Zealand, and Tasmania.

Dr. Arnold declared that 'a good colonist is a real benefactor of mankind.' And for this reason we should temper our judgment of the rough-and-ready spirit in which our merchant venturers, at their own risk and peril in pursuit of fortune, laid the foundations of a colonial empire and a mercantile pre-eminence—in competition and rivalry with the rest of the world, and in despite of the open hostility of Portugal, Spain, Holland, and France. Merchants and traders of the city of London, both before and since the days of Sir Thomas Gresham, could ill have been restrained from penetrating to the Eastern seas and the 'far Cathay,' even had such been the policy of their rulers. But it has never been England's policy, nor is it likely to be so in these later days, when though we have waxed rich and fat, and are more careful to keep what we have than to extend our liabilities or ventures, we still have in us—in the spirit of the nation at large, that is—a scorn for timid counsels, and distrust for the whole school of politicians, who think that either nations or individuals can remain stationary, and be safe in looking serenely on while all around is moving and changing !

It will have been seen, however, in this rapid review of the European colonies in the Eastern seas, that great as the gain has been to the parent States, and to none in such large proportion or so permanently as to Great Britain, the work has been chiefly that of the East India Company and individual merchants and navigators. The Government in the earlier period, as has been shown, did little beyond the grant of a charter with certain exclusive privileges; the rest was left to the 'Company trading to the East Indies,' to work out, as they best could, by their own unaided resources. And fortunately so, we may fairly conclude, looking to the adverse fate of all the Government-controlled undertakings of Portugal, Spain, France, and even of Holland, which prospered more and lasted longer in their prosperity than any of the rest, in the proportion that the freedom of their merchants prevailed. Spain has only retained the Philippines in the East and Cuba in the West Indies, which yield annual revenue to the mother country; and the Dutch, Java and Sumatra. The latest accounts of the revenue of the latter, however, is anything but satisfactory. The following account, lately published, shows how costly must have been the Acheen war in which the Dutch are still engaged, and which they seem to be as far as ever from terminating:—

'The finances of the Dutch East Indies are in no better plight than those of Holland itself. The expenditure for the current year is estimated at 12,342,000*l.*; while the revenue is estimated at 11,575,000*l.*, showing an estimated deficit of 767,000*l.* But the correctness of this estimate is challenged, it being believed that the deficit will be much greater. For example, last year the deficit was estimated at less than 200,000*l.*; but when introducing the budget for the current year the Minister had to admit that last year's deficit would probably amount to a million sterling. It is likely, therefore, that the deficit this year will exceed the estimate. For the six years ending with the current year the Minister stated that in round numbers the deficit would amount to nearly two-and-a-half millions sterling; the deficit last year, as already stated, being about a million, and the estimated deficit for the current year about three-quarters of a million.'

England has never sought to make its colonies a source of profit in the shape of revenue, but has not unfrequently had heavy charges to bear for their maintenance and defence in wars often no better than the Acheen business of the Dutch. To raise a surplus revenue for our own use has not been our policy at any time, even in our conflict with the colonies in North America, which commenced in a question of contributory taxation for their own protection, and led to their secession and independence. They are profitable no doubt in many other ways, and materially help to make us the greatest of the maritime powers, with the largest commerce in the world; and with this we may well be content.

The Eastern Archipelago, of which Borneo forms the centre, corresponds in many respects with the rich and fertile cluster of islands constituting the West Indies in the opposite hemisphere. Both abound in sources of wealth, and only require cultivation under an equitable and civilised government. Nominally the whole range from Sumatra to New Guinea, and extending over some forty degrees of longitude, has been claimed alternately by Portugal, Spain, and Holland, and a remnant of this contention has recently brought up many half-forgotten transactions and treaties on which such pleas rested a hundred years ago for justification. The correspondence now published in the two 'Blue Books' very effectually disposes of all these as a bar to the North Borneo charter, and shows that if any right of pre-emption existed, that right was vested in England, and not in Spain or Holland.

The contention raised by Holland is quite distinct from that of Spain, although the object of both was to establish prior rights of suzerainty or pre-emption in regard to the occupation of North Borneo. In reference to the Spanish claims founded upon alleged treaties with the Sultan of Sulu, and cessions



under them of suzerain rights over the eastern coast of Borneo, Earl Granville in his despatch of December 7, 1881, while repudiating, as his predecessors in office had done, any right on the part of Spain to sovereignty over the dominions of the Sultan of Sulu, summarily disposes of the question by a declaration that 'the Spanish claims might be described as paper claims, inasmuch as they had never been acted upon, and the Spanish Government had on more than one occasion declared that it was not their intention to do so.' This was in answer to the Spanish Minister's request that the authorisation to the company granted by the charter might be cancelled; and it was final. If mere 'paper claims' could be sustained, England could have shown a better title by virtue of long antecedent treaties with the Sultan of Sulu. When in 1762 we captured Manila and virtually the Philippines, we found the then Sultan of Sulu in prison. We released and reseatd him on the throne, on a clear understanding that the whole of the territory in North Borneo, together with the south of Palawan and the intermediate islands, should be transferred to the East India Company; and a treaty to that effect was signed the year following. Other treaties were entered into in 1761 and 1769; but, as Lord Derby when he was Foreign Minister freely admitted, they must be considered as having lapsed for want of *de facto* occupation. Precisely the same argument applies to the Spanish treaty of 1836 on which their recent claims mainly rested. The right of the Spanish Government to exercise jurisdiction in the Sulu Archipelago and to the detriment of foreign trade by instituting a blockade, was indeed so late as 1877 formally protested against, and effectually resisted by the German and British Governments combined; and a protocol was in consequence signed, the result of which was to restrain the Spanish authorities from any interference with free trade throughout the Sulu Archipelago.

The contention of the Dutch was quite as untenable, and ended in the same way. It rested on the interpretation of a treaty of 1824 between Holland and England, designed to settle all differences arising out of our occupation of the Dutch possessions during the wars under Napoleonic rule, and 'to effect a division and final demarcation of territories in the Malayan waters.' By this treaty it was agreed that 'no British establishment shall be made on the Carimon islands or on the islands of Battam, Bintang, Lingen, or any of the other islands south of the Straits of Singapore.' Upon this shadowy foundation the Dutch wished to assert a right to ex-

clude us from Borneo. The answer was simple and conclusive, that Borneo is not one of the islands south of the Straits of Singapore, but lies some 350 miles to the east, and that the portion of the island in question is to the north of the equator. Failing in this, the exclusion of the British was put forward as a right conferred by the principle from which the treaty started, that it would be desirable to avoid any mixed possession of one and the same island in the Indian Archipelago, warned probably by the disastrous experience of Amboyna of the danger of a mixed occupation. But any right founded on this plea had already been discussed and disposed of in an adverse sense when Sir James Brooke first occupied Sarawak under a cession from the Sultan. And even in Holland public opinion did not support this view with any unanimity. These two grounds of contention dismissed, there only remains a question of disputed delimitation or boundary with the Dutch, who have asserted the existence of grants of territory in 'the southern half' of the island, overlapping the portion ceded to the North Borneo Company. An official map and decree of the Dutch Government, dated 1846, defines the limits of the territories of Sulu over which they claimed no political jurisdiction—as 'having for boundaries the rivers Kumanis on the west and Atas on the east;' though they now seek to assert rights over territory some three degrees further north. This, however, will have to be discussed and settled between the British and Dutch Governments; and of course the latter will be required to show on what grounds this advance or boundary can be maintained, as accruing since their own declaration in 1846, and again in 1857 by maps published under authority. No doubt such a question as this can be easily and satisfactorily settled in the spirit already shown between two friendly powers such as Holland and Great Britain, the interests involved being avowedly, as far as the former is concerned, more nominal than real.

As matters stand at present, Borneo is practically divided into four separate governments. The whole southern portion of the island, as far west as the frontier of Sarawak; and on the east coast, according to the resolution of the Governor-General of Java in council, passed in 1846, the river Atas in three degrees north latitude is their boundary on the east. The remainder is divided between the state of Sarawak and the Sultan of Brunei on the west coast; and the territory of the North Borneo Company, which embraces the whole northern section of the island.

This newly conceded territory, now placed under the protec-

tion of the British flag by the Royal charter, has been well described in a despatch, dated January 1878, of the 'Blue Book,' and addressed to the Foreign Office, from Mr. Treacher, then acting Consul-General for Borneo. He says :—

'This portion of Borneo at the present time, from want of a settled government, is very sparsely inhabited, and for the most part still clothed with jungle, much of which, however, would become valuable as timber for exportation; but the soil in many places, notably up the Kinabatangan River, is known to be of excellent quality, and well adapted for tropical produce, while everything—reports of natives and the character of the country, &c.—is in favour of the existence of valuable mineral resources, and the trade in birds' nests, rattans, camphor, seed pearls, has been ascertained to be valuable, and only to require development. Such being the case, and a settled government being established, in no long time Chinese and others would flock into the country; and if the British Government gave its moral support, there need be no fear of any great difficulty in dealing with the natives, who, from the operations undertaken by her Majesty's naval forces in the time of Sir James Brooke, have been taught the power of the Europeans. So that the way is in a measure prepared for a company undertaking the development and the civilisation of the country.'

In a report presented by J. Hunt, Esq., to Sir Stamford Raffles in 1812, the following paragraph speaks in a still more sanguine spirit of a future for Borneo, which, though seventy years later, there seems a possibility now of accomplishing :—

'Should so fortunate an occurrence ever fall to the lot of Borneo—should a strong and a wise government ever be established on her shores; a government that will religiously respect property, and secure to industry the fruits of her labour; that will, by a wise system of laws, protect the peaceable, and punish the violator of the laws of a well-organised society; that will direct their industry to useful purposes, and check their propensities to violence and plunder—such a government, in a short series of years, would behold, as if by magic, a paradise burst from her wilds, see cultivation smile upon her jungles, and hail a vast and increasing population, blessing the hand that awoke them to life, to happiness, and to prosperity. That so felicitous a change is not the mere reverie of a glowing imagination, or the sheer effusion of benevolence alone, is easily demonstrable.'

With this territory, estimated at some 20,000 square miles in extent, sparsely populated, and almost wholly uncultivated, the new company has now to deal. An area larger than that of Ceylon, and rather less than Ireland, with great natural capacities—500 miles of coast, and several capacious and excellent harbours, with numerous navigable rivers—a range of mountains from 5,000 to 8,000 feet in height, with a lofty peak rising 13,700 feet above the sea, as picturesque in form as the

sacred mountain of Fusi-yama in Japan, and equally an object of superstitious reverence to the natives—there ought to be the making of a flourishing colony of great future importance in a national point of view, strategic and commercial.

Such undoubtedly was the conclusion to which her Majesty's Government came after long deliberation and three years of diplomatic correspondence with Spain and Holland, when they determined to recommend the grant of a Royal charter. Indeed Lord Granville with a frankness, both as to motives and objects, not always found in diplomatic documents, in a despatch to Mr. Morier, our minister at Madrid, under date January 7, 1882, so informs him in a review of the whole correspondence, and in answer to the protest of the Spanish Government against the issue of the charter. Nothing can be more explicit or less equivocal than the following:—

‘The Protocol of Madrid, which secured foreign trade from further molestation in the Sulu Archipelago, does not extend to the mainland of Borneo. The territorial limits of the sovereignty formerly claimed by Spain in the Sulu Archipelago are clearly defined in the treaty between Spain and Sulu in 1836, wherein they are declared to extend “from the western point of Mindanao to Borneo and Palawan, with the exception of Sandukan and the other countries tributary to the Sultan on the continent of Borneo.”

‘North Borneo lies in the fair way of an immense British maritime trade between China, Australia, India, and the United Kingdom. Its occupation by a foreign power would be a source of disquietude to this country, and for that reason clauses were inserted in the British treaties of 1847 and 1849 with the Sultans of Sulu and Brunei, under which they respectively engaged not to make any cession of territory to any other nation than Great Britain without the consent of her Majesty's Government.’

This able and exhaustive despatch concludes with a summary of the British Government's appreciation of the general features of the undertaking in these words:—

‘As regards the general features of the undertaking, it is to be observed that the territories granted to the company have been for generations under the government of the Sultans of Sulu and Brunei, with whom Great Britain has had treaties of peace and commerce; and far from any disorders arising out of the occupation of those territories by British subjects, under the concessions of the Sultans, the advent of the company has been welcomed everywhere by the inhabitants. The experience of three years shows that the peaceful and intelligent development of the great natural resources of the country is steadily increasing, and there is every reason to believe that a sound and liberal system of administration will be established by the company, which will spread the benefits of civilisation among the native population, and open up

new and important fields to British trade and enterprise, and to the commerce of all nations.'

It is but fair to say that, both as regards the company and the Government, there has from the beginning been an entire absence of any attempt at concealment or disguise either as to the national importance of the objects sought, or the means to be employed for their attainment. The opening speech of the chairman, Sir Rutherford Alcock, at the first public meeting, held in March 1879, preliminary to the formation of a company, struck the true keynote with no uncertain sound.

'I confess, in taking a larger range than a merely commercial view admits, that it seems to be a matter of very great national importance that this northern part of Borneo should not pass into the hands of any other country, considering the naval supremacy we have in those seas, and that it is on the fair way to so many of our possessions. Remembering, too, that for some 1,400 miles<sup>1</sup> from Singapore to Hong Kong we have not a single port where any fleet of merchant ships could find refuge in case of warfare; and that there might be the greatest possible injury, if not destruction, to our commerce and to our mercantile navy, from any enemy possessing such a port as there is in Gaya, on the north-west of Borneo, within the territory now conceded. It is a magnificent port, and in these seas there is nothing until you come to Labuan, which, it is very well known, possesses only a coaling station, and affords anchorage for but a few ships. Certain it is, that if we were at war to-morrow, and an enemy had possession of the country and port now under consideration, the first thing we should have to do would be to drive them out of it. It is wiser, in my opinion, to take it when it is offered, and, extending the protection of our flag over it, to occupy the ground, than to let others take and fortify it. So that, whether you look at it commercially or politically, I consider this acquisition one of the greatest importance.'

How little Borneo and these islands in the Sulu Archipelago, with all their tropic fertility and valuable products, have benefited by the exclusive right to their occupation asserted by Spain and Holland, is painfully apparent at the present day; and on looking back to the descriptions given in the early voyages by our own and other navigators, there seems to be no doubt that many possessed an amount of trade and industrial prosperity of which there is now no trace, unless it be in Luzon in the Philippine islands, of which Manila is the capital, and in Java. In the 'New Account of the East Indies,' by Captain Hamilton, who spent his time there from 1688 to 1723, we are told that 'the first Europeans that settled at the Cape were the English in Queen Elizabeth's time, and the 'East India Company early discovered its importance as a

‘half-way port of call on the outward and homeward voyage.’ The Dutch, however, had preceded us in making a settlement and enforcing an exclusive policy. Sumatra he describes as the ‘largest island in the world, and Acheen, its port, as a noted port for trade with all the neighbouring countries, including India, China, and neighbouring islands in the great Archipelago as far as Japan,’ until in 1675 the Dutch obtained possession. What between the Dutch, the French, and the pirates, however, our Captain found trading in these seas a perilous undertaking. Again, Captain Daniel Blackman in 1714, relating his voyage to Borneo, alludes to a considerable trade with China, and to ‘the rich natural products of the island—black and white pepper; plenty of birds’ nests, the best in the world, which are sold at 90 or 100 dols. per picul. Their *sanguis draconis*, or dragon’s blood, is also the best and finest in the world—it is the juice of a tree whose fruit is as red as a cherry—the best is sold at about 40 dols. per picul.’ He also enumerates ‘Jambe canes, selling for 4 dols. per hundred; rattans; ironstone and very good loadstone; gold of three sorts.’ They have also, he tells us, ‘the best refined camphire in the world; the fine monkey bezoar sold at four and five times its weight in silver.’

Mr. Hatton, in his ‘New Ceylon,’ quotes an official statement made by Mr. J. Hunt to Sir Stamford Raffles in 1812, where he says that

“when the Portuguese first visited Borneo, in 1520, the whole island was in a most flourishing state. The numbers of Chinese that had settled on her shores were immense; the products of their industry, and an extensive commerce with China in junks, gave her land and cities a far different aspect from her dreary appearance at this day, and their princes and courts exhibited a splendour and displayed a magnificence which has long since vanished.” This is borne out by Pigofetta, who spoke of the town of Brunei having 25,000 houses and being “rich and populous.” Later accounts describe the frequent visits of Chinese and Japanese junks to the Bornean ports. In 1809, however, there were not 3,000 houses nor 6,000 Chinese in the place, and up to that time (nor since, I believe) a junk had not for years been seen in Bornean waters. “But,” says Mr. Hunt, “the ports of Borneo have not dwindled away more than Acheen, Johore, Malacca, Bantan, Ternate, &c. All these places likewise cut a splendid figure in the eyes of our first navigators, and have since equally shared a proportionate obscurity.”

Mr. Hunt attributes this decay of commerce and prosperity to the direct action and mistaken policy of

‘the Portuguese first, and subsequently the Dutch, mistress of the Eastern seas, exacted, by treaties and other ways, the Malay produce at

their own rates, and were consequently enabled to undersell the junks in China. But these powers went further; by settling at ports in Borneo, or by their "Guardas de Costas," they compelled the ports of Borneo to send their produce calculated for the China markets to Malacca and Batavia, which at length completely cut up the direct trade by means of the Chinese junks. The Rajahs, finding their revenue reduced, turned their attention from trade and commerce to maritime and piratical enterprise. Agriculture was neglected, and lands hitherto profitably cultivated were allowed to run to jungle and to waste.'

Thus these European powers, by an overgrasping policy for their own exclusive benefit, reduced the island, by a natural process of degradation, to a state of waste, and sent the inhabitants for a living to the resources of piracy. Neglect and want of enterprise seem to have left all these rich territories, in Borneo especially, to go to waste, by the ruin of the commerce they found existing; while both Holland and Spain, though ready enough now to claim rights of suzerainty, have never in fact sought to justify them by the only course which could give any valid title—useful occupation. At this day Holland, claiming as she does all the southern half of Borneo, has never utilised the territory or made any lodgment, except on one or two insignificant points on the coast; the rest is left in a state of primitive barbarism. They warn others off, but take no steps towards utilising it themselves. As to the commercial value and political importance of this new possession in British hands, notwithstanding some adverse opinions elicited in a free discussion both in the press and in Parliament, there has been upon the whole a very general approval of the action of the Government in the grant of a charter, on the grounds stated by Lord Granville in the House of Lords, and by the Prime Minister himself in the Commons. Mr. Hunt remarks in his Report:—

'That the English were not insensible to the value and importance of the once valuable commerce of Borneo may be inferred, not only from the number of the Honourable Company's regular ships annually despatched to her ports prior to the year 1760 (vide Hardy's Shipping Register), but from the efforts they have repeatedly made to establish themselves on her shores. There still exist the remains of a British factory at Borneo Proper. Before the year 1706, they had made two successive attempts to fortify themselves at Benjarmasing; twice they have attempted an establishment on the sickly island of Balambangan (lying north of Borneo, near Maludu); and in 1775 the Honourable Company's ship "Bridgewater" was sent to Pasir with similar views. The failure of these British attempts, as well as the exclusion of all other Powers from the ports of Borneo, may be principally attributed to the sordid desire of the Dutch of monopolising the whole produce of

the Eastern Archipelago, and their rooted jealousy in opposing the establishment of every other Power in the vicinity of Java, or that of the Spice Islands.'

It is curious to observe in this last contention on the part of the Dutch with our Government, how strong this feeling of jealousy and passion for exclusive occupancy in the Eastern Archipelago still rules in the breasts of Dutch statesmen and officials, if not in the nation.

'The English have been very desirous of a port in the China seas for ages past, but have generally appeared to stumble on the most unhealthy and ill-adapted places possible, such as Balambangan, Pulo Condore, &c.; and even the principal object of Lord Macartney's embassy was the obtaining of a cession of this nature. But if a capital harbour, a navigable and majestic river, a productive country, a healthy site, population ready formed, and a commerce all-sufficient to pay the expenses of an establishment (within one hundred miles of Balambangan), is required, the East India Company ought to have pitched upon Borneo Proper. It was once a most flourishing country, and a very short period under British auspices would render it the first mart in the east for China-Malayan commerce.

'The Bay of Maludu, on the north of Borneo, is thirty miles in length, and from four to six in breadth, with numberless rivers flowing into it. There is no danger on the right-hand shore going up, but what is seen; on the larboard shore considerable coral reefs are met with.'

The great harbours which give such importance to North Borneo, in view of our vast commerce in these regions and future eventualities, are Gaya and Ambong on the west coast. Maruda on the northernmost extremity, and the nearest to the great fairway of our trade with China and Japan, is in close proximity to the Palawan passage, nearly midway between Hong Kong and Singapore; and Sandakan on the eastern coast. This latter has been described as the 'finest in the world' by Mr. Hunt; and Gaya Bay, Mr. Hatton writes—

'will bear comparison with any harbour in the China seas. Having one entrance capable of easy defence, and with accessible coal beds, its commanding position gives it special strategical importance. The entire fleet of Great Britain might ride at anchor in its deep and extensive waters. Sandakan, having, like Gaya Bay, an entrance that especially lends itself to easy defence, is a sheet of deep water, fifteen miles long by five miles broad. It has many excellent anchorages that afford perfect shelter in either monsoon for the largest ships. The Admiralty have published a chart of this harbour, and there is no doubt that Sandakan will eventually become the great rendezvous of trade of the Sooloo and New Guinea seas, as well as a place of call for vessels bound to and from Australia.'



And he very justly observes, in continuation:—

'No more remarkable example of the unexplored character of the country can well be mentioned than the fact that one of its finest harbours has only just been discovered. Commander Johnstone, of H.M.S. "Egeria," sent home the first notification of the existence of Kudat, a harbour in Maruda Bay, in August, 1881, and it now appears for the first time on the Admiralty chart. The Governor of the new territory, Mr. Treacher, with Mr. Everett and Mr. Witt, visited it on the 25th of August in the Company's launch "Enterprise," and it has been decided to establish the chief seat of government in Maruda Bay, overlooking the newly-discovered harbour. Any one entering Kudat, says a despatch dated August 29, 1881, cannot fail to be struck with the commodiousness of the harbour, and the eligibility of the site selected for the future town. I am assured that there is '6 of a square mile of deep-water anchorage, that is, with a depth of not under five fathoms at low water. Scarcely any clearing will be required on the proposed town site for some time, and there will therefore be probably less sickness to contend with at first than is usually to be expected on opening a new station.'

Mr. Everett, one of the Company's officers, speaking of harbours, has reported highly in favour of Kudat, observing that a

'harbour on the mainland has many advantages over one on a detached island, since, in addition to the transit trade it attracts, there is that of the country at its back to help to swell its returns of imports and exports. In the case of Kudat this will in all probability be of considerable importance, for Mr. Witt states the country to abound in gutta-percha, indiarubber, ebony, &c., and he seems to have little doubt, from the information he has obtained from natives, that coal exists in Maruda Bay. He also states that there is a large and tractable Dusun population. Sir Stamford Raffles has recorded his opinion to the effect that any settlement by Europeans on an island off Borneo would be a failure, and he recommended Maruda Bay as the best locality for a European settlement. Mr. Everett remarks: "Kudat is so situated that it would inevitably come, in time, to intercept all the trade from Palawan, Balabac, Cagayan Sulu, and Sulu, that now passes westward through the Malawali passage," and he thinks it possible that much of the trade of the Southern Philippines may find its way hither in course of time.'

We can, after these descriptions of the great advantages offered by North Borneo, in soil, climate, products, and harbours of unrivalled extent and security in these seas, better enter into Mr. Hunt's feelings when he remarks, in concluding his report (written in 1812) to Sir Stamford Raffles—hoping evidently that Borneo as well as Java would be retained by the British Government—

'In looking over the map of the world it is a melancholy reflection

to view so large a portion of the habitable globe as all Borneo abandoned to barbarism and desolation; that, with all her productive wealth and advantages of physical situation, her valuable and interesting shores should have been overlooked by all Europeans; that neither the Dutch nor the Portuguese, with centuries of uncontrolled power in these seas, should have shed a ray of civilisation on shores bordering upon their principal settlements; that her ports and rivers, instead of affording a shelter to the extensive commerce of China, should at this enlightened period of the world hold out only terror and dismay to the mariner; and that all that she should have acquired from the deadly vicinage and withering grasp of Dutch power and dominion has been the art of more speedily destroying each other, and rendering themselves obnoxious to the rest of mankind. Now that her destinies are transferred to the enlightened heads and liberal hearts of Englishmen, now that her fortunes are embarked under the administration of a wise and liberal government, we may confidently hope that a happier order of things will, under the blessing of an all-ruling Providence, speedily restore these extensive shores to peace, to plenty, and to commerce; and we ardently trust that another age may not be suffered to pass away without exhibiting something consolatory to the statesman, the philosopher, and the philanthropist.

In confirmation of this estimate of the capabilities and the value of North Borneo as a possession now that it has passed under the protection of the British flag, sufficient time has elapsed for the opinions of the Eastern press to be known; and it is neither uninteresting nor uninformative to learn what the British communities whose business lies in the Eastern seas, think of the scheme and the operations of the new company. The following extracts speak very decisively on the subject. The '*Bombay Gazette*' is of opinion that

'the Royal charter practically makes the company the delegate of England, however nicely the legal responsibility may be defined. We have, therefore, to consider the general policy of the Government in establishing British authority over North Borneo. Lord Granville's defence on this point is, in our opinion, absolutely convincing to every unprejudiced mind. Borneo is, after Australia, if that be considered an island, the largest island in the world. It has vast natural resources, abounds in vegetable and mineral wealth, and, although the climate makes it unfit for European labour, "it has," in the words of Lord Granville, "a population, and may receive other immigrants, who, under the honest and intelligent supervision of Europeans, may produce great results." This fine island, with its undeveloped riches, has been virtually lost to the world, being merely "a subject of jealous observation between England, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese." Politically speaking, three courses were open to the Government. They could annex North Borneo, leave Mr. Dent and his company to make the best of their concession, or "leave the whole country to its inevitable absorption by foreign nations." Lord

Granville, and Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby before him, have consistently maintained that by virtue of the oldest treaties concerning the territories on record—namely, those of the East India Company—England had the first claim to North Borneo should it pass from the hands of native rulers. On strict grounds of legality we had the first refusal, and when we consider the relative importance of European interests our claims were altogether overwhelming. We may safely assume that the military value of North Borneo will never be tested except for purely defensive purposes, and, as no monopolies will be permitted, we are really opening up the magnificent island for the benefit of the world. Wherever our flag has waved and guaranteed security to industry, the arts of peace have flourished. So close at hand as the Persian Gulf we have an example, in the enormous increase in the Gulf trade, of what British influence, imposingly represented by her power, can do for commerce. We have no doubt the beneficial results from North Borneo will justify the enterprise of the promoters and the wisdom of the Government. It is satisfactory to know that diplomatic difficulties have been removed. Germany has approved of England's action from the first, while Holland accepts the question as settled, and Spain has practically done so. It is sincerely gratifying to know that so beneficial and patriotic an undertaking has received the cordial approval of all but a trifling section of the English people; and even the dissidents, we believe, will be convinced by the explanations of the Government.'

And no less favourable testimony is borne by other influential organs of the Indian press. The '*Bombay Chronicle*' of April 9 says:—

'The date of the royal charter for the incorporation of the North Borneo Company we take to be a new era in the history of the progress of civilisation and commerce, and tending to the benefit of the world at large. We say of the world at large, since the island, which is inexhaustible in mineral and vegetable resources, has as yet remained a stranger to the enterprise of the merchant and the man of science, except to a very small extent to which barbarous native potentates or semi-barbarous and foreign interlopers would suffer it to be carried on. In the intimate connexion of Great Britain with the island of Borneo India will find before long a fertile source of enhancing the prosperity of her people, if the latter would awake in time to the new opportunities just created for them. Viewing, therefore, from the standpoint of the interests of Great Britain, her colonies and dependencies, and the nations of the world at large, the action taken by the British Government in the matter of promoting the wishes of the British North Borneo Company must be accepted as a wise and statesmanlike step.'

Another journal, referring to the debates in Parliament, observes that

'the glamour of enterprise and adventure surrounding the North British Borneo Company seems to have fascinated all parties of English politicians. The discussion upon the charter that was raised in the

House of Lords on the 13th of March resulted in universal congratulations, and Lord Carnarvon supported Lord Granville in welcoming the new acquisition to the British Empire. There were, according to Lord Granville, three courses open to Government: either ourselves to annex this vast territory, to leave it to Mr. Dent and the important company which he represented to make the best of their concession, or to leave the whole country to its inevitable absorption by foreign nations. But Mr. Dent was in any case able to act under his concession, and might have got the company incorporated under the Companies Act. Holland had made annexations during the last thirty or forty years, which extended for "2,000 miles in one direction and still "further in another." The Americans had very nearly anticipated us. The Spaniards had put in a claim. It was certainly desirable that North Borneo should be English; and as Mr. Dent was already in possession, it was well "to obtain a negative control over the country "with regard to their general treatment of the natives, and their dealings with foreign powers." For this reason, then, Lord Granville granted the charter which incurred no obligation to give the company military assistance, except that given to all Englishmen engaged in trade in uncivilised countries.'

It is not our intention to occupy either time or space here by any analysis of the various arguments produced in this debate, either for or against the action of the Government in granting a charter. The above extracts furnish no bad summary of the principal points. An attempt was made from the Opposition benches, by Mr. Gorst, the member for Chatham, to give a sensational ground of objection by importing the question of slavery into the debate; while Mr. Richard made a similar effort as to opium, the culture of which was never contemplated; and Mr. Rylands of course aired his usual platform hobby as to the mistake made by the Government in virtually taking over fresh responsibilities by an addition to our colonial possessions, with all the danger of new complications with foreign powers. But none of these speakers seemed to make any impression; and at the division a large majority supported the action taken by the Government. The two main points on which the Opposition relied, it will be seen, was an 'implied sanction to the maintenance of slavery under 'the protection of the British flag;' and a dereliction from the principles laid down when the present party came into office, 'that no fresh responsibility should be voluntarily 'incurred by the people of this country without previous 'application and full discussion of the matter in Parliament.' And it was not a very difficult task for the Ministerialists to defend the Government against both charges. It was sufficient almost to recapitulate the terms of the charter, as these are

correctly stated in the subjoined extract from Mr. Hatton's work, somewhat fancifully entitled 'New Ceylon,' though 'New Borneo' would have been a nearer approximation to fact. It is in effect North Borneo that he writes when he says:—

'The company contemplate the introduction hereafter of the system of farming out (but for purposes of revenue only) the right to sell spirits, opium, or other commodities, under strict regulations and superintendence, in accordance with the practice of the Colonial Governments of Singapore, Hong Kong, and Labuan, and with that of the Government of the territory of Sarawak. They do not seek to secure any general monopoly of trade for themselves to the exclusion of any other party. Interchange of goods and wares of every description between natives and foreigners will be free to all comers alike, subject to customs dues. The natives will be placed on a footing of equality with European and other foreign settlers, as regards treatment in courts of justice. No foreigner, whether European, Chinese, or other, will be allowed to own slaves of any kind. The system of domestic servitude now existing among the tribes of the coast and interior will be discouraged and, as far as possible, abolished by degrees. The natives will be protected in respect of religion and property. Cases affecting their domestic institutions, such as marriage and divorce, will be determined with due regard to their laws and customs.'

In reference more especially to slavery, there is this to be said in addition: The North Borneo Company in their efforts to establish a legitimate trade and industrial occupations among the natives, while they absolutely prohibit all importation or exportation of slaves, and any form of slaveholding by Europeans or aliens, will be taking the most efficacious means of abolishing slavery altogether in their dominion. The prohibition and sudden suppression of slaveholding where it has become an institution founded in custom and sanctioned by legal and religious ordinances, by any process short of war and extermination, could only signally fail, while it would render the peaceable occupation of the territory and the civilisation of its present inhabitants simply impossible. This, and not the abolition of slavery, therefore, would have been the only result of Mr. Gorst's resolution, had better success attended his efforts to carry his amendment. If it is to be a question of compulsion, and the use of superior force, there are many considerations to be taken into account. When slavery has become an institution rooted in the habits of a people, resting on ancient custom and every other sanction known to the race—in the absence of any free domestic service, and the seclusion of the harem, the inferior position of the women who are its inmates, and the prevalence of polygamy and concu-

binage—all inseparably mixed up with the slave system, it cannot possibly be dealt with singly or irrespective of these. How is all this to be suddenly changed by treaties, or any exercise of force from without? It is a change and a reform which must come, if it come at all, from within, however it may be encouraged or aided by external influences. A change in the ideas, opinions, habits, customs, and education of a people, must either precede or accompany such a revolution, and is not to be effected by the decrees even of an Oriental conqueror, unless among people reduced to abject subjection by an irresistible power. The progress of Christianity of course affords the most hopeful instrumentality, by changing the spirit and nature of the people embracing it. But even with this powerful transforming element, how many centuries has it taken to effect this in Christian States? It may be well to bear this in mind in our dealings with Mussulmans, or still more with wholly uncivilised and heathen tribes, with which the Christian and more advanced nations of the world are brought in daily contact by missionary labours and commercial progress.

It is strange, and sad as strange, to contemplate the universality of what would almost seem to be an instinct in man in all ages to make slaves of his prisoners in war and his weaker fellow-creatures. We say an instinct, because, although it is easy to understand that among savages and in barbarous ages the power to enslave—to use, or to turn their captives to profit by selling them—was in effect necessary to save their lives, and so far a humane measure, it is impossible, in later ages, and among civilised and Christian communities, to understand on any principle of Christian law or justice that slavery should be defended and persisted in.

In Borneo the country is much too sparsely populated for the natives to be able to supply the necessary labour under any conditions. It is said, indeed, that there are not more than six to the square mile. Intertribal wars, piracy, head hunters among the Dyaks, and the ravages on the coasts by the neighbouring tribes, have all combined to depopulate the fertile soil and give up a great part of it to the orang-outang. Fortunately those that remain have not shown any of the ferocity which the Rajah Brooke had to contend against when he first settled in Sarawak. Whether such natives as are left can be brought to undertake steady work remains to be seen. The experience of the Dutch in Java and the Spaniards in the Philippines in more recent times is full of encouragement, though less so in Sarawak. But Wallace, speaking of the

Minahassa natives, a Malay race, says: 'Up to a very recent period these people were thorough savages—head hunters like the Dyaks of Borneo—and were said to be sometimes cannibals. The country was a pathless wilderness, with small cultivated patches of rice and vegetables or clumps of fruit trees diversifying the unbroken forest. Strips of bark trees their only dress.' The contrast to this by a few years of careful education by a superior race is very pleasant reading when he tells us that now

'we passed through three villages whose neatness and beauty quite astonished me. The main road along which all the coffee is brought down from the interior, in carts drawn by buffaloes, is always turned aside at the entrance of a village, and thus allows the village street itself to be kept neat and clean. This is bordered by neat hedges, often formed entirely of rose trees which are perpetually in blossom. There is a broad central path and a border of fine turf, which is kept well swept and neatly cut. The houses are all of wood, raised about six feet on substantial posts neatly painted blue, while the walls are white-washed. They all have a verandah enclosed with a neat balustrade, and are generally surrounded by orange trees and flowering shrubs. The surrounding scenery is verdant and picturesque. Coffee plantations of extreme luxuriance, noble palms and tree-ferns, wooded hills and volcanic peaks, everywhere meet the eye. I had heard much of the beauty of this country, but the reality far surpassed my expectations.'

There is much in this cheering picture to encourage the new company to set about civilising and educating the Malay native population in preference to a total dependence on Chinese labour. Chinese coolies must, however, be a necessity in the beginning, and while this civilising process is proceeding. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to know that none of the sad experiences of imported Chinese labour into the West Indies and South America are to be feared under the North Borneo Company. The treatment of the Chinese labourer in the guano islands, Cuba, and other fields to which they have been deported under contracts, has been worse than that of slaves; and in truth it has only been slavery under another name, and has been a disgrace to all concerned—and to our common humanity.

The Borneo group, comprising Borneo proper, the largest of all the islands in the Archipelago—with the exception of a few spots on the coast—remains almost unknown. A great part of its interior has never been explored. If we except Sarawak, acquired in 1842 by Rajah Brooke, on the north-west coast, and Labuan, a small island off that settlement under the British flag, Borneo, with its 300,000 square miles, was until

the last few years not only a *terra incognita*, but a vast territory only partially occupied by any native tribes, and wholly uncultivated, with virgin forests and jungle. It may seem strange at this late date that no European power should have thought it worth its while to occupy so large and fruitful an island in the very centre of the richly endowed Archipelago, and on the great fairway of an immense commerce with China and a rapidly increasing trade with the Australian colonies. It was practically no man's land, and was open to any bid for possession, by treaty or purchase, from Sultans, Maharajahs, and divided tribes—quite incapable of offering even a show of resistance if attacked in force. So it was, however, when the present company first appeared on the scene, and by purchase and treaty in friendly negotiation obtained from the territorial Sultans of Sulu and Brunei all their rights, privileges, and jurisdiction over the whole northern end of the island outside the limits of Sarawak, and above the line in the south claimed by the Dutch up to that period. Besides the valuable jungle and timber produce so abundant over all the Archipelago, Borneo has always enjoyed a certain fame for the abundance of its minerals, including valuable diamond mines. Antimony, tin, copper, and platina have been found in numerous places, and both antimony and coal have been worked in Sarawak, although the latter has never proved a profitable investment from various causes.

It is in these clustered and scattered islands in the east, north, and south of the equator that the Portuguese first, and the Dutch, the Spanish, and the French in succession, found, in the early part of the sixteenth century, a prolific soil and untold wealth in the natural produce—the precious spices and fragrant woods, the camphor and gums, and innumerable other articles, vegetable and mineral, with which the whole land teemed. That a British Chartered Company is now prepared to try the colonising of such a territory, and carry the arts of peace and industry among a native race hitherto uncared for and unthought of in their primitive state of semi-barbarism, can only be a subject of congratulation. If *Sabah*, as the North Borneo concession has been called, such being the native name, deserve only a tithe of the fair things said of it in the following enthusiastic description extracted from 'A Naturalist's Journal of the Mountains and the Forests of Borneo,' by Mr. Burbidge, we need hardly wish them better fortune, and there are few of their countrymen who will not wish them 'God-speed.'

'A voyage of a few weeks brings us to these beauty-spots of the



Eastern seas—to an “always-afternoon” kind of climate—where winter is unknown. Warmed by perpetual sunshine, deluged by copious rains, and thrilled by electricity, they are really enormous conservatories of beautiful vegetation—great zoological gardens inhabited by rare birds and curious animals. In these sunny garden scenes man is the Adam of a modern Eden. Primitive in habits and numerically insignificant, he has scarcely begun his battle with things inanimate, or his struggle for existence as it is known to us. At home we have man as in some sort the master of Nature, but in the Bornean forests Nature still reigns supreme. Here with us man wrests his sustenance from her—there she is lavish in the bestowal of gifts unsought.’

ART. VII.—1. *Democracy*: an American Novel. New York and London: 1882.

2. *The Europeans*. By H. JAMES, jun. London: 1880.

3. *Daisy Millar*. By H. JAMES, jun. London: 1881.

4. *Confidence*. By H. JAMES, jun. London: 1880.

5. *A Chance Acquaintance*. By W. D. HOWELLS. Boston. U.S.: 1880.

6. *A Gentleman of Leisure*. By EDGAR FAWCETT. London: 1881.

7. *The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl*. Edited by ROBERT GRANT. London: 1881.

VERY naturally our American friends are in the habit of boasting of the colossal scale of everything in their magnificent continent. Their lakes are seas, and their rivers are navigable for many thousand miles above the mighty estuaries. The very ‘parks’ which are locked away within the recesses of their grand mountain ranges might pass for provinces or principalities in the cramped countries of the Old World. Yet engineering science, backed by unlimited capital, has overcome those formidable obstacles and barriers, flinging bridges everywhere across the broad rivers and carrying railways by easy gradients through the passes in the mountain chains. Everywhere they may point with legitimate pride to the triumphs of mind and energy over matter. Agriculture has kept pace with manufacturing industry, while it has far outstripped commerce. The boundless prairies are being reclaimed by indefatigable labour, and the buffalo and the roving savage have given place to herds of sleek cattle with their stockmen. Mining has made greater millionaires than manufactures; discoveries of minerals and of mineral oils have directed the

rush of immigration to the most savage districts of the continent, till from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the quays of New York, and from the shores of Lake Superior to the mouths of the Mississippi, the States are being 'settled 'up' by a community that is being steadily consolidated by the spread of a vast network of railway lines. Clusters of wooden shanties shoot up into towns; while towns that are favoured by situation or circumstances grow rapidly into great cities; nor is there any surer road from competence to wealth than judicious investments in eligible building lots. While to more impetuous spirits who would hasten to be rich, or who care little for mere money-getting without excitement, the universal epidemic of speculation offers endless and inviting opportunities. The leading stock markets in the East and West, with their Rings and Corners, Syndicates and Financial combinations, are so many centres of calculating gambling, where luck is largely tempered by skill. The leviathans of the Exchanges play very much on velvet, and if they lose heavily one day, they can afford, with their enormous resources, to wait patiently for their turn of revenge. In the States we see the remarkable phenomenon of groups of busy citizens and capitalists, enriched already beyond all the dreams of avarice, beyond the possibilities and even the power of enjoyment, who seldom spare the time to spend a dollar on themselves, but give their families unlimited credit with their bankers. In short, while the bulk of the population in other countries is content to exist, the Americans are essentially a money-accumulating nation, and every man from a Vanderbilt to the rough western pioneer is more or less eager to better himself. The maxim of 'nothing venture, nothing have' is very generally in favour, and should a pushing individual 'come to grief' while 'making his pile,' to do his countrymen bare justice, they are very ready to help him and by no means disposed to be hard on his indiscretions. And the result is that their life is real and earnest in another sense from that intended by the poet they lost the other day.

Such a society may assure for its members in general more than a sufficiency of material comforts, but it can hardly be favourable to the ideal forms of refinement, or even encourage what are called the learned professions. The fever of work possesses a community which can barely spare time for sleep and meals. Intellect is necessarily at a discount, save in so far as it can be turned to practical purposes, as when science becomes the handmaid of the stock markets and patents lucrative inventions. Eminent firms of lawyers may enjoy incomes

unknown in England, because their services are in request to negotiate business matters with the utmost economy of invaluable time; and fashionable physicians earn fancy fees by ministering to overwrought brains and soothing agitated nerves. Here and there an eloquent and popular divine, who has the art of addressing himself with irresistible force to the emotions, draws immense congregations: and it is alleged that in New York, in the gayest circles, a conspicuous pew in a fashionable place of worship is as indispensable as an opera-box on the grand tier. But literature, especially in its lighter and more graceful forms, inevitably goes to the wall. In the absence of an appreciative body of readers, there is no incitement to the nobler ambitions; and looking at literature from the lower pecuniary standpoint, its returns are poor and more than problematical. Indeed, there is perhaps nothing more extraordinary in the history of human culture, than the fact that a nation exercising vast political power and priding itself on the boundless resources of its civilisation, should have so little to boast of in the shape of books. No doubt there are special reasons, in the case of the United States, which go some way to explain the phenomenon. A body of national literature is the growth of time, of leisure, of venerable learned foundations, and, we may add, of a multiplicity of easy fortunes transmitted by inheritance, or independent of trade. Then you have trained writers and readers. The successful author may aspire to a position of his own, in great measure independent of his income. Men of lettered tastes in comfortable circumstances are tempted to indulge in a fascinating pursuit which gives congenial occupation with the chance of celebrity. Poor men may reasonably betake themselves to a profession, which has occasionally valuable prizes and offers a fair hope of a competency. While many must fail or fall far beneath mediocrity, many succeed, to the encouragement of others; and thus the tastes are formed which must be gratified by the laws of demand and supply. The tastes may take vulgar or very commonplace forms, but all the same books of a kind are multiplied.

In America the conditions we have suggested can scarcely be said to exist. It is a young and a rapidly rising country: society is continually in uneasy movement, and has been shifting steadily westward towards barbarous regions. It is true that sundry centuries have elapsed since the pilgrim fathers landed in New England; and, as matter of fact, we find that the higher American culture has been mainly confined to the State of Massachusetts. But even in New England, what with the

prolonged struggles of the colonists, and the severe puritanical spirit that cramped their intellectual growth, culture had a slow and an unfavourable start. While elsewhere, all less pressing considerations have been sacrificed to the unrelenting struggle to move on and grow richer. Poor men, with their way to make, are heavily handicapped, and must strain every nerve to hold their own. Even wealthy men think the time is wasted which holds back their sons from entering on the battle of life, after they have been taught to read, to write, and to calculate. The lucky oligarchy that is born to riches labours either to increase or to squander them. The minds of all are absorbed in the interests which set their springs in motion, and lie nearest to their hearts; and the only literature that really excites them must be either political, industrial, financial, sporting, or ephemeral and frivolous. So while innumerable journals command a great circulation, there is no duller market than the market for books; even ladies, who in England would be inveterate novel readers, seem in America to have no time for reading of any kind.

But besides all that, there are other causes which conspire to discourage American authorship. Publishers need never pay for native talent, so long as the whole range of English literature is within their reach, and while they can acquire a copy of any new and popular work for the mere cost of the carriage or postage. We find, in fact, that the most distinguished American authors have been almost invariably men of fortune and leisure, who chose to indulge the bent of their genius. Moreover, and so far as our immediate subject is concerned, we suspect that American novelists would still be at a grave disadvantage, even were Englishmen effectually protected by an international copyright. We find, as we should expect, in the books which have come under our notice, that the authors who lay their scenes at home are sadly at a loss for novelty in their subjects and are fettered by the monotony of their types. Society is cast in certain stereotyped moulds, and the springs which set its machinery in motion are patent to the most superficial observer. Cooper's Indian is extinct, or has been relegated to the 'Reserves;' or he is a drunken vagabond loafing about the railway depôts and ready to carry a valise for a few cents. The sensationalism of the wild West, with its roughs, revolvers, shooting sheriffs, and Lynch law, is soon exhausted. It is not every day that a political and philanthropical reaction against a lucrative national 'institution' gives an opportunity to the author of an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The stories of quiet rural life among the snug homesteads and

picturesque woodlands of the Eastern States are studies of scenery and manners rather than of characters and motives; and, in short, the novelist must fall back upon the worlds of fashion or of business. There is small scope for the play of the imagination in ringing the changes on flirtations, where nothing is changed but the costumes, whether they are carried on at New York, Newport, or Saratoga: there is no place for subtle mental analysis in the scramble and glare of the showy entertainments, where the sensations are some grand *coup* in the matrimonial market by a penniless fortune-hunter or a beauty on her promotion; or the collapse of the sham capitalist who figured yesterday as a Croesus.

The novelist in search of a subject seems to have an alternative to be sure, and that is the delineation of life in Boston or its environs. But life in Boston can only be made reasonably attractive by an artist like Mr. James, who is more than a scene-painter; or by one of Mr. James's more capable disciples. As a rule, the cultured Bostonian is introduced charily, and with an invariable propriety of mind and demeanour; and while he serves as a foil to the members of the giddy throng about him, he is made to figure in a ludicrous light. Boston has its recognised place in the cosmogony of the Union as the show capital of culture. As it is literally shadowed out in American fiction, it represents all that is 'high-toned,' respectable, and dull. The men have been educated at Harvard, though they may sometimes have neglected their advantages. But if they subsequently sow their wild oats, they sow them in secret or abroad, and have the grace to be ashamed of themselves. If they mean to settle down among their own people, they are bound to reform early; and if wise, they will atone for their indiscretions by a double assumption of propriety. The atmosphere of society is scientific and æsthetic, and its leaders, although bound to be moderately well off, have, for the most part, made their mark by their brains. Hitherto at least, there has been always a certain number of celebrities of European reputation, who have attracted the visits of admiring foreign travellers, and of whom their fellow citizens are at least as proud, as of the patriotic memories of Bunker's Hill. The ladies espouse talent when they can; and there is a considerable residuum of strong-minded maiden blue-stockings and spinster advocates of woman's rights. While those who have been linked by their fate to mere moneyed respectability are content to lead humdrum existences, enlivened by mildly intellectual festivities, and become irreproachable as wives, mothers, and housekeepers. Such are the impressions of

Boston as we have gathered them from a perusal of American fiction *passim*; and it must be owned that any work of fiction founded on them must be wanting as much in relief as in the excitement that is derived from the analysis of our vices and foibles.

The best recent novel upon Boston society with which we are acquainted is Mr. Henry James's 'Europeans,' which he modestly terms 'a sketch.' Not that its being a sketch tells against the workmanship, for in our opinion Mr. James is never so effective as when he dashes in his figures in spirited outline. And the acuteness of Mr. James's observation is unimpeachable, while he is no mean student of the eccentricities of human nature and can shrewdly contrast the complexities of character. Few novelists are more successful in the art of indicating an idiosyncrasy with one or two pregnant epigrammatic touches, or of making an individual bare the mind for inspection by some slight but suggestive self-revelation. We are far from saying or believing that he takes no pride in the material triumphs that have made America a marvel of prosperity among the nations. That he can appreciate the seemingly hard and successful man of the world, when he feels indefinite yearnings after higher things, is shown in the delineation of his typical 'American.' But his sympathies are all on the side of the refinement which has a struggle to hold its own in the States, and breathes more freely in the air of the older Continents. He ought at all events to be a dispassionate judge of the attractions which Boston has to offer. But even the patriotism of Mr. James shrinks from attempting to make a readable novel simply of the home-bred elements of society in Massachusetts. So he imports a couple of vivacious Europeans, who give his book the needful animation. The strangers, who are themselves American by extraction, take kindly to their American kinsfolk; but they very speedily get bored. Indeed, they have been conscious from the day of their arrival in Boston of an overpowering sense of depression. Being Bohemians in their habits, they may have been demoralised by unwholesome excitement; but then their unhealthy cravings are counterbalanced in the States by freedom from pecuniary anxieties, and by the unfamiliar comforts with which they are surrounded. It would be natural enough, nevertheless, that they should murmur in the moments when the uneventful days will hang heavy on their hands; but Mr. James justifies their complaints, either when speaking in his own person, or by the frank admissions of the Boston folks themselves. Felix

Young is addressing his rich uncle, Mr. Wentworth, who, half from old-fashioned courtesy and half from his liking for the youth, lets his scapegrace nephew take unusual liberties. 'I 'simply meant,' said Felix, explaining away a misconception, 'I simply meant that you all don't amuse yourselves.' The very notion of amusing oneself strikes the elderly gentleman, who has a youthful son and a pair of charming daughters, as at once novel and fantastic. 'Amuse ourselves?' is the suggestive answer; 'we are not children.' And these are Mr. James's comments on the creditable efforts of the sparkling European young lady to make herself pleasant and to find life in America agreeable:—

'She had joined that simple circle over the way; she had mingled in its plain provincial talk; she had shared its meagre and savourless pleasures. She had set herself a task and she had rigidly performed it. She had conformed to the angular conditions of New England life, and she had had the tact and pluck to carry it off as if she liked them. Acton felt a more downright need than he had ever felt before to tell her that he admired her, and that she struck him as a very superior woman. All along, hitherto, he had been on his guard with her; he had been cautious, observant, suspicious. But now a certain light tumult in his blood seemed to intimate that a finer degree of confidence in this charming woman would be its own reward. "We don't detest you," he went on. "I don't know what you mean. At any rate, I speak for myself; I don't know anything about the others. Very likely you detest them for the dull life they make you lead. Really it would give me a sort of pleasure to hear you say so."'

Of course Mr. James, when he makes the baroness express herself so strongly, is looking at the 'dull' life through the lady's eyes; but Acton, who rebels equally against it, and who resents its restraints, is a fellow citizen of the Wentworths, and was to their manners born. He is the reverse of dissipated; he is scarcely gay; his home is brightened by an exceptionally sprightly sister; but his ideas have been expanded by travelling in Europe, so that he has been altogether spoiled for residence at home, and finds everything in Massachusetts flat and unprofitable. But with such an author as Mr. James, the first sentences of the story are sure to give the keynote to its general tone, and the opening scene is sufficiently sombre. Whether or no the visitor to the States find his warmest welcome in their hotels, he has seldom to complain of lack of liveliness in those showy and bustling caravanserais. But it would seem that even the hotels of Boston have a distinctive and subdued character of their own.

'A narrow graveyard in the heart of a bustling, indifferent city, seen from the windows of a gloomy-looking inn, is at no time an

object of enlivening suggestion ; and the spectacle is not at its best when the mouldy tombstones and funeral umbrage have received the ineffectual refreshment of a dull, moist snowfall. . . . This fact was keenly felt on a certain 12th of May, upwards of thirty years since, by a lady who stood looking out of the windows of the best hotel in the ancient city of Boston.'

No doubt new hotels have been run up in Boston in the course of the last generation, though there have been far fewer changes there than in most of the northern State capitals ; yet thirty years ago in the city of New York, for example, many a vast palatial establishment was already eclipsing the glories of the once brilliant Aston House.

Mr. William D. Howells has many qualities in common with Mr. James, although distinctly his inferior in descriptive power, in incisive discrimination of character, and in literary execution generally. He has the same faculty of quick observation, and far from being blind to the shortcomings of his country-people, he is always on the look-out to make artistic capital of them. If he is not a Bostonian by birth, he is evidently familiar with the city, and has written an entertaining and instructive volume of 'Suburban Sketches.' Like Mr. James, too, he is fond of laying his scenes abroad, but decidedly one of his best novels is 'A Chance Acquaintance.' The chance acquaintance is a well-educated, well-mannered, and well-dressed gentleman from Boston, who has attached himself in the course of a visit to Canada to a party of tourists from one of the Western States. The portrait of this Mr. Arbuton is excessively satirical, yet it strikes us as exceedingly lifelike. He is one of those superior persons, so thoroughly commonplace that we can easily believe him to be essentially representative. A prig from the crown of the stove-pipe hat to the thin soles of the polished boots, only too well-dressed and too correctly-mannered, he is the very man to impose on an inexperienced maiden. He is attracted to his travelling companions, first by force of circumstances, afterwards by the piquancy of a very pretty girl. The enthusiastic Kitty Ellison was ready to be prepossessed in his favour, and to welcome a polished Bostonian as an angel in disguise rather than a mere mortal. Arbuton had been bred in Boston ; he had moved familiarly from boyhood in those ethereal spheres ; and she had been brought up at the feet of a simple-minded, intellectual enthusiast, who believed in Boston and its superfine citizens above all earthly things.

'Finally, my dear child,' so her uncle wrote to his favourite, 'I want you to remember that in Boston you are not only in the birthplace



of American liberty, but the yet holier scene of its resurrection. There everything that is noble and grand and liberal has originated, and I cannot doubt that you will find the character of its people marked by every attribute of a magnanimous democracy. If I could envy you anything, my dear girl, I should envy you this privilege of seeing a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is in himself, and where colour, wealth, family occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence.'

Read by the sarcastic lights that are subsequently flashed upon an average specimen of the *élite* of the 'magnanimous democracy,' that is a very pretty piece of irony. As Mr. Howells presents Mr. Arbuton to us:—

'In many things he was an excellent person, and greatly to be respected for certain qualities. He was very sincere: his mind had a singular purity and rectitude; he was a scrupulously just person as far as he knew. He had traits that would have fitted him very well for the career he had once contemplated, and he had even made some preliminary studies for the ministry. But the very generosity of his creed perplexed him, his mislikers said; contending that he never could have got on with the mob of the redeemed. . . . It was long ago that he had abandoned the thought of the ministry, and he had since travelled and read law and become a man of society and the clubs; but he still kept the traits that had seemed to make his vocation clear. On the other hand, he kept the prejudices that were imagined to have disqualified him. He was an exclusive by training and by instinct.'

Arbuton's love passages with the unsophisticated but rather romantic Western girl are described with a good deal of quiet humour. Starched and sober-minded as he is, there is what Sam Slick would call 'considerable human natur' in him; and he catches the reflection of Kitty Ellison's brightness and is thawed to some extent in the warmth of her smiles. But if he brings himself to condescend to her in her emotional moods with tolerant geniality, it is chiefly because he 'respects what 'he thought the good sense running through her transports,' and 'wonders at the culture she had somewhere, somehow got.' He is oppressed by the sense of his responsibilities to himself and to his society. In reality, he is absolutely his own master, and might have married the young lady out of hand. 'But 'he had a fortune to which he owed much, and a conscience 'that would not leave him at rest.' He should have to gravitate back to Boston sooner or later, and his free will is fettered by conscious thoughts of what the best society there might think of his wife. Kitty had an inconvenient grandfather, moreover, who had been shot in Missouri not from any fault of his own; and though the fact of the murder might perhaps

be suppressed, if revealed it could not be decently extenuated. However, the travelling ties that might have changed into the chains of wedlock are snapped in a scene in which Arbuton so absolutely betrays his nature, that even the eyes of the partial Kitty are opened. Luckily for her, she happens to be in a somewhat shabby travelling dress, when Arbuton meets two ladies who move in the upper Boston circles. He treats her as a disreputable acquaintance, hesitates to present her, decides to ignore her altogether for the time, and afterwards receives with real regret, but with unimpaired civility, the dismissal that is given with passionate bluntness, yet with much maidenly dignity.

If Mr. Hannibal Chollop was 'a splendid example of our 'na-tive raw material,' we fancy we may take Arbuton as a fair sample of the shoddy of a false culture, shaped by a fashionable tailor, according to fixed rules. We must remember that he belongs to a class which lends itself to the ridicule in which clever American novelists love to indulge. For the rollicking drollery of the unconventional West, though it still influences the more polished authors of the older States, is toned down into subtler forms of humour; and the very dullest of American novels, so far as our experience goes, is enlivened by occasional flickers of fun. The Arbutons know nothing of any world but their own, and their narrow minds have never been expanded by acquaintance with foreign men and manners. If we look for the highest type of the intellectual American, we must seek it not in Washington as we might assume from European analogies, but in novels the scenes of which are laid either in England or on the Continent. It is natural enough that the intellectual American should incline to become a vagabond, for the Old World with its associations offers irresistible temptations to enquiring and earnest youth in the golden age of sentiment. The misfortune is, that whatever be the turn of his tastes, he is very apt to cease to be a patriot. Either he falls morbidly in love with the memories and mouldering remains of the past, and steepes his soul in the æsthetic sensualism of art galleries, or he abandons himself to the seductive influences of a gay, polished, and lettered society, and draws comparisons greatly to the disadvantage of his country-people. We meet him constantly in Mr. James's most effective novels—and there also Mr. Howells has trodden in Mr. James's steps. It is true that 'the American,' *par excellence*, who may be considered as Mr. James's masterpiece of national portraiture, is in some measure an exception. It is true that that gentleman takes kindly to Frenchmen; that he sets

himself with characteristic energy, and to his bitter disappointment as it proves, to marry a Frenchwoman of noble family, and that, had he not been betrayed into a most unlucky love-chase, he would undoubtedly have had 'a good time of it' in Paris, and might have probably ended by making it his residence. But Newman, although 'a strong man,' as he prides himself on being, and a sensible man, is anything rather than intellectual. He knows nothing of books; he buys his pictures by the square foot or for the colouring, or because he is taken with the pretty face of a copyist; his 'talk is of bullocks,' or what is tantamount to that. While Mr. James's favourite heroes are for the most part refined, æsthetic, and sentimental. Though moulded after a well-marked pattern of his own, they remind us of Paul Flemming in 'Hyperion.' We find them loitering among the churches and ruins of famous cities, gazing dreamily at the eternal Alps on the distant horizon. They are infinitely better read than any educated Englishman of their age and standing; they have cultivated good powers of observation with shrewd independence, and they extend their critical and somewhat cynical admiration for the beautiful to any graceful young girl who may cross their path. Before Mr. James's works had familiarised us with them, and notwithstanding our recollections of Paul Flemming, there was novelty in their very conception. They were so different from popular notions of the American abroad, as confirmed by everyday experience. For they as little resemble the Philistine doing the grand tour at a hand-gallop, confiding blindly in personal conductors, couriers, and *laquais de place*, and knocking off his dozen of churches before a scrambling breakfast, as the sporting sybarite, who, settling in France, divides the year between Paris, Pau, and Trouville. Like Bernard Longueville and Gordon Wright, as described in 'Confidence,' they are generally 'highly civilised young Americans, born to an easy fortune and a tranquil destiny, and unfamiliar with the glitter of golden opportunities.' If they show a lack of energy that seems inconsistent with the nature of their countrymen, they are merely the victims of affluence, and not by any means commonplace. They can act with decision under a sufficing stimulus; they are even capable of concentrated resolution of purpose, and their conversation, like their opinion of things in general, is characterised by a quaint originality which is often epigrammatically suggestive. In short, in them the American genius for progress has run to waste, in place of being elevated in its direction by their better opportunities.

The young ladies who captivate their fancies or excite a

chivalrous admiration are likewise original. If they had not soul, sentiment, or something of the kind, as well as beauty, they could hardly have torn themselves away for any length of time from balls in the cities at home or pic-nics in the watering-places. They avail themselves liberally of the license permitted to young unmarried women in America, if they never abuse it; although their unconventionality and their indiscretions may scandalise Europeans. They keep their brothers in leading-strings, snub their admirers, and although their passing flirtations may be tinged by romance, they generally marry for satisfactory settlements. Yet the most piquant feminine sketches in Mr. James's continental stories are of such girls as we may meet every day in American novels or ball-rooms. Nothing has entertained us more in that way than his 'Daisy Millar'—'a study:' although poor Daisy carries her independence to almost impossible lengths; and her fate is made gratuitously sad, since she is cut off in her follies by Roman fever. In her case, Mr. James seems to have determined to atone for an unusually playful outbreak of unadulterated humour by a *dénouement* as depressing as that of Hamlet or the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' And if he does not condescend as a rule to the giddy coquettes whose idiosyncrasies lie scarcely more than skin deep, it is not that he cannot hit them off to the life when he pleases. What can be better, for example, than these passages from the babble of the beautiful Miss Blanche Evers, in the Kursaal gardens at Baden? Miss Evers 'was simply the American pretty girl whom he had seen a thousand times.'

'I have been here about four weeks. I don't know whether you call that long. It doesn't seem long to me; I have had such a lovely time. I have met ever so many people here I know—every day some one turns up. Now you have turned up to-day. . . . I think you know a great friend of mine, Miss Ella Maclane of Baltimore. She's travelling in Europe now. She's far too lovely. I have often heard her speak of you. I think you know her sister rather better than you know her. She has not been out very long. She is just as interesting as she can be. Her hair comes down to her feet. She's travelling in Norway. She has been everywhere you can think of, and she's going to finish off with Finland. You can't go any further than that, can you? That's one comfort; she will have to turn round and come back.'

The class of Americans abroad with which Englishmen familiar with the Continent are best acquainted does not figure conspicuously in fiction. In fact, they present few distinctive features: their angularities have been smoothed away; they

are well-nigh denationalised; they detest republics as they delight in French cookery; not a few of them have very nearly got rid of their native accent; they are sociable, hospitable, and superficially refined. And our introduction to that bright bird of passage, the volatile Miss Evers, naturally suggests a return to the society of which she was undoubtedly a brilliant ornament. We find an admirable and entertaining guide to the very miscellaneous society of New York in 'A Gentleman of Leisure,' by Mr. Fawcett. The gentleman of leisure forms a connecting link between the civilisations of the Old and the New Worlds. Mr. Clinton Wainwright, an Anglicized American, has crossed the Atlantic on urgent business. He expects to be a little amused and intensely bored. His first encounter in New York is with Mr. Townsend Spring, a bustling stock-jobber of boisterous manners, who freely backs his luck, and lives extravagantly on principle. Wainwright had made the gentleman's acquaintance in Switzerland, where Spring had jarred with the poetry of the Alps and the glaciers. In New York he still considers him 'quite a dreadful creature,' but sadly admits that he is in happy 'harmony with the raw smartness of an American thoroughfare.' For Wainwright is prepared to shudder or to sneer at everything American. The story of his experiences is characteristically told so as vividly to bring out his first impressions. Nothing short of what he sees and hears all around him would have overcome his prepossessions and converted the cynic. But his slumbering patriotism is stirred into life by the spirit of opposition when he finds his prejudices given expression to with grotesque exaggeration. He had expected to meet adventurers like Spring, who live on the chances of the morrow's speculations, who relieve the hours of business with coarse dissipation, and who naturally could have no ideas in common with him. They irritate him, they disgust him; but he accepts them with resignation. The men he cannot away with are those who ape European manners; who, after all, are ludicrous travesties of the people on whom they industriously model themselves; who in their supercilious self-satisfaction are absurdly unconscious of the ridicule their affectations provoke from the initiated; and who apparently hold it a point of honour to close their eyes to all that makes the grandeur of their country. Wainwright is as much alive as anybody can be to the follies bred of ignorance and ostentation; shocks and surprises await him at every turn in the course of his 'travels in town' from clubs to hotels, from dinners to dances: there are few of the men and women of fashion whom he does not

judge severely and unfavourably. Yet the truth is forced upon him, that there are many sterling people among those who are most likely to elude observation. He is drawn into love with a pure-minded young girl in spite of her highly undeniable connexions, and he finally arrives at the conclusion, which at first would have appeared extravagant, that it may be possible to live happily under the star-spangled flag.

He is fortunate in finding a guide and philosopher in a Mr. Binghampton, who knows everybody and goes everywhere. Binghampton is a half-Americanised Englishman who gets a living by writing for the newspapers, and who amuses his leisure with the study of human nature. And Mr. Binghampton's incisive remarks come in as a running commentary, which is the chorus to the incidents in this Transatlantic drama. Launching out on the life of New York at a great dinner given by his banker, Wainwright discovers that there is a fastidious American aristocracy, as vain of illustrious descent as any Spanish grandee of his *sangre azul*. Not that the pristine purity of the idea does not begin to get a little mixed; Bodenstein, the self-made host, of doubtful nationality, had married a long-descended Dutchwoman, with the approval of the lady's connexions, who are gathered around his sumptuous board. Wainwright finds himself seated next a certain Miss Spuytenduyvil, and she enlightens and startles him with the unexpectedness of her remarks. She makes it clear to him that there are characters who are not commonplace. Knowing more of his pedigree than he does himself, she treats him at once as an equal, and is flatteringly frank. She almost angrily disputes the unwelcome truth, that wealth has become almost omnipotent in New York city. She argues with feminine logic that, if it is all-powerful, at all events it ought not to be so; though her presence at the table of her relative and hostess rather clashes with her theory. And catching at some observation of her companion's, she says:

'Oh, now you are sneering at this country. Well, you will be in the fashion there. So many people do it. For my part, I *never* do it. I am too proud of having ancestors who have helped to make the country what it is.'

Binghampton explains that Miss Spuytenduyvil is the poor relation of a great family.

"It seems rather strange," said Wainwright, "to hear of a great American family."

"But they exist, I assure you. Not politically great as in Europe, of course. The Amsterdams have no seat in any House of Peers, but they are a great and powerful race notwithstanding. They go straight

back through the Revolution to the time when New York was a Dutch village. And every day this influence of family becomes a stronger force here. New people with big fortunes and no descent look with envious eyes at certain doors that remain coldly closed against them. . . . The American social scheme, in nearly all its chief cities at least, is often a most amusing satire upon itself. All the people whom you've met to-night think quite as much of their 'positions' (judged relatively of course) as the haughtiest *vieille noblesse* in Europe."

The first gentleman presented to the new arrival is Mr. Carroll Gansevoort. From Mr. Gansevoort's patronymic we might infer that he too was an offshoot of a family tree transplanted centuries before from the soil of the Netherlands. But if so, he was very different from Miss Spuytenduyvil; like old Mr. Weller, 'he took no pride out of it,' and probably regarded his name as an unmitigated misfortune. He is an Anglo-maniac. At first sight he is exceedingly like an Englishman, although it strikes Wainwright on second thoughts that he is too palpably a spurious imitation. Unlike Miss Spuytenduyvil, too, there is nothing in any way original about him; but on one point he has very decided opinions, and he courteously addresses Wainwright with what he means for a gratifying speech: 'England's such an enormously jolly place. This country is a beastly hole in comparison. I've no doubt you think so already, don't you, now?' Wainwright meets Gansevoort continually, and, notwithstanding his contempt, comes to dislike him more and more. Moreover, Gansevoort represents a class, and a large class, of rich and brainless youths, who devote themselves to tailors and horseflesh; who will talk of nothing but teams, trotters, and matches, and even profess to be *blasé* upon balls. Finally, in an unguarded moment, such a remark as he has heard many times before, provokes Wainwright to give Gansevoort a piece of his mind, at the risk of having to answer for it on the field of honour. At the Metropolitan Club, Gansevoort had remarked of an evening party, with the silent assent of a circle of listeners, 'I thought the whole affair very vulgar. It is difficult to tell just what it lacked, but it was . . .' (here the speaker paused in his even drawl and looked directly at Wainwright) . . . 'well, I can't say worse than to call it 'horridly American.' It is significant that such a remark should be supposed to pass unchallenged in a gathering of Americans. Mr. Binghampton had been discussing that class of gay young gentlemen when showing his friend for the first time over the club premises. 'It is a class that is fast increasing,' he says. 'It reads even far less than the fathers

‘who have been toiling to give it its broughams and drags. It takes no interest in public affairs.’ And yet, as Wainwright muses aloud, ‘these are the men who call themselves our best. It is all very strange to me.’ Binghampton wonders at his companion’s wonder. ‘What did you expect to find?’ he asks; ‘not surely an America full of Americans.’ When their talk is interrupted by a suggestive little incident. Wainwright abstractedly takes down a book from a shelf in the library. The cover comes off in his hands, and some of the leaves fall fluttering to the carpet.

“‘Good gracious!’ exclaimed Wainwright, “what mischief have I been committing?”

“‘Oh! don’t bother about it. That’s the British Peerage. I happen to know that the club has ordered a new one.”

‘A curious look crossed Wainwright’s face. He had set his eyes quite fixedly upon Mr. Binghampton. “I thought you told me that they didn’t read,” he said.

“‘Oh, bless my soul, they read the Peerage. Why we wear out a new one every year or so at the Metropolitan.”’

Before taking leave of the ‘Gentleman of Leisure,’ we must quote some remarks of Mr. Binghampton, on the occasion of his accompanying Wainwright to an ‘at home,’ given in an antiquated mansion, with uncomfortable old-fashioned furniture, in the Faubourg St. Germain of New York. The entertainment is exceptional, and celebrates a family event: nothing can be duller or more formal; there are no flowers, but meagre fare, and no costly presents to be distributed at ‘the German,’ which is American for the French *cotillon*. Yet all ‘the nabobs’ fortunate enough to be invited flock to it through unfamiliar thoroughfares. Binghampton, preparing Wainwright for what he may expect, talks glibly of ‘people’ as opposed to ‘aristocracy,’ and of ‘the imperious creeds of ‘caste and pride aired in those perfumed rooms.’ Wainwright exclaims against such words, when uttered under Transatlantic skies:—

‘My dear Wainwright, if a man wants to see social distinctions expressed in their most aggravated form, let him come to America to find them. . . . You are even more British than I at first suspected you. You have never moved in those gayer ranks of English society, where Americans find such easy ingress. Had you done so, you must have seen, long before coming to these shores, how Americans strive and push while in London to gain the heed of titled leaders, how often they succeed, and how both their efforts and their successes prove the absurdly unrepudican spirit which tradition has accredited them with. . . . Nothing on earth is easier than for any sort of American, provided he have money and a decent personality, to get himself recognised in



England. . . . Miss Smith, of Topeka, can go to London and be received, if she possess wit, wealth, and good looks. Let her come to New York, and she might languish for years before she got a card to the Bodensteins'—or the Grosvenors', where we are now going.'

Let it be remembered that these remarks, though put in the mouth of an Englishman, are really the ideas of an American novelist, who is evidently familiar with the society he is describing. And neither the much-abused Mrs. Trollope, nor Dickens in his 'Martin Chuzzlewit' or 'American Notes,' ever wrote anything more satirical about Americans than we find in every chapter—we might say, on every page—of the livelier works by native authors. In the 'Gentleman of Leisure' we have seen Mr. Fawcett's pictures of the gayest of the golden youth of New York. 'The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl,' by Robert Grant, present us to the fashionable young ladies to whom those self-satisfied admirers should pay their court, were they not preoccupied by graver matters. Although we find indeed that it is the fashion for wealthy married men to relieve young bachelors of their social duties; and the system seems to work pleasantly for all parties—and safely too, which is much to the credit of the girls. Mr. Grant's heroine is Miss Alice Van Rooster Palmer: she, too, belongs by birth to a superior caste, her father's family being one of the most ancient in New York city, and her mother a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers. So that if the flowers of speech which fall from her rosy lips sometimes surprise us, we may nevertheless assume that they are strictly correct. We are introduced to the fair Alice on the evening of her first ball, when naturally she is all excitement and agitation. Her education would appear to have been rather calculated to form a blue stocking than a butterfly. But on that point we are speedily reassured, and we find that the instruction she received 'in English, French, German, and Italian; physics, 'Latin, botany, art, geology, astronomy, and metaphysics,' has only gone in at one pretty ear to pass out at the other. She has never enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel, and she ought to be entirely unsophisticated. But her manner has been formed if her mind has not; and when her nerves have recovered from their first flutter in the ball-room, she is ready for any compliments or eventuality, and only needs experience to be a finished woman of the world. In the meantime, being 'a bud,' which is the American for a blushing *débutante*, she can boast of but three bouquets. Later, when she has become the rage, she might count upon a barrowful, if she gave her innumerable admirers sufficient encouragement. We

need not say that that first evening is a brilliant success; the blushes which are unfamiliar ornaments in a New York ball-room become her wonderfully. Three gentlemen specially attach themselves to her. One is Mr. Manhattan Blake, a dyspeptic-looking individual of ample means and self-possessed manners, who had pressed the claims of previous acquaintance by presenting one of the bouquets. Another is Mr. Murray Hill, a young professional man of good family with the world before him; and although the finish of his dress leaves something to desire, she is destined to know much more of him in the future. The third is the sparkling Mr. Gerald Pumystone, irreproachable in person, in style, and in costume, and who embellishes his airs and graces with the affectation of couching his compliments in questionable French. The *petits soins* of Mr. Pumystone, as he might have said himself, give any girl a *cachet*. He is the dream of daughters and the delight of their chaperons: on this occasion his devotion to the wealthy Miss Palmer is unmistakable; her highly-flattered mother falls straightway in love with him, and he might have been encouraged to throw the handkerchief at once, had the 'frivolous' Alice been equally impressionable.

But Alice, who is having 'a heavenly time of it,' is in no haste to be married.

'I am perfectly at home,' she writes in her diary. 'I have everything in the world that I desire. Some of the girls talk of the delights of "settling down," but they are apt to be girls with only one string to their bow. I'm sure I don't care to settle down. The idea has no charms for my imagination. On the contrary, it is positively repulsive to me.'

And what strikes us in all these fashionable novels is the absence of anything like sentiment in the heroine. She regards marriage as woman's destiny; she expects to make an eligible match; but she is never on the outlook for the possible husband a romantic fancy might idealise. Sometimes, no doubt, she falls in love; for, after all, she is human; as a rule, however, she only falls back upon matrimony when she has exhausted more sensational forms of emotion. Not that she has not opportunities enough, and possibly her parents and guardians can leave her the more entirely her own mistress, that they know she is essentially cold, and consequently may be absolutely trusted. A very few days after the memorable ball, Alice notes casually in her confessions that she had gone for a walk with Mr. Blake. 'We chose a street rather out of 'the beaten track, and had a most delightful discussion as to

‘whether it was nicer to love or to be loved.’ But there was no ‘rushing together of the spirits’ in consequence; and for anything that came of it the pair might have been discussing the point before a mixed audience in a metaphysical debating society. Indeed, Mr. Blake changes the subject to scepticism *versus* Christianity.

And the American maiden may form her female friendships also, without any maternal interference. In all New York we should suppose Alice could scarcely have hit upon less eligible acquaintances than Mrs. Gatling Gunn and her sister Peepy Marshmallow. Even although Mr. Gunn did find a fortune in a *bonanza*, his wife’s birth would have been an objection to her reception in the best circles in European cities, for it was rumoured that her father was a rag-picker, and he had actually been a butcher. We may conceive what such a woman’s teaching is likely to be, and she spares no pains in the training of Alice.

‘You strike me as too innocent, or say rather, my dear, too *ingénue*. The modest blush and the downcast eye become a girl charmingly for the first two weeks of her career, but after that period they are simply *gaucheries*. To affect the *ingénue* is quite another matter, and as different from what I refer to as champagne is from seltzer. As to its efficacy, tastes differ of course. Individually, I never practise it. It doesn’t suit my style of beauty.’

And Mrs. Gunn goes on to explain that in order to have what any well-regulated girl should aspire to, and what she characteristically calls a screaming success, ‘she must, in figurative language, dance the cancan, and dance it well too.’ To do Alice justice, though she listens to such lessons, she does not lay them to heart as she might, and even after mixing in society with the Marshmallows, there is still ‘considerable’ of the lady in her, though she does use quaint-sounding phrases. She speaks, for example, of rotating round a ball-room; and here are some elegant extracts from her musings over matrimony, which show, moreover, the view she takes of its responsibilities.

“Remember, Alice, that the Pumystones antedate Noah, and that for the future you would never have to inquire the price of things. Gerald is a very nice young man. His clothes fit him to perfection. You would not be obliged to see very much of him. He looks remarkably well in public, and you could always feel sure of his doing the correct thing upon a social emergency. . . . You could skip over to Europe whenever you wished. Mamma would be pleased as Punch. You could “run” society, and life would be as soft as sealskin.” “True,” would be my mournful reply, “but he doesn’t amount to a row of pins.”

After refusing sundry proposals, and staving off others by ingenious tactics, which reduce admirers to despair who were growing too ardent, Alice ends by accepting the constant Mr. Hill, and marrying respectably and happily. It is true that much of the bloom must have been rubbed off the bud by a course of frivolity which wearied and disillusioned her, and drew her finally, by way of distraction, to the practice of works of charity. On the whole, however, Alice came off well; but that individual instance does not affect his general principle. If we are to believe the book, thanks to the American social system, she had a series of wonderful escapes from ill-considered matches, any one of which must have ended in misery, unless misery had been mitigated by mutual indifference.

So much for society as reflected in what may be called the social novels; but perhaps the most remarkable book of the kind which has recently appeared in America is 'Democracy.' Unquestionably it is the most sensational, and its distinctive feature is that the sensation takes the form of startling political revelations. It is decidedly clever, but considering the nature of those revelations, we can understand the author renouncing any credit for it, and electing to publish anonymously. In fact, he has drawn up a most damaging impeachment of the machinery of the constitution under which he lives, and of the institutions which are the proud boast of his country. Some of his trenchant portraits bear an awkward resemblance to celebrities in the highest ranks of politics and diplomacy; the scandals with which he illustrates successful careers, although they may be fictitious as far as his special instances are concerned, wear a very ugly air of probability, since they fall in harmoniously with the system he describes; while, so far as we know, this widely circulated book has never provoked authoritative contradiction. The plot is slight, and is founded on the familiar idea of an enthusiastic optimist, who fondly believes in transparent shams and deceptive appearances, but who is disillusioned by the melancholy teachings of experience. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee is a young and lovely widow, *blasée* of all that ought to make her life agreeable. She is sick of the pleasures of society at home, and she has ceased to find relief in foreign travel. With her nominal head-quarters in New York, she asks herself, 'What was it all worth, this wilderness of men and women as monotonous as the brown houses they lived in?' She is to the full as bitter against the acquaintances from Baltimore or Boston who urge their claims to her consideration or reverence. 'You are just like the rest of us,' she tells them, impatiently. 'You grow six inches high, and then you

‘stop. Why will not somebody grow to be a tree and cast a ‘shadow?’ Her heart has been steeled by domestic bereavements and disappointments against everyday flirtations, or even a passionate attachment. Yet there are indefinite yearnings in it which leave her little peace, and she still has a hope that there may be something worth living for. She might possibly find an object that was worth a sacrifice, and where is she more likely to find it than in the centre of political life? She fancies that she has ceased to care for men, except in so far as they represent power or principles. But ‘what she wanted to ‘see, she thought, was the clash of interests, the interests of ‘forty millions of people and a whole continent, centering at ‘Washington, guided, restrained, controlled, or unrestrained ‘and uncontrollable by men of ordinary mould; the tremendous ‘forces of government and the machinery of society at work.’

The fervent Mrs. Lec goes to Washington accordingly, with a bewitching but more practically-minded unmarried sister for her companion. She rents a mansion in Lafayette Square, turns its dull interior on the shortest notice into a variegated art-museum, and throws open her hospitable doors to politicians of any pretensions. We may remark, by the way, as characteristically American, the position attributed to this fascinating widow. Socially, as we are assured, she had nothing to sigh for. ‘What did she want? Not social position, for she herself was an eminently respectable Philadelphian by birth; ‘her father a famous clergyman, and her husband had been ‘equally irreproachable.’ Yet no sooner does this ‘respectable’ Philadelphian, with a charming grace, good style, agreeable manners, and an ample income, appear upon the scene in the political capital, than she steps at once into her place as a queen of the salons, who may pick her company and indulge her caprices as she pleases. But, indeed, the explanation is easy enough, if we may judge by the subsequent story. In the country of the blind the one-eyed is king, and there would appear to be a strange scarcity of ladies of any kind at Washington. Only a few of the wealthier senators and members of Congress bring their wives and daughters on flying visits, and as for the consort of the President, she was—what we shall see later. In any case Mrs. Lee has a fair field for gratifying her ardent aspirations, and she is speedily brought into contact with what Artemus Ward might have called her probable affinity. Among the fathers of her country to whom she is presented, no one, not even excepting the new President, is so remarkable as the Honourable Silas P. Ratcliffe, senator for the State of Illinois. Ratcliffe is perhaps the most

prominent statesman in the country, the most influential of its wirepullers, and a master of intrigue. Being a man from whose patronage everything is to be hoped, he has an obsequious following of zealous supporters. He had missed the Presidency at the late election, chiefly from the jealousies his power had provoked; and now he is at Washington in an attitude of sullen expectation—a Transatlantic Earl of Warwick, a democratic minister-maker, an impalpable yet irresistible power which overshadows the Presidential tribune. Like most popular favourites or notorieties, Ratcliffe has his familiar and endearing appellations. As the new President is the 'Hoosier Quarryman,' or 'Old Granite,' Ratcliffe is known as 'The Prairie Giant of Peonia.' The 'huge, ponderous, grey-eyed, bold senator, with the Websterian head,' is hardly the man to strike the imagination of a young and handsome woman. His habits of life were scarcely calculated to smooth down the roughness of his early training.

'He was a Western widower of fifty; his quarters in Washington were in gaunt boarding-house rooms, furnished only with public documents and enlivened by Western politicians and office-seekers. In the summer he retired to a solitary white frame-house with green blinds, surrounded by a few feet of uncared-for grass and a white fence; its interior more dreary still, with iron stoves, oilcloth carpets, cold white walls, and one large engraving of Abraham Lincoln in the parlour: all in Peonia, Illinois.'

Of education in the broader sense he had none: he had as little time to spare for books as for the cultivation of the graces. Mrs. Lee's lively fancy scarcely transformed him; but her impressions, as confirmed by slight acquaintance, were mixed and in a measure mistaken. She took him as she found him; she scarcely liked him the less for his roughness; it gave her an idea of irresistible strength. She confounded his outspoken bluntness with innate honesty, and was inclined to give him credit for the single-minded motives he professed. But what chiefly induced her to practise her fascinations on him was, that for her as for the place-hunters, he had much in his gift. He could satisfy beyond her hopes the yearnings which had brought her to Washington; and not only give her the clue to the secrets she had come in search of, but actually discover to her the machinery he directed.

'To her eyes he was the high-priest of American politics; he was charged with the meaning of the mysteries, the clue to political hieroglyphics. Through him she hoped to sound the depths of statesmanship, and to bring up from its oozy bed that pearl of which she was in

search; the mysterious gem which must lie somewhere in politics. She wanted to understand this man; to turn him inside out; to experiment on him, and use him as young physiologists use frogs and kittens. If there was good or bad in him, she meant to find out its meaning.'

To play the Delilah to his Machiavellian Samson was an idea worthy of Mrs. Lee's courage and self-confidence; and her life, as well it may, has at once a new interest. Yet the game that is to come off is by no means so unequal as at first sight it might have appeared. A European statesman of fifty in Ratcliffe's position would have learned to know something of women as well as men, and could have kept his feelings well under command. But on ground he has never been accustomed to tread, Ratcliffe's astuteness forsakes him; and when the fair widow first makes his acquaintance at a dinner party, she sees he is ready to swallow the most fulsome compliments. He is insensibly flattered by the deference she shows him, and by her marked preference for his company. He feels that the companionship and friendship of such a woman would give graces to existence which he had never dreamed of. Seated in the æsthetically furnished 'parlour,' with its eastern tapestries and feminine knick-knacks, the gaunt boarding-room and the grim frame-house in Peonia become positively hateful to him; he appreciates besides the solid advantage of becoming master of Mrs. Lee's handsome fortune; and finally, such finer feelings as he has are touched, and Ratcliffe has the weakness to fall hopelessly in love. At the same time he rarely loses his head, and he has the shrewdness to recognise the only strategy by which he may woo Mrs. Lee to his wishes. He cannot expect that she will love him for himself, but she may be induced to sacrifice herself to him on the shrine of her country. He can tempt her with the offer of inspiring his public conduct, and becoming the Egeria who may purify American politics. Looking at matters in that light, it is his game to be candid and to confess the universal taint of political corruption, while insisting that for himself he has been driven by his destiny, and is the reluctant victim of irresistible circumstances. The misfortune is, that being profoundly unscrupulous and immoral, he never knows precisely how to pose. He sometimes carries his confidences too far; the cynicism of his avowals shocks the lady; and the audacity that at one moment seems almost sublime, strikes her at another as intolerably insolent. But, to do his astuteness justice, his hand is occasionally forced. Political opponents, as rivals in the lady's favour, will, from motives which are more or less disinterested, bring the most

damaging indictments against him: and then he can only stand upon his defence and eke out audacity with sophistry.

‘Ratcliffe was afraid of no one. He had not fought his own way in life for nothing, and he knew all the value of a cool head and dogged self-assurance. Nothing but this robust Americanism and his strong will carried him safely through the snares and pitfalls of Mrs. Lee’s society, where rivals and enemies beset him on every hand. He was little better than a schoolboy when he ventured on their ground, but when he could draw them out upon his own territory of practical life, he rarely failed to trample upon his assailants. . . . At times the man’s audacity was startling, and even when Carrington thought him hopelessly entangled, he would sweep away all the hunters’ nets with a sheer effort of strength, and walk off bolder and more dangerous than ever.’

We may add, as a finishing touch to his character, that he made a point of regularly attending divine service, where he sat with his eyes riveted on the preacher, and his mind abstracted from the sermon. For ‘a large number of his constituents were church-going people, and he would not willingly ‘shock their principles, so long as he needed their votes.’ In short, we have the leading politician in one of the great parties in the States represented as utterly destitute of the faculty of distinguishing between good and evil. Had he possessed it, it might not have influenced his actions, but it would have served him with Mrs. Lee in evading their consequences. And he is respected by the friends who work indefatigably for him, because they know him to be at least as unscrupulous as he is able. He is no hypocrite either to them or to the initiated; while the eloquent ‘bunkum’ of his speeches is the indispensable tribute to the moral sense of the most high-toned constituencies in creation.

Mrs. Lee’s parlour becomes the centre of social *réunions*, the frequenters of which are rather select than numerous. They are either diplomatists or representative politicians. There is Lord Skye, the British Minister, who was extremely popular in Washington. He had rank, wealth, and tact: he was a professed admirer of the American ladies, whom he flattered by occasionally quizzing the peculiarities of his own countrywomen; and the citizens of the Republic liked the nobleman none the worse, that they knew him for a ruthless critic of their manners. Of a very different stamp was old Baron Jacobi, the Bulgarian representative, ‘a witty, cynical, ‘broken-down Parisian *roué*, kept in Washington for years ‘past by his debts and his salary; . . . he believed in every-thing that was perverse and wicked, but he accepted the



‘ prejudices of Anglo-Saxon society and was too clever to ‘ obtrude his opinions upon others.’ Yet although the cloven foot would constantly peep out, and no one could believe either in his principles or his morals, in his way the Baron was as much in favour with the fair sex as the honourable and hospitable Lord Skye. Clear-sighted and venomously satirical when he pleased, he saw nearly to the bottom of Ratcliffe and his schemes, who returned the Baron’s hatred with interest. So that we are indebted to Jacobi’s calculating malice for much of our knowledge of the worst side of the senator’s nature. We may take the native Americans who dance attendance on Mrs. Lee to represent the best class of senators or members of Congress. They are men of fortune and of some education, and ought to be independent of place or intrigue. There is Mr. Carrington, who, by the way, has no seat in either House, a lawyer of forty, and both honest and high-principled, and consequently, as we are uncharitable enough to assume, his professional career has been a failure. Unquestionably his abilities entitled him to success, and, moreover, though perhaps unfortunately for him, he has the manners and feelings of a gentleman. Mr. Schuyler Clinton, the senator from New York, notwithstanding the importance of the constituency he represents, is politically insignificant though personally popular. Like Lord Skye, ‘ he had a marked regard for pretty women,’ and ‘ had made love to every girl with any pretensions to ‘ beauty that had appeared in the State of New York for nearly ‘ half a century.’

‘ A very different visitor was Mr. C. C. Trench, a young member of Congress from Connecticut, who aspired to act the part of the educated gentleman in politics, and to purify the public tone. He had reform principles and an unfortunately conceited manner; he was rather wealthy, rather clever, rather well-educated, rather honest, rather vulgar. His allegiance was divided between Mrs. Lee and her sister, whom he infuriated by addressing as “Miss Sybil” with patronising familiarity. He was particularly strong in what he called “badinage,” and his playful but ungainly attempts at wit drove Mrs. Lee beyond the bounds of patience. When in a solemn mood, he talked as though he were practising for the ear of a college debating society, and with a still worse effect on the patience; but with all this he was useful, always bubbling with the latest political gossip, and deeply interested in the fate of party stakes.

‘ Quite another sort of person was Mr. Hartbeest Schneidekoupon, a citizen of Philadelphia, though commonly resident in New York, where he had fallen a victim to Sybil’s charms, and made efforts to win her young affections by instructing her in the mysteries of currency and protection, to both which subjects he was devoted. To forward

these two interests and to watch over Miss Ross's welfare, he made periodical visits to Washington, where he closeted himself with committee-men and gave expensive dinners to members of Congress. Mr. Schneidekoupon was rich, and about thirty years old, tall and thin, with bright eyes and smooth face, elaborate manners and much loquacity. He had the reputation of turning rapid intellectual somersaults, partly to amuse himself and partly to startle society. At one moment he was artistic, and discoursed scientifically about his own paintings; at another he was literary, and wrote a book on "Noble Living" with a humanitarian purpose; at another he was devoted to sport, rode a steeplechase, played polo, and set up a four-in-hand: his last occupation was to establish in Philadelphia the "Protective Review," a periodical in the interests of American industry, as a stepping stone to Congress, the Cabinet, and the Presidency. At about the same time he bought a yacht, and heavy bets were pending among his sporting friends whether he would manage to sink first his review or his yacht.

A much higher type of character was Mr. Nathan Gore, of Massachusetts, a handsome man with a grey beard, a straight sharply-cut nose, and a fine penetrating eye; in his youth a successful poet, whose satires made a noise in their day, and are still remembered for the pungency and wit of a few verses; then a deep student in Europe for many years, until his German history of "Spain in America," placed him instantly at the head of American historians, and made him minister at Madrid, where he remained four years to his entire satisfaction, this being the nearest approach to a patent of nobility and a government pension which the American citizen can attain. A change of administration had reduced him to private life again, and after some years of retirement he was seen in Washington, willing to be restored to his old mission. Every President thinks it respectable to have at least one literary man in his pay, and Mr. Gore's prospects were fair for obtaining his object, as he had the active support of a majority of the Massachusetts delegation. He was abominably selfish, colossally egoistic, and not a little vain; but he was shrewd; he knew how to hold his tongue; he could flatter dexterously, and he had learned to eschew satire. Only in confidence and among friends he would still talk freely, but Mrs. Lee was not yet on those terms with him.

The sketch of Mr. Gore is apparently intended to be recognized; at all events, it strikes us as unpleasantly personal. But although the gentleman who sat for it would have been a welcome guest in any company on the showing of the satirical author of 'Democracy,' even he in running his candidature for the Spanish mission, stoops to toady the omnipotent Ratcliffe. Mr. Gore, with his historical training and his acquaintance with foreign courts and countries, was as well qualified as any living American to pronounce on the political institutions under which he lived. When Mrs. Lee is on such terms that she can venture on liberties with him, she presses him,

with indifferent taste, for an opinion on the point. She demands bluntly, 'Do you yourself think democracy the best government, and universal suffrage a success?'

'Mr. Gore saw himself pinned to the wall, and he turned to bay with almost the energy of despair.

'There are matters about which I rarely talk in society; they are like the doctrine of a personal God; of a future life; of revealed religion; subjects which are naturally reserved for private reflection. But since you ask for my political creed, you shall have it. I only condition that it shall be for you alone, never to be repeated or quoted as mine. I believe in democracy. I accept it. I will faithfully serve and defend it. I believe in it because it appears to me the inevitable consequence of what has gone before it. Democracy asserts the fact that the masses are now raised to a higher level than formerly. All our civilisation aims at this mark. We want to do what we can to help it. I myself want to see the result. I grant that it is an experiment, but it is the only direction society can take that is worth its taking; the only conception of its duty large enough to satisfy its instincts is the only result that is worth an effort or a risk. Every other possible step is backward, and I do not care to repeat the past. I am glad to see society grapple with issues in which no one can afford to be neutral.'

Mr. Gore could of course talk well upon many subjects; but as a rule the *habitués* of Mrs. Lee's salon appear to be pitifully out of their element, when it comes to circulating the small change of general conversation. Not only the cynical and agreeable Baron Jacobi, but the youngest *attachés* to the foreign missions outshine them, notwithstanding the serious drawbacks of an imperfect knowledge of the language. They not merely listen respectfully to Ratcliffe as a form of flattery, but when he chooses to exert his powers, he monopolises the conversation by sheer force of the natural talent, which is humorous and original, within a narrow range. He is strong upon his special subjects; all he wants to make him sparkle in these is self-assurance; and his instincts as a bully or an autocrat serve him admirably in a company where he feels that he has everything his own way. At one particular dinner given in his honour under the auspices of Mrs. Lee, he astonishes even those who ought to have known him best, by his brilliant versatility within certain limits. He 'told stories 'in Yankee and Western dialect; gave sharp little sketches 'of amusing political experiences. . . . Nay he even rose to a 'higher flight, and told the story of President Lincoln's death, 'but with a degree of feeling that brought tears into their eyes.'

Mr. Gore resigned himself to applauding the orator; but then Mr. Gore might have had an eye on the mission to Madrid.

But even the Speaker of the House shrinks into silence and insignificance, and 'consumed his solitary duck and his lonely 'champagne in a corner without giving a sign.' The honours of the evening would have rested with Ratcliffe, and we should have been content to have thought better of him with the rest of the guests, had not he lowered himself again to his ordinary level by the coarseness of retort in a subsequent encounter. Such vulgar personality would be simply inconceivable with any European statesman of his standing. On a rash impulse, the playful Mr. Trench had tried the heavy artillery of his 'badinaige' on the formidable Peonia giant.

"Are you financier enough, Mr. Trench, to know what are the most famous products of Connecticut?"

Mr. Trench modestly suggested that he thought its statesmen best answered that description.

"No, sir! Even there you're wrong. The showmen beat you on your own ground. But every child in the Union knows that the most famous products of Connecticut are Yankee notions, nutmegs made of wood, and clocks that won't go. Now your Civil Service Reform is just such another Yankee notion: it a wooden nutmeg; it a clock with a show case and sham works. And you know it! You are precisely the old school Connecticut peddler."

Ratcliffe was rough enough and ready enough; but there was reason for his feeling remarks on Civil Service Reform to be personal, though he did propose to bring the fascinating widow to his lure by pledging himself to a grand work of regeneration. His enemies have done their best to enlighten her as to the hollowness of his 'high-falutin' professions, and his audacity and ingenuity were tasked to the uttermost in explaining away the charges he cannot contradict. His line is to represent himself as a martyr to party who sacrifices his conscience in extremity for the welfare of the State. Here is his frank avowal of a shameless piece of election rascality, subsequently condoned by his admiring constituents of Illinois. We fancy we have not unfrequently heard of similar cases; but if the author of 'Democracy' has invented this incident, as he has localised it, then he has very gratuitously maligned one of the leading States of the Union.

'In the worst days of the war there was almost a certainty that my state would be carried by the peace party, by fraud, as we thought, although fraud or not, we were bound to save it. Had Illinois been lost then, we should certainly have lost the Presidential Election, and with it probably the Union. At any rate, I believed the fate of the Union to depend on the result. I was then governor, and on me the responsibility rested. We had entire control of the northern counties and of their returns. We ordered the returning officer in a certain

number of counties to make no returns until they heard from us, and when we had received the votes of all the southern counties and learned the precise number of votes we needed to give us a majority, we telegraphed to our northern returning officers to make the votes of their districts such and such, thereby overbalancing the adverse return, and giving the State to us. . . . I am not proud of the transaction, but I would do it again, and worse than that, if I thought it would save this country from disunion.'

On that occasion the worthy senator's 'explanation' silenced Mrs. Lee, if it did not altogether satisfy her. Still dazzled by the fancy of inspiring a contemporary Washington, she tries to see sublimity in the robust independence that can set ordinary principle at defiance. But a still more damaging disclosure staggers her, and finally leads on to an open breach, when she was already reconsidering her earlier impressions of Ratcliffe. The second charge brought against him was the vulgar acceptance of a bribe. Briefly, a steamship company had applied to Congress for a subsidy. The manipulation of the affair was entrusted to a well-known lobbyist. There was strong hostility to the bill, and Ratcliffe, as chairman of committee, headed the opposition. The lobbyist reported that unless the chairman were 'squared' the bill would never come to a vote, but suggested that things might be managed by judicious corruption. The company opened him a credit. State bonds to the value of 100,000 dollars were handed over to Ratcliffe, who thereupon reported in favour of the bill. Ratcliffe admitted the transaction, but denied that he had personally benefited. The success of his party in a presidential election had again been essential to the national welfare. Money was wanted, and must be procured on any terms. The gentlemen who administered the election, or corruption, fund simply appealed to him on public grounds to change his decision as to the subsidy. He asked for no further reasons, but assented. After all, though he had held strong opinions as to the subsidy, it was more than possible he might have been in error. He knew the money had been paid, and had proved invaluable to the party; as for himself, he never touched a dollar of it. But Mrs. Lee's belief in the circumstantial evidence against him is not to be so lightly shaken. She apparently thinks that if he is capable of what he confesses, he will shrink neither from falsehood or perjury.

Unquestionably, Ratcliffe, as he is represented, was an unscrupulous scoundrel—brutal besides, a bully, and overbearing. But we must remember that he was hurried along in spite of himself by partisans, and that no man in his position could

enjoy the double luxury of political power and a placid conscience. No chief of an idle and turbulent Scottish clan was ever harder pushed to feed his hungry following. Ratcliffe would often have thought himself happy had he been left to the depressing solitude of those gaunt boarding-house rooms. But they were besieged from early morning far into the small hours by crowds of self-seeking constituents and place-hunters. We have a sadly humorous picture of that grotesque *levée* as it appeared to him one afternoon when he had gone home in low spirits.

'He found there, as he had expected, a choice company of friends and admirers, who had beguiled their leisure hours since noon in cursing him in every variety of profane language that experience could suggest and impatience stimulate. On his part, had he consulted his own feelings only, he would then and there have turned them out and locked the doors behind them. So far as silent maledictions were concerned, no profanity of theirs could hold its own against the intensity and deliberation with which, as he found himself approaching his own door, he expressed between his teeth his views in respect to their eternal interests. Nothing could be less suited to his present humour than the society which awaited him in his rooms. He groaned in spirit as he sat down at his writing table and looked about him. Dozens of office-seekers were besieging the house: men whose patriotic services in the last election called loudly for recognition from a grateful country. They brought their applications to the senator, with an entreaty that he would endorse them and take charge of them. Several members and senators, who felt that Ratcliffe had no reason for existence except to fight their battle for patronage, were lounging about his room reading newspapers or beguiling their time with tobacco in various forms; at long intervals making dull remarks, as if they were more weary than their constituents of the atmosphere that surrounds the grandest Government the sun ever shone upon. Several newspaper correspondents, eager to barter their views for Ratcliffe's hints or suggestions, appeared from time to time on the scene, and, dropping into a chair by Ratcliffe's desk, whispered with him in mysterious tones.'

But if the struggle for supreme power had its ceaseless responsibilities and sufferings, the envied occupant of the presidential chair was by no means enthroned on cushions of rose-leaves. The successful candidate who 'flits' from an Indiana homestead to the White House, in the course of the story, had been returned by one of those compromises almost as common in the States as with the Sacred College of Cardinals. And the new master of the American millions was even rougher than Ratcliffe, with far less than Ratcliffe's intellect and with very little of his political experience. He came to power holding none of those wires in his hands which were worked all over

the Union by Ratcliffe and his confederates. But he came to power with definite, if not very patriotic, purposes, and determined at all events to gratify his party spite by withholding office from all who had opposed him. He discovers to his disgust that he is helpless. The wily Ratcliffe, confident in potent alliances, calmly bides his time, and winds his web round the President. And we have the spectacle of a plain and naturally straightforward man compelled to become a time-server and hypocrite in spite of himself, so that the station he is so ill-fitted to fill is not even graced by the dignity of honest manhood. The President had begun life as a stone-cutter, and, while shaping and polishing blocks of stone, he had necessarily no time to do as much for himself. His backers, as we have said, fondly christened him 'The Stone-cutter of the 'Wabash,' 'The Hoosier Quarryman,' or 'Old Granite.' As for his opponents, they eagerly adopted the last designation, merely modifying it into 'Old Granny.' Having served but a single term as governor of his native State, he had scarcely any political training, and knew nothing of the world beyond Indiana. The stalwart quarryman had been ludicrously caricatured on half the hoardings and hustings in the Union: but it was remarked and remarkable 'that the purest and most 'highly cultivated newspaper editors on his side, without 'excepting those of Boston itself, agreed with one voice that 'the stone-cutter was a noble type of man, perhaps the very 'noblest that had appeared to adorn the country since the incomparable Washington.'

Had Mrs. Lee been inclined to take the President at the valuation of the party press, Ratcliffe and his allies would have undeceived her. But, prepared as she was for what she might expect, when curiosity draws her to the first State reception, the shock is too much for her. The quarryman has a wife somewhat beneath himself in breeding, and the wife is *ex officio* the first lady in the Union. Mrs. Lee makes her obeisance before 'two seemingly mechanical figures, which might be wood 'or wax for any sign they showed of life. These two figures 'were the President and his wife; they stood stiff and awkward 'by the door, both their faces stripped of every sign of intelligence, while the right hands of both extended themselves to 'the column of visitors with the mechanical action of toy dolls.' And this, she reflects with horror and disgust, is the apex of American society. What a hideous glorification of the position! What a terrible warning to ambition! And the worst of it is that no one appears to be struck as she is; that nobody will lay the lesson and the warning to heart; that among all this

mixed mob of people, whether absurd or respectable, not a soul seems alive to this ludicrous mockery of the monarchical forms they profess to despise. Henceforth, although she may marry Ratcliffe for influence, it is certainly not the position of mistress of the White House that will tempt her; unless, indeed, it should be another condition of her sacrifice, that she shall attempt a reform which is well-nigh impossible. Mrs. Lee had wondered at the President, when at the inauguration ceremonies she had seen 'an elderly western farmer, with silver spectacles, new and glossy evening clothes, bony features, and still, thin, grey hair, trying to address the people under the drawbacks of a piercing wind and a cold in his head.' But she renounces any further study of the illustrious couple when she has been persuaded to make her obeisance to his lady in private. Mrs. Lee and her sister were received with an air of chilling patronage by a stout and coarse-featured elderly female, whom 'she declared she wouldn't engage as a cook.' The quarryman's mate responds to the expression of the civil hope that she had found Washington agreeable, with an intimation that it struck her as 'awful wicked;' and she pleasantly points the significance of her words by glaring at the graceful toilettes of her visitors. But not being a woman much given to mincing matters, she puts her meaning beyond a doubt by remarking that 'she had heard tell people sent to Paris for their gowns, just as though America wasn't good enough to make one's clothes;' and added that she had a promise from 'Jacob' of sumptuary legislation on the subject.

Mrs. Lee's political education may be said to be completed, as the last of her lingering illusions are dispelled by some side-lights thrown on 'lobbying' and the distribution of patronage. The widow of a famous master of lobbying, who appears to have practised the art with as general acceptance as any eminent Parliamentary Counsel in England, frankly explains how her husband had earned his commissions:—

'We had more congressional business than all the other agents put together. Every one came to us then, to get his bill through, or his appropriation watched. We were hard at work all the time. You see, one can't keep the run of three hundred men without some trouble. My husband used to make lists of them in books with a history of each man, but I carried it all in my head.

"Do you mean that you could get them all to vote as you pleased?" asked Madeleine.

"Well, we got our bills through," replied Mrs. Baker.

"But how did you do it? Did they take bribes?"

"Some of them did. Some of them liked suppers and cards and theatres and all sorts of things. Some of them could be led, and some



had to be driven like Paddy's pig, who thought he was going the other way. Some of them had wives who could talk to them, and some—hadn't," said Mrs. Baker, with a queer intonation in her abrupt ending.'

As for patronage, Mr. Nathan Gore, deprecating by his manner any attempt at condolences, explains how he had renounced the idea of the Spanish mission. The President did not want his services. In fact, the quarryman had a friend with a claim on the Indianapolis post office. Circumstances having compelled the party to bestow that appointment elsewhere, the claimant was bought off with the important foreign mission, for which his antecedents had admirably fitted him. Mr. Gore's, although a conspicuous, was by no means an exceptional case. 'Removals were fast and furious, until all 'Indiana became easy in circumstances.' No wonder that political contests in America should be keen and embittered, since *væ victis* is the motto of the conquerors; and the fact that it should be so is the best excuse for the scandalous proceedings of distinguished politicians. They are fighting not only for place and power, but to save a host of anxious followers from penury. And knowing that to be the fact, and assuming that one of the shrewdest peoples upon earth has its full share of the frailties of human nature, we see no reason to doubt the substantial truth of this unalluring picture of American politics.

As the slight knowledge we possess of the manners of American society is derived from works of fiction like those we have just passed in review, or from the fugitive observations of foreign travellers, we may as well confess that the impression is an unpleasing one. These sweetmeats leave a bitter taste in the mouth. There is a want of delicacy and sentiment in the characters of these women. There is an absence of generosity and nobility of heart in the men. The class of society in this country which calls itself fashionable is often vulgar and selfish, but here at least it is not the highest or the best. To imitate the follies of such people is still more contemptible; but it is easier to imitate the follies of fashion than to transplant the qualities of high-breeding into another soil. England is as much as ever the social metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon race. To be presented at the Court of Queen Victoria, or to marry the heir to a British title, is still the dream of many a colonial or American maiden. We have therefore something to answer for if the tone of society in those countries is lowered by that which prevails in some conspicuous London circles. But we readily believe that these fictions are satirical, and that the specimens of American

manners which sometimes fall under our notice in Europe are exceptional. It would be unjust that English society should be estimated by the productions of Ouida or Miss Braddon, or by the reports of proceedings in our courts of law. It would be equally unjust to condemn the domestic manners of the French on the evidence of the disgusting novels of M. Daudet and his congeners. That which is really strong, refined, estimable, and pure in the manners of a country is not to be found in such works. Like charity, it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; but it resides, we doubt not, in America as it does in other countries, in the hearts and homes of a cultivated and warm-hearted people, to which the sensational novelist of the day has no access, and from which even his works are excluded.

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ART. VIII.—*A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By WILLIAM HARTPOLE LECKY. Vols. III. and IV. London: 1882.

EXACTLY four years have elapsed since the first two volumes of Mr. Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' were reviewed in these pages. The literary public had awaited their appearance with more than ordinary interest. No very great addition, indeed, to the general stock of information was likely to be forthcoming. The history of the last century had already been carefully explored. Pains-taking historians like Stanhope and Coxe had produced a faithful representation of its first half; Sir Erskine May had minutely traced its constitutional and parliamentary development, while the whole period is particularly rich in the works of well-known contemporary authors. But if Mr. Lecky could not provide anything strikingly new, he was able to furnish us with a series of reflections without which the mere record of facts is comparatively worthless, and history itself incomplete. His established character for breadth of thought and great accuracy of work made such a task particularly suitable to him, and he has succeeded both in the past and in the present volumes in producing a book of great value to those who care to pierce beneath the surface of history. We regard Mr. Lecky's history rather as a philosophical than as a purely historical work, and it is in this light that we should imagine the author himself intended it to be read. That it is necessary to draw at all a distinction between history and philosophy is owing to the extremely unintelligent

way in which history is studied, and, until the time of Mr. Buckle at all events, in which it has been written. To many—to most, it may probably be said—it is a mere agglomeration of facts acquired with the same labour as is employed by a schoolboy in learning by heart a page of Latin. It is a long and dreary array of barren results, a confusion of isolated circumstances, affording no other interest than can be extracted from an exciting incident or a pleasing narrative. The great uses of history are lost if its writers reduce it to the level of an almanac or a register, if it ceases to be what Bolingbroke described as philosophy teaching by examples. To the man who wishes to acquaint himself with the currents which direct human action, who wishes to map out a chart for the purpose of avoiding past errors or of predicting future dangers, the historical ‘fact’ is less interesting than the inquiry into the causes which brought it about. The possession of this experience is of priceless value to the modern statesman: the want of it in the popular constituencies of the present day one of the great sources of danger to society. Mr. Lecky has been eminently successful in bridging over the chasm which divides schoolmasters’ history from history as it becomes when it is studied as a science. The plan of his work is highly conducive to a thorough comprehension of its various details. The time-honoured chronological arrangement of preceding historians is ruthlessly abandoned, and each subject is, for the most part, dealt with in a particular group of its own, regardless of contemporary events. The two volumes may, indeed, be said to contain a series of essays sufficiently connected by the historical thread to appear as a cohesive whole. In reviewing them we shall adopt Mr. Lecky’s own plan, and, without any special attention to the order of the book, touch on such topics as appear to us to be of the greatest importance.

When four years ago Mr. Lecky laid down his pen, his history was interrupted at the death of George II. The two volumes now before us—the third and fourth of his work—take up the narrative at the accession of George III., and carry us over that stormy period in which the youthful Pitt, contrary to every expectation, overthrew the coalition Government of North and Fox, terminating the political career of one and sending the other into an almost life-long opposition. No portion of English history is less inviting, but none, as regards the eighteenth century, deserves such careful attention. At home, political faction and corruption were rampant; abroad, ignominious failure overwhelmed our arms with humi-

liation. The upper classes of society were steeped in dissipation. The lower were characterised by a brutality which was evinced in a succession of insurrectionary mobs. Yet, as if the very vileness of the evil brought its own remedy, it is here that the historian must seek the origin of many of those great changes which by the consent of all have tended to improve the government and augment the prosperity of the nation. George Grenville passed the first Bill which seriously grappled 'with the abominable prostitution of the House of Commons' in cases of elections. Chatham and Burke broached electoral reform. Camden, in opposition to the great authority of Mansfield and the doctrine of a long succession of eminent English lawyers, perseveringly advocated the claims of juries to a larger jurisdiction in matters of libel. Beaufoy, Savile, and Fox paved the way to that great measure which in 1828 placed Dissenters on a political equality with Churchmen. Burke and Dunning sought to stem the torrent of Royal corruption, and to restore the crippled finances of the State by an act of economical reform. The powers of the great officers of State, the powers of the House of Commons, were, as in the case of general warrants, or of the printers, or of Wilkes, more strictly defined and more liberally interpreted; while a long and sanguinary war revolutionised antiquated notions of colonial dependence, and originated principles which have largely affected subsequent colonial government. It is curious to reflect that the tree of our freedom has its roots so deeply imbedded in a soil of such impure composition, and that the King from the early part of whose reign the origin of many of our reforms may be said to date was himself the most arbitrary monarch who had occupied the throne since the Revolution.

On October 25, 1760, George II. died, and the last years of a reign peculiarly undistinguished for great military achievements set in a glow of conquest almost unparalleled in English history. His grandson, George III., succeeded to a vast heritage of territorial dominion and of international obligations. How he would deal with them was a matter of the greatest moment. Pitt was probably more alive to the new king's deficiencies than anybody else. Very few hours after the death of George II. he had an interview with George III. at Kew. He lamented 'that, for his Majesty's ease and tranquillity, it had not been his lot to have mounted the throne at a less difficult and arduous moment, but that such a crisis as the present, if it suited less with his ease, yet was more favourable to his glory, opening the fairest field for the dis-

‘play of the magnanimity, talents, and other princely virtues which had already distinguished his youth.’\*

If Pitt had apprehensions for the future, they were certainly not groundless. The young king was utterly unfitted by character and education to discharge the very delicate and onerous duties which devolved upon him. Swift says that the sons of men who are rich enough to give their children a good education are always worse educated than those of poor men to whom the expenses of education are a burden, and that if the whole world were placed under the dominion of one monarch the only son and heir of that monarch would be the worst-educated mortal that had ever been born since the creation. Had Swift levelled his satire at George III. it could not have been directed more truly. His education had been singularly defective, and he knew it. Till his mind was obscured by the impenetrable cloud of disease, he admitted and lamented his ignorance. Lord Waldegrave, the latest as well as the ablest of his governors, despaired of improving it in any way but by the indirect method of conversation. He was stuffed with prejudices contracted in the nursery and developed in the society of bedchamber-women. The nursery and the mother always prevailed over the tutors. Intercourse with companions of his own age, to many the best preparation for practical life, was also denied him. His mother (the dowager Princess of Wales) justly, perhaps, feared the contamination of the dissolute society of the young nobility, and dreaded its stain upon the spotless purity of her son's morality. When we consider how depraved the manners of the fashionable world then were, it is difficult to pass a severe censure upon the prudery of a princess whose own fame was not above suspicion. When in later years troubles gathered thickly round the king, when he adopted views which in the opinion of his subjects seemed suitable only for a despotic monarch, it was the thorough recognition on the part of his people of his moral worth which preserved his throne from disaster. For this he had to a great extent to thank his mother. Had he gambled with Orford, or made races between turkeys and geese from Norwich to Lon-

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\* This quotation is extracted from an unpublished manuscript memorandum of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the father of the first Earl of Minto. Sir Gilbert Elliot held various offices in different Governments, and was an intimate friend of Pitt as well as of Lord Bute. The MS. was kindly placed in our hands by the Honourable George Elliot, in whose possession it is.

don, as did Rockingham, his future Prime Minister, it might possibly have created a greater change in the history of the times than all his ignorance, all his obstinacy, all his imperiousness put together. Thus George III. grew up, ignorant alike of men and of letters, 'a boy of respectable abilities, but great constitutional ignorance, scrupulous, dutiful, ignorant of evil, sincerely pious, but neither generous nor frank; harsh in his judgment of others, with strong prejudices, indomitable obstinacy, and great command over his passions, exceedingly tenacious of his resentments, and exhibiting them chiefly by long fits of sullenness.' Such was the youth whose difficult task it now became to rule the mighty empire into which the little island of Great Britain had expanded.

Signs were not wanting that administrative changes would ere long take place. On November 1 Horace Walpole wrote to Mann that only the superficies of the drawing-room was altered, not the Government. In truth, before he had taken up his pen, influences were operating which led to the resignation of Pitt and the overthrow of his Government. The steps adopted by the King, on calling his first Council after his interview with Pitt at Kew, are well known. While Pitt, according to his directions, waited at Savile House, Newcastle was closeted with him at Carlton House. The omen was unfavourable to Pitt, and the interval thus occupied a trying one. Sir Gilbert Elliot thus describes it:—

'Mr. Pitt related to me at Savile House what had passed in the morning at Kew. He seemed then tolerably well satisfied, and preserved his countenance and deportment the two hours he waited at Savile House, though fully sensible of the impression then given to the public as well as of how unfavourable an indication it was for himself. The conversation at Savile House was wholly on the circumstances of the King's death; everyone seemed free and open, affable and easy on all subjects but the formation of the Ministry, and rather ready to listen than to speak themselves.'

The time of suspense at length elapsed. Pitt was sent for, the King's famous declaration was discussed, and late in the evening the weary Council broke up. Late as it was, Lord Bute whispered to Pitt that he wished to speak to him that night.

'When they met, Lord Bute, shortly recapitulating the grounds of their misunderstanding, said, notwithstanding he had refused him a meeting when asked for by Mr. Elliot's means, he was now ready to ascribe that conduct to some particular delicacies in his situation, to bury in oblivion all that was past, and for the sake of the public to

enter upon business with the same spirit as if nothing had ever intercepted their friendship, that he would now hold precisely the same discourse as if the meeting formerly proposed had taken place; that had he given him that meeting he would have informed him then that he had laid aside thoughts of being First Lord of the Treasury, and meant to hold the situation of a private gentleman at the side of the king, and give his best support to public measures; that he approved of his system of the war, and offered him his cordial and sincere friendship.

‘Mr. Pitt in his answer expressed his warm sense of the propriety of his conduct, and of the frank offer of his friendship, declaring that no one could return that friendship more heartily in regard to every object that could respect the honour, distinction, or interest of himself or his family. But he wished to distinguish between public and private friendship: the latter was a virtue; the former was faction and cabal if it led to the adoption or approbation of one measure which even as an enemy an honest minister would not have acquiesced in; that he must act as an independent minister, or not at all; that his politics were like his religion, which could admit of no accommodation; that if the system of the war was to undergo the least change, or even shadow of a change, he would no longer be of any service; he even mentioned particularly the direction of it being left in the hands of Prince Ferdinand and the Hereditary Prince. He approved of the Duke of Newcastle’s being continued, and even intimated that he would chiefly respect measures, and endeavour on the plan he had followed during the former reign; that he, too, wished to be a private man, if he could once see his country out of the present plunge: the only difference between them was that his lordship would practise his philosophy in a court, he in a village. Thus they parted, the one hurt, though not owning it, with the distinction already shown to the Duke of Newcastle; the other feeling the expressions used somewhat peremptory, and noting rather than unfolding to himself the meaning of the distinction so early used between public and private friendship.’ \*

Exposed to the operation of secret intrigues, the disintegration of Pitt’s Cabinet advanced with rapidity; in time it fell, or, rather, was transformed, and was succeeded by new Governments and new policies.

Many of the evils which occurred under ensuing Governments are ascribed by Mr. Lecky to the desire of the King ‘to restore the royal power to a position wholly different ‘from that which it occupied in the reign of his predecessor.’

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\* Unpublished MS. of Sir Gilbert Elliot. A few months before this conversation occurred Pitt had declared in the House of Commons ‘that he only desired to be an instrument of government and drudge ‘of office. He wished for no power; he had seen what effect it had ‘had on his predecessors.’ (Walpole’s ‘Memoirs of George II.’ vol. ii. p. 351.)

We think that Mr. Lecky attributes more importance to the effect of the King's character on the course of events than the facts fairly warrant, and that he scarcely lays sufficient stress on the very great power which public opinion was beginning to exercise over politics on the accession of George III. This is the more surprising, because, in a later chapter, he particularly attributes the constitutional changes which happened in Ireland between 1760 and 1782 to the weight of public opinion. The early development of this new power must be sought in England rather than in Ireland; if it produced great consequences in Ireland, the results which attended it in England were no less prodigious.

That George III. was arbitrary, ignorant, and often wrong-headed, nobody will deny, or that the consequence of all this operated most prejudicially on such circumstances as came under his influence. But the change in the circumstances themselves between the times anterior and posterior to the Seven Years' War was far greater than the change of character from George II. to George III. The Seven Years' War was followed by the most remarkable growth in the power of public opinion, which, if it had not been quite dead before, had at least slumbered heavily from the moment when it forced Walpole, in 1739, to fight Spain for the purpose of avenging the loss of Jenkins's ears. It was the action of this new force on the measures of Government, quite as much as any peculiar tendency to despotism on the part of the King, which led to perpetual conflict between the prerogative and liberty.

If public opinion had slept, it was rudely awakened by the war. A succession of effete Ministers had reduced the Government to decrepitude, and handed over the country to the terror of a foreign invasion. Pitt's administration was hardly established before the tide of defeat was rolled back in an interminable stream of conquest. The self-confidence of the nation was restored as it were by magic. The breath of a prosperous war seemed to vitalise the limbs which a series of inefficient Cabinets had rendered nerveless. Pitt's triumph was virtually the ruin of the system of government created by Walpole and adopted by Pelham. Corrupt as it was, it had not been unbeneficial; but at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War all that was good about it had disappeared, all that was bad about it remained. In a moment of profound national agitation and despair the people witnessed its utter collapse. They turned to it for a shelter, and found the shelter of a defence wanting. They beheld England stripped of her



foreign possessions; they daily expected a hostile army would be landed on her shores; they were compelled to hire German mercenaries to do the duty which the Government had prepared no English soldiers to perform, when suddenly they saw themselves delivered by a statesman who repudiated all connexion with received methods of government, who declared his abhorrence of that system of party connexion which for nearly half a century had been the plank upon which every Government had stood, and who leant upon an influence which as a permanent factor was almost new in political calculations. A system of government depending for its maintenance upon family connexion could not exist a day by the side of one which was supported by a strong and stable public opinion, more especially when the former had proved itself to be an absolute failure, while the latter had all the encouragement which could be won by indisputable success.

The people had exerted their power, and exerted it successfully. They had created a new political creed, with Pitt as its high priest. When Pitt became to all intents and purposes Prime Minister, the great days of the Newcastles, the Bedfords, and the Temples began to pass away. The country gradually ceased to be governed by what in fact was little better than a close committee of the heads of a few great Whig houses. It was brought into infinitely closer relations with those that governed it, though some time still elapsed before it took an active part in the deliberations of its rulers. Its attempts at self-assertion provoked many of the conflicts which have been imputed to the arbitrariness of the King. For the most part the constitutional questions of the reign of George III. were the direct product of the growth of liberty, while numerous riots gave emphasis to its existence. The introduction of this strong public opinion on political matters from the time of the Seven Years' War is a point not to be neglected by those who study the history of George III. and his early Ministries. During the war the attention of the people was riveted upon its course, their energy and resources thrown into its maintenance. It was no sooner concluded than the active spirit of public vigour was turned upon domestic politics. Whatever he became in later life, George III. was not despotic in the early portion of his reign, nor were his early Governments less Liberal than those of Walpole and Pelham. Both King and Government proceeded on tradition; what upset their calculations was the existence of a power of which they had no experience. The arbitrary acts of George Grenville and Bedford found their parallels, *not* in the harsh

Administrations of the preceding century, but in the notoriously mild ones of Walpole and the Pelhams. The King and Government did nothing but what King and Government had often done before without rebuke, what King and Government would certainly have done again had George II. lived, had Walpole and Pelham been raised from the dead. It so happened that George II. died at the very moment that a great change was in progress in regard to the circumstances of government. The effect of this change in circumstances has been too easily accounted for by ascribing it to the disposition of the new King.

Probably no keener eyes watched the devolution of the Crown than those of Horace Walpole, a professional politician with many opportunities of judging of the young King, and those of the Count de Fuentes, the Spanish Minister at the English Court: To neither did it occur that the substitution of George III. for George II. was pregnant with changes. Walpole expected nothing but the shifting of a few lords and grooms of the bedchamber, while Fuentes deeply deplored the death of the King whose authority alone could restrain the power of Pitt. It never occurred to either one or the other that there would be anything new in the government. Nor would there have been to any great degree had it not been for the growth of public opinion, which is, in fact, the key both in England and America, as well as in Ireland, to nearly all that eventually happened. We have thus far ventured to disagree with Mr. Lecky. We resume our criticisms with the words used by Fox to excuse his coalition with North: ‘*Aniicitæ sempiternæ, inimicitia placabiles.*’

Of the many great constitutional disputes which characterise the early portion of the reign of George III., the most important is undoubtedly that of American taxation. As we follow Mr. Lecky through his full and lucid description of the origin and history of the American war, it is impossible to suppress a feeling approaching surprise at the short space of time which has elapsed between the events he describes and the age in which we live. The vivid scenes which he brings before our eyes might nearly be connected with the present by the span of one old man's life. Barely one hundred and twenty years have passed since the Peace of Paris terminated a war happily concluded through the joint and cordial agency of England and her American colonies. A hundred years have not passed since the peace which absolutely and for ever divided England from these very colonies was signed at Versailles; since the bond of relationship was

snapped, and since the English race, hitherto claiming but one nationality and paying allegiance but to one head, separated into two great and antagonistic branches. How this momentous issue was brought about, how a people to all appearance intimately united by common blood, common interests, and a common past, were converted into enemies, Mr. Lecky has taken pains to show us.

The peace which in 1763 put an end to the Seven Years' War was hailed with enthusiasm in America. In London the satisfaction was far from complete. The war, in spite of some symptoms to the contrary, was still popular. Its conclusion was by many supposed to be the work of party intrigues against a statesman who was justly termed the Minister of the people. It was imputed to the influences of Bute, or the more secret machinations of the Dowager Princess of Wales. Nor were the terms such as commended themselves to a nation which had learnt to consider its arms invincible. The people saw with displeasure their old ally, the King of Prussia, abandoned to his fate, and turned with disgust from a policy which in its efforts for peace surrendered hard-won conquests for inadequate equivalents. In America this spirit of criticism was absent. Removed three thousand miles from Court intrigues, careless whether George II. or George III. filled the throne, or Pitt, or Bute, or the Dowager Princess of Wales manipulated the reins of Government, so long as she herself was undisturbed, the temper which inspired the English Opposition found no place in America. Moreover the colonies had obtained everything which they wanted. No part of the British Empire had gained so largely by the late war. All that there was to win the colonists had won. The French had been expelled from Canada; the Spaniards from Florida. The barriers which put limits to their dominion were thrown down. The hands which would have resisted their advance had perished. A land flowing with milk and honey was before them, a land teeming with hidden wealth, rich with unworked mines, big with incalculable harvests, which it needed but the touch of the plough to bring to birth. A boundless, interminable field of enterprise rolled its stores before their eyes. The promised land was promised no longer; they had only to enter in upon it and to possess it. Their exultation was unbounded, and it showed itself in an outburst of genuine loyalty.

But even as early as 1763 those who looked closely into the connexion between England and her colonies saw reason for alarm. A great natural difficulty loomed in the future, if the friendly relations of Great Britain and her American colonies

under the existing methods of government were to be maintained. This was the extraordinary and regular increase of the colonial population. During the twenty-five years which preceded 1763 the population of America had more than doubled itself. In 1763 the number of freemen must have approximated very nearly to two millions. That a population so large, doubling itself every quarter of a century, should long continue to take laws from a country many thousand miles distant from it, in which its interests were unrepresented and scarcely understood, is a supposition contrary to probability and to experience.

The natural impediments to the peaceful relations of England and America, without a change in the system of colonial government, were great; artificial difficulties rendered them insuperable. It is strange that tokens of the coming storm first became visible to foreigners; that Montesquieu and Turgot both foretold the separation of England from her colonies before a breath of discord had interrupted their mutual harmony, and years before Franklin had ridiculed the visionary fear that they would ever be combined against her. Montesquieu and Turgot predicted that the English trade laws would infallibly produce a disruption of the Empire, and they were right. The restrictive character of the commercial code was formidable, if not fatal to the free development of the colonies. Its severity had to be endured while Canada remained in the hands of the French. When the only check which kept the colonists in awe of the mother country was removed, resistance to it became certain.

The commercial system was radically vicious. As long as it existed the inequality between the English and American people was too great not to be a constant source of danger. On the part of England this was owing to no lust of power or special greediness of wealth. Her commercial code was the commercial code of other countries, only softer, and tempered with the wise neglect which permitted its not too rigorous observance. As a matter of fact, she had governed her colonies well according to her lights. Their strength, prosperity, local organisation, all that told with such fatal effect in the time of struggle, were the gift of her free institutions. In the words of Mr. Lecky—

‘ They governed themselves under the shadow of the British dominion with a liberty which was hardly equalled in any other portion of the civilised globe. Political power was incomparably more diffused, and the representative system was incomparably less corrupt, than at home, and real constitutional liberty was flourishing in the English colonies

when nearly all European countries, and all other colonies, were despotically governed.' Material prosperity was at this time advancing with giant strides, and religious liberty was steadily maintained.' (Vol. iii. p. 273.)

Had it not been for the pernicious trade laws America might have for years flourished as a portion of the British Empire, co-ordinate in dignity with England herself, her friendly rival in manufactures, commerce, and wealth.

The commercial system had the Navigation Act for its corner-stone, and every statute passed subsequently to it relative to trade was conceived in the same spirit. The object of the mother country was to subordinate the commerce, and even the manufactures, of her colonies to her own. They were to have no other emporium but England. In England all their produce was to be sold. In England every article intended for importation was to be bought. The colonial manufactures which competed with those of England were deliberately crushed.

'In the interest of the English wool manufacture, they were forbidden to export their own woollen goods to any country whatever, or even to send them from colony to colony. In the interest of English iron merchants, they were forbidden to set up any steel furnaces or slitting mills in the colonies. In the interest of English hatters, they were forbidden to export their hats, or even to send them from one colony to another, and serious obstacles were thrown in the way of those who sought to establish a manufacture for purely home consumption.' (Vol. iii. p. 299.)

Many restrictions of a similar nature shackled American industries, retarded the growth of the colonies, and inspired that natural feeling of resentment which, if not the proximate cause of the rebellion, was the real motive of American separation. They did not pass in England without criticism, and in the middle of last century several attempts were made to relax the severity of the commercial code. In 1753 Sir John Barnard proposed to repeal the bill which prohibited the wearing and importation of French lawns. The law he protested was, and must be, inoperative. It was impossible to execute it; it produced smuggling and provoked perjury. In 1756 Lord Strange with equal warmth exhibited the folly of imposing a heavy penalty on the exportation of American hats. It was by such selfish and unnatural regulations, he exclaimed, almost in a spirit of prophecy, that England would for ever alienate the affections of her colonists.

Stringent as the commercial code was, complicated and harassing as the system which bound England to the American

plantations, its oppression was never advanced by the bulk of the colonists as a serious complaint against the mother country. Otis, Samuel Adams, and the more heated politicians of New England showed an early disposition to deny the commercial supremacy which England claimed, and had at all times practised. But it was far otherwise with the majority of the colonies. As late as September 1774, after Parliament had refused to abandon the right of taxation, after blood had been spilled on both sides, after the so-called Boston massacre had been perpetrated, after Boston harbour was closed and the country was on the brink of civil war, the Congress which met at Philadelphia declared that—

‘From the necessity of the case and in regard to the mutual interests of both countries, we cheerfully consent to the operation of such acts of the British Parliament as are *bonâ fide* restrained to the regulation of our external commerce, for the purpose of securing the commercial advantages of the whole empire to the mother country, and the commercial benefits of its respective members.’ (Vol. iii. p. 409.)

Such self-restraint on the part of the Americans in a moment of profound political agitation is remarkable. It is probably to be accounted for by the singular moderation with which the revenue laws had been enforced by Great Britain. Burke, when the quarrel between England and the colonies had deepened, scoffed at the bill which imposed but the shadow of a tea duty on America as a ‘preambulary’ bill. The system which he blamed the Government for abandoning deserved no higher title of respect; for when, in 1764, the proposal of enforcing the trade laws was made, they were little more than a dead letter.

The England of 1763 was socially, politically, and internationally another country to what she was before the Seven Years’ War. She had acquired broad continents, rich islands, a vast dominion over millions of men, and she had acquired with them the absolute necessity of protecting them, of organising them, and of reconciling their clashing interests with her own. Her enormous possessions had only been obtained at a ruinous cost, and she found herself at the close of the Seven Years’ War with far greater obligations than before the war broke out, with much less financial ability to fulfil them. Pitt’s triumphs had increased the National Debt from seventy to more than one hundred and forty million pounds; while the military defence of the American colonies, which at the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was reckoned at seventy thousand pounds per annum, had sprung at the Peace of Paris to three hundred

and fifty thousand pounds. The increased debt and the increased charge are sufficient to account for the dismay of the statesmen of the time. Plans had already been suggested by which America should relieve England of a portion of the expense incurred in her protection. It remained for George Grenville to put them into execution.

Grenville had succeeded Lord Bute as Prime Minister in April 1763. He had many of the merits which make a useful official; he had none which make a great statesman. Compared to the Rigbys and Dysons of the day he was as superior as an honest painstaking man can be over men who have only their own interest at heart. His great aim was undoubtedly the welfare of his country. He was ambitious, but without a tinge of unscrupulousness. He was a matter-of-fact earnest man, incapable of raising his eyes to any very lofty principle, but equally incapable of allowing them to fall upon a low one. His character was not altogether unlike that of Philip Morville in the 'Heir of Redcliffe'—if our readers are acquainted with that novel—a man who wished to do right, but whose sense of right and wrong was tried by the fallible test of a judgment uncorrected by the opinions and feelings of those about him. He had the unhappy knack which belongs to some men of showing a displeasure it would have been more prudent to disguise. He was a near relation to Pitt and a member of Pitt's Government; while George III., on his accession, almost supplicated him to enter the Cabinet. Yet Grenville quarrelled with Pitt chiefly because he imagined himself superseded by Legge, and the King, after a short acquaintance with him, said he would rather meet the devil than George Grenville, and that he should not enter the Cabinet again except at the sword's point. Pitt probably made scores of enemies without a declaration of open warfare; and the King never failed to think badly of any Minister whom he employed, not even excepting Lord North. But there must have been something personally objectionable in a man who established such lasting animosities without a substantial cause. It was not till he felt the approach of death that Pitt forgot to point his satire against one whom he had ridiculed under the title of 'gentle shepherd,' and George III. remained implacable to his former Minister till the end. It must, however, in fairness to George Grenville be stated that his worst measures were those most approved of by the King; that the King would readily have forgiven him his American policy had he not been so intolerably prosy in the Cabinet. Thus Grenville was a failure both in private and public life.

He had neither the charm of disposition which led the world to forgive the faults of North, nor the loftiness of principle which led it to condone the arrogance of Pitt. He had no mean abilities and many high qualities, but he was steeped in officialism; and whatever aptitude he may have originally possessed for judging things on their natural merits, he had lost by the lifelong habit of attending to details. With the very best intentions he spent his life trying to fit square blocks into round holes. His whole attention was occupied in admiration of the exquisite squareness of his blocks. He had moulded them diligently and conscientiously, and he knew that his work was good. It never occurred to him that good as his work was it was not adapted to his end; that the great laws of nature will not consent to be bound by the paper chains of lawyers; that a system of government whose very existence had sprung from the weakness of a people was, for that very reason, unfitted for it when it became strong.

No sooner was Grenville Prime Minister than he began to contemplate some measure which would oblige the American colonies to contribute towards the expenses of their own maintenance. In his attempt to raise an American revenue he must not be judged too harshly. His position was one of extreme difficulty. In matters of trade public opinion was confused and conflicting. In America it leaned with a strong bias towards commercial freedom. In England, a very few weeks after the passage of the Stamp Act, the Duke of Bedford's house was besieged, and he himself half murdered, because he opposed the absolute prohibition of foreign silk. In Ireland, with national inconsistency, while one party was clamouring for a relaxation of the trade laws, the Whiteboys were compelling cloth weavers to lower the price of their goods, and obstructing by force the exportation of corn and flour. The financial condition, too, of England must not be omitted from consideration. It is probably not far short of the truth to say that for England to have continued for any lengthened period in the future to defray the civil and military expenses of America was a physical impossibility. Yet it was imperatively necessary for her to protect her colonies. Desertion of colonies was in the eighteenth century utterly repugnant to the sense of the world. Had England in her difficulties adopted the advice of Dean Tucker and separated herself from America, no people would have been more surprised than the Americans themselves, no appeals against the cold-heartedness of the parent State would have been half so



pathetic as those wafted from the country from whose shores England was shortly to be driven with ignominy.

If separation was impossible, not less so was a voluntary combination of the colonies among themselves for their own protection. The attempt had been made and had failed. Girt as she had been until the Peace of Paris by hostile populations, the long boundary of America had been remarkably open to incursions. The duty of repelling the common foe had hitherto fallen almost exclusively on English troops. The province which the attack immediately affected took some measures of self-defence; but the other colonies either sent assistance far short of what was requisite, or looked on with placid unconcern. At the commencement of the war with Canada Pennsylvania absolutely refused any contribution towards the general resources against an enemy who, if successful, might have established a foreign dominion over the whole of the continent; while in 1763 the people of Massachusetts were unsuccessfully implored to assist in defeating the Indian war, which for fourteen months devastated Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. It was the English arms which saved the Americans against the consequences of their own apathy. It was the English voice which begged them to forget for a moment their separate interests in one generous thought for the common good. In vain; the appeal fell on unwilling ears, and England was left to protect the colonies as she best could. English Ministers were resolved that at all events the expenses of this protection should not entirely fall upon the English people.

Grenville determined to maintain an American army by a contribution to the revenue raised by Parliament in the colonies. But even this step was not taken without due regard to the old maxim, that representation should accompany taxation. The Minister was not unwilling that the colonists should send representatives to the British Parliament. The scheme appeared more impracticable to people in those days of slow locomotion than it probably really was, or would appear now to us who see members from the most remote States of America assembling yearly in Congress at Washington, or the representatives of British Columbia meeting in Parliament at Ottawa. The proposal was never well received in America, and is principally interesting as proving how very anxious English statesmen were not to overstep the established limits of English liberty. The compulsory taxation of America was absolutely a last resource. Grenville assembled the agents of the States about him, and gave them

to understand that if they would agree among themselves to furnish a common revenue he would leave the manner of raising it to the States themselves, and it was not till this proposition also failed that he finally determined to ask Parliament to levy an American tax. As is well known, this request resulted in the enforcement of the American revenue laws, and in the famous Stamp Act.

The laws of trade in 1763 were indefensible. Their operation had been for years waxing feebler. In spirit at all events they were most injurious to the colonies, and England found herself yearly less able to enforce what America found herself yearly more able to resist. When Grenville succeeded to office he discovered the whole revenue derived by England from the American custom houses amounted to under two thousand pounds a year, while the annual collection of this miserable pittance cost her between seven and eight thousand pounds. Smuggling had risen to the level of a trade, and the custom-house officers reaped larger profits from the evasion than from the execution of the law. It is easy to imagine how an anomaly so outrageous should have stunk in the nostrils of a precisian like Grenville. Had he been a prudent man like Sir Robert Walpole he would not have interfered with a state of things which nothing but the natural requirements of America could have called into existence. Had he been a foolish one like the Duke of Newcastle he would have permitted the anomaly to become more anomalous, and filled every lucrative office in the American customs with a political supporter. Newcastle, whose notions of trade had allowed him, for the purpose of pleasing the West Indian merchants, to levy an import duty on foreign commodities, while to save his popularity in the colonies he connived at the evasion of the customs—whose ignorance was so great that he had been known to address letters to the ‘Island of New England,’ and believed that Jamaica was in the Mediterranean—confounded with his folly the wisdom of George Grenville. Far better had it been for England had he, like some of his predecessors, left his despatches to moulder unopened in the archives of his office before he meddled with a question which required but a single spark to produce an explosion.

The policy of Grenville was only a mistake; there was nothing in the new regulations themselves fairly entitled to objection. Grenville's grand error was his adhesion to the commercial code. He had no desire to render the code onerous, or to exact more from the colonial customs than he deemed sufficient; but he was determined that it should be completely and rigorously executed.

In his own eyes his reforms may even have had the merit of generosity, as he aimed mainly at reducing the nominal existing duties on American imports, whilst he took measures against the evasion of the duty for the future. Judging his policy merely by figures, nothing would appear more bountiful, nothing so likely to inspire universal joy among the colonists. The whole key to the difficulty is that the old duties were never paid. Had Grenville been contented with reforming the trade laws, it is possible, though not likely, that America, for a time at all events, might have submitted. The Stamp Act was of a different nature. It fired at once that vast amount of pent-up inflammatory sentiment which latent opposition to the commercial code had really engendered.

Mr. Lecky discusses at length the constitutional competence of Parliament to tax the colonies. He tells us that America required the protection of an army; that most of the fighting which had hitherto been done there had been done by English troops, and generally for the local benefit of the Americans; that other portions of the British Empire, such as Ireland and India, maintained armies for their own defence; and that the entire burthen of colonial protection would prove intolerably heavy to the mother country. 'These considerations,' he says, 'appear to me to justify fully the policy of the Ministers in 'desiring to place a small army permanently in the colonies' (vol. iii. p. 312). If an army was necessary, it was equally necessary to find money for its support. Common action for self-defence had over and over again been found impossible in America. The colonies were more jealous of each other than of England. An internal tax imposed by Parliament was, it is true, new; but unless England were to abandon America altogether, as Dean Tucker advised and Adam Smith approved, or unless she were to be left a prey to sanguinary and barbarous incursions of Indians or still more formidable invasions from France, there was no choice between taxing England to support her colonies, or taxing the colonies against their own consent to support themselves. There is not the shadow of a proof that England desired to raise any revenue by American taxation for English uses. As a matter of fact, the yield of the Stamp Act was not calculated to support the ten thousand men who were to compose the American army.

The real position upon which America took her stand was the constitutional right of the English Parliament to tax her. Even here we are inclined to think the balance of argument against her. Parliament had at times ordered a colony to raise certain sums of money, and obedience had been paid to the

behest. Massachusetts had occasionally laid claims to almost absolute independence; but they were never recognised by England, nor indeed persisted in by the colony. The decision of English lawyers was distinctly in favour of the right of parliamentary taxation. Both Sir Philip Yorke and Lord Mansfield, in 1724 and 1744, explicitly declared that the colonies could be taxed, 'but by some representative body of their own, 'or by the Parliament of England;' and this decision is all the more important as it was given with no express intention of settling the power of Parliament, but merely of defining that of the Crown. But what in reality both weakened and confused the argument of the Americans was the distinction they drew between internal and external taxation. As Mr. Lecky truly says:— 'To an accurate thinker it must appear evident that 'every law which in the interest of English manufacturers prohibited the Americans from pursuing a form of manufacture, 'or buying a particular class of goods from foreigners, was in 'reality a tax' (vol. iii. p. 315). Nor, following Mr. Lecky, do we see 'why the general defence of the Empire should be esteemed 'less an Imperial concern than the regulation of commerce; 'and why, if Parliament might bind the colonies and raise 'money for the regulation of their commercial system, she 'might not also both determine and enforce their military obligations; 'or, to use the language employed years afterwards by the author of the controversy, George Grenville himself, 'I could not see,' he said, 'any violation committed upon 'American freedom by an immediate tax upon the property 'of the colonists when they cheerfully submitted to our laws 'which regulated the acquisition of that property.' \*

From a judicial standpoint the case of England was more complete than that of America. But the completeness of a judicial case cannot supersede the radical injustice of imposing laws on any large antagonistic and unrepresented body of men against their own consent. Where such a conflict occurs resistance to law becomes a question of national defence. In any well-governed country the first object of the law is to defend personal liberty. When it fails it is as dangerous as a watch-dog who turns upon his master. The American dispute was more than a question of mere law, it was one of natural right; and, let the technical points be what they may, we are satisfied that true justice rested with the American cause. To use the words which Grattan ascribed to Lord Chatham, 'There was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence;

\* Cobbett's 'Parl. Hist,' vol. xvi. p. 870.

‘but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on the one side, and of tyranny on the other!’

The only portion of Mr. Lecky’s very able inquiry into the circumstances regarding the Stamp Act at which we are inclined to cavil is his final opinion that—

‘It would have been far wiser, under such circumstances, to have abandoned the project of making the Americans pay for their army, and to have thrown the burden on the mother country. Heavily as the English were at this time taxed, grievous as was the discontent which was manifested among the people, the support of an army of 10,000 men would not have been overwhelming, while a conflict with the colonists on the question would lead to no issue which was not disastrous.’ (Vol. iii. p. 318.)

Such a policy would have been but a temporary expedient. A limit must eventually have been attained beyond which the British public would have refused to pay for the accumulating expenses of America, and statesmen would have again been faced by the same issue of war or separation.

In March 1765 the Stamp Act passed through Parliament with scarcely any resistance. Burke several years afterwards described the debate which, as a stranger, he had heard from the gallery of the House of Commons, as the most languid within his recollection. In America it was received with a shout of indignation, which was rapidly converted from an explosion of words into an active opposition. Virginia voted a series of resolutions which she styled an alarum bell to the disaffected. A Congress, consisting of the representatives of nine colonies, assembled at New York, and absolutely denied the right of England to tax America at all. In Boston the authority of Parliament was openly and contumaciously resisted. What measures Grenville would have taken to enforce the Act it is difficult to conjecture. But a few months before these demonstrations of disloyalty occurred his relations with the King had reached a crisis.

In the spring of 1765 Grenville was not more unpopular with the Americans than he was odious to the King. In days gone by the King had assured Grenville that if he would only join the Cabinet his honour should be the King’s honour, his disgrace the King’s disgrace. The one great object of George III. was now to thrust his Minister from the Government. He was offended by his insolence, disgusted by his parsimony, and wearied by his political pedantry. In May and June the King made a determined effort to get rid of him, and employed the Duke of Cumberland to enter into negotiations with Pitt and Temple. The time was in some respects

unfortunately chosen. Pitt would do nothing without Temple, and Temple, in the first glow of a reconciliation with Grenville, was not prepared to act against the Government. Several interviews between Pitt, Temple, and the King took place at the Queen's house, but with no result. The following extracts from the unpublished MS. diary of Sir Gilbert Elliot throw some new light upon what passed. The mystery with which these negotiations have always been shrouded forms an excuse for digressing slightly from the path of our narrative :—

'On Tuesday 25th' (of June), writes Sir Gilbert, 'Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt went to the Queen's house. Lord Temple first entered the closet. He expressed himself respectfully, but said that such was the state of men and things that he despaired of answering the public expectations; that he could not, therefore, undertake the Treasury, nor come into office. The King pressed him by every private and public consideration; he even attempted to pique him in point of honour, by alleging that the greater the difficulty, the more it became him to give his assistance to his King and his country. His lordship owned that he felt all the force of what his Majesty so kindly urged, yet still he declined accepting office, saying that he would retire to Stow, and there hide his head for the rest of his life.

'Mr. Pitt came next into the closet. He regretted in the most pathetic terms the resolution which Lord Temple had so unhappily formed, and to which he adhered with so much obstinacy. He lamented the miserable state of his own health, and but for that consideration, he said, not even his engagements to Lord Temple should prevent him from sacrificing to his Majesty's service the few years he had yet to live; but, circumstanced as he was, how could he undertake the direction of public affairs, deprived of the aid and comfort of his sole remaining friend? To Mr. Grenville he allowed the merit of an able and industrious member of Parliament, but intimated his apprehensions that the present Ministers were by no means equal to the task of forming or carrying into execution any liberal or statesman-like plan of government. He concluded by saying he would publicly and everywhere declare that Lord Temple's resolution was the only obstacle to the acceptance of his Majesty's very gracious offer. He left the King disappointed at his refusal, but not a little pleased with the frankness and respect of his declarations.'

On the next day the King had a further interview with Pitt. On this occasion he again refused office, which was offered to him with a peerage, and strongly advised the King to continue Grenville as Minister.

'This advice, he protested, flowed from no family purpose, nor from any predilection to the man; had he accepted, he would have set him at defiance, but, as things now stood, without him he saw nothing in that department either solid or substantial. In opposition he might

give great trouble: his knowledge of revenue matters was considerable.'

Such was the advice of Pitt concerning a man whom a few months afterwards he was assailing with every form of invective. Yet in Pitt's observations there is nothing to justify the impression of Walpole that he intended to take office with Grenville and Temple, or to encourage the overtures which Bedford wrote to Grenville he considered might be made to him. But whether it was to be Pitt or somebody else, the King was equally determined to employ Grenville no longer, and in July 1765 his administration was succeeded by that of Lord Rockingham, and it became at once the business of the new Ministry either to confirm or to repeal the Stamp Act.

When on December 17, 1765, Parliament met, American difficulties were at a crisis. The English Parliament and the English nation had never listened to such accumulated insults as now assailed them. Not a year ago England had passed a measure which she believed she had a right to pass, and which she was convinced she had the power to enforce. 'I laugh, Sir, I laugh,' said Pitt, in one of his speeches on the repeal of the Stamp Act, 'when it is said that this country 'cannot coerce America.'\* The country was confident of her strength, rich in her resources, proud of her history. Her recent conquests over the greatest Powers of Europe had placed her on the pinnacle of glory; her colonial possessions extended over the world; her fleets and her armies were to be found under every sun; one trifling insult from France or Spain, and the sting of pride would have awakened her immense forces into instant retaliation. Yet what had England now to learn? That in two or three colonies, without a union, without an army, without a fleet, her officers had been chased for their lives through the streets; that their houses had been sacked; that their papers had been scattered; that the vice-admiralty courts had been burnt; that the authority of Parliament had been openly set at defiance. Any other country in the world but England would have answered with fire and sword, but England sat down calmly to discuss the constitutional right of Americans to tax themselves.

It is needless to enter here with any minuteness into the various courses which recommended themselves to the great

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\* Chatham's opinion was changed by time and events. On May 30, 1777, he exclaimed in the House of Lords, 'You cannot conquer the Americans. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.'

leaders of party in the English Parliament. The one which Parliament finally adopted was that in the end most likely to conciliate America. Lord Rockingham repealed the Stamp Act, as he repealed the Cyder Tax, because it would not work; but at his instance it passed a resolution declaring its right to make laws for the colonies 'in all cases whatsoever.' In spite of this saving clause, the essence of Rockingham's policy was capitulation. It was a concession to the sovereign will of the colonies, as expressed by their violence and tumult. It was a precedent for the future that the colonists should not be subject to the power against which they rebelled. This was the interpretation put upon it in America. In the words of Franklin, the resolution of right would give the Americans but little concern, if it were not put into practice. For the moment satisfaction was complete and peace reigned supreme. Every province desired to be the most dutiful and forward in its expressions of loyalty; gaols were thrown open; church bells were rung; illuminated figures of the King, Pitt, and Barré were displayed in Boston, and bonfires were substituted for the disastrous conflagration of the incendiary.

Had the spirit of Rockingham's concessions been fully accepted, the tumultuous applause which hailed the repeal of the Stamp Act might possibly have subsided into a quiet and sober loyalty. But for a permanent renunciation of right England was in 1766 unprepared. Pitt probably more than anybody else typified in his opinions the views of the general public. With the public he was filled with an intense dislike of Grenville and Bedford. The constitution with him was rapidly fading into the mere shadow which a few years later he declared it had actually become. Pitt expounded his ideas with his usual energy, if with something less than his usual clearness. He upheld the doctrine of self-taxation in the colonies. He proclaimed a power of uncontrolled legislation by the mother country. He distinguished between the external duties which England might impose on colonial imports for the regulation of trade, and the internal taxation which she wished to place upon the colonists with the object of raising a revenue. He maintained that as long as England left untouched the internal taxation of America she might do what she liked—she might bind her trade, confine her manufactures, exercise any power whatsoever, except that of taking money out of the pockets of the colonists without their consent. It is certain that Pitt's scheme for colonial pacification would have in the end failed as deplorably as that of Grenville. His speeches on the Stamp Act were at once



made use of by the factious in America; his opinions were disseminated far and wide as a justification of further demands, and his words had left his mouth but a few months before the cry of 'No representation, no taxation' was replaced by that of 'No representation, no legislation,'—before Otis and other agitators vehemently urged the principles of Chatham and Camden for the purpose of repudiating all parliamentary restrictions upon American trade.

In August 1766 Pitt, with the title of Lord Chatham, succeeded Rockingham as Prime Minister, and became head of a Government which comprehended every element of discord. For the sake of the Empire it was to be hoped that the renowned chief, so popular alike at home and in the colonies, would have done much to restore the harmony between England and her American plantations. But it was the misfortune of the great statesman, partly through defects of temper, mostly through infirmity of body, to miss utilising the opportunities which would have rendered his services most beneficial to his country. Had he chosen, at a crisis of the national fate, he might have been Prime Minister instead of Rockingham; had he chosen, he might have coalesced with Rockingham after Rockingham was Prime Minister; had he chosen, his very shadow out of the Cabinet might have been as powerful as the Prime Minister himself, and far more powerful than that too powerful shadow of royalty whose influence paralysed Rockingham's strength. All these opportunities for good he had missed, and now, just at the moment that voluntarily and on his own terms he had consented to be Prime Minister, a mysterious malady drove him into total obscurity.

The retirement of Chatham and the unhappy pre-eminence which brilliant ability and long experience gave to Charles Townshend brought about at once the second and last crisis in the relations between the mother country and the colonies. An unfortunate vote in the English House of Commons reduced the land tax from 4s. to 3s. To supply the deficiency it was necessary to find some other source of taxation, and Townshend, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer, ridiculing while he respected the American objections to a direct tax, determined, in June 1767, to impose duties on glass, lead, painter's colours, and tea. The new revenue was to be strictly applied to colonial uses. The Stamp Act had been intended to provide for an army; the new duties were to be appropriated to the maintenance of the colonial Governments. The effects of this tax are well known, though at the time even an acute observer like Choiseul's agent De Kalb was deceived as to

what was likely to be the course of events. Many believed that the Americans would submit; nobody guessed that Townshend's tax was in truth the commencement of the American rebellion, for from that day forth to the end of the war England never renounced her claims, and America never acknowledged them.

On the American side the contest, till at length it drifted into declared war, was one of passive resistance; of agreements of non-importation, of non-exportation, of non-consumption; of declaratory resolutions in some States, and in others, such as Massachusetts, of opposition to laws which had from time immemorial been respected—an opposition which was proclaimed with insolence and enforced with violence. On the part of England at the same period, the war was one of half measures. Penal enactments went hand in hand with measures of conciliation; an obsolete statute was revived to bring Americans to justice; a circular informed the colonies that it was not designed to lay further taxes upon them; the duty on tea was confirmed, but it was reduced to a figure unprecedented not only in America but in England; the New England and other States were restrained from trading with Great Britain; the British force in Boston was raised to 10,000 men, while it was notified that any State which made contributions of its own accord for the defence of the Empire and for the maintenance of justice and the civil government should be entirely exempted from imperial taxation.

Had England been firmer, she might for the time perhaps have awed the Americans into submission. Had she been more yielding she might have won them by concession.

'It was the changes, vacillations, divisions, and weaknesses of the English Ministries, the utter disintegration of English parties, the rapid alternations of severity and indulgence, the existence in Parliament of a powerful section who had at every step of the struggle actively supported the Americans and encouraged them to resist, the existence outside Parliament of a still more democratic party mainly occupied with political agitation—it was these that had chiefly lured the colonies to their present state of anarchy, had rendered all resistance to authority a popular thing, and had introduced the habit of questioning the validity of Acts of Parliament.' (Vol. iii. p. 372.)

English statesmen have been severely censured for the American rebellion. It is difficult to see how it could have been avoided. The expediency of the stamp duties was disproved by events; but their legality was upheld by the best lawyers. In regard to the revenue laws there can be no shade of doubt. They had been imposed by England and

accepted by America from the earliest periods. Thirty-two Acts bound the trade of America before a question was raised as to their validity. England was therefore clearly entitled by usage to place a duty on imports. The Americans, indeed, and their English supporters affirmed that the taxes thus raised should be purely applied to the regulation of trade, and not for raising a revenue. The distinction is too subtle for use. Nothing can be more essential for the regulation of trade than its protection. Yet this protection England found it very difficult to offer. She was weighed down by a debt partially accumulated in her efforts to defend the colonies. It appeared to her not unreasonable that the colonies, who had gained so much by her exertions, should do something to defend themselves. But because America was not taxed before the Seven Years' War, why, it has been asked, should she have been taxed after it? There is much truth in Johnson's pithy saying, 'We do not put a calf into the plough; we wait 'till he is an ox.' Nor can we agree with Mr. Lecky in seeing anything offensive in the expression. Before the Seven Years' War America was in her infancy. After it she had developed into a vigorous country, able, as was proved in the course of a few years, to defeat one of the most powerful of the nations of the Old World.

Is it to be wondered at that England, confident of the justice of her cause, ventured to put her rights into operation? She could hardly have enforced them more gently. America received a year's grace to render a tax unnecessary by the offer of a voluntary contribution to the imperial revenue. When the tax was passed, it was repealed at the first manifestation of discontent. It was scarcely possible for England to do more, unless Parliament consented absolutely to repeal the solemn resolutions by which, at various times, it had expressed its universal supremacy over America. To such humiliation England would in those days never have submitted till she was reduced by war. But it was the means which 'the sons 'of liberty' employed to assert their independence which made peace hopeless. No nation able to resent the affront would have seen her trade destroyed, her governors insulted, her ships sunk, her officers tarred and feathered, her authority openly defied and resisted without an attempt to avenge her honour. There was no alternative for England but submission or war, abandoning her claims or vindicating them; and she determined to vindicate them.

The first blood was shed at the battle of Lexington in April 1775, and from that period till the capitulation of Lord

Cornwallis a long and sanguinary struggle was maintained. In few modern wars have the battles been more fiercely contested, or the losses greater in proportion to the numbers engaged. The colonies were thus plunged in war; but it was against the wishes of the majority of the people. No part of Mr. Lecky's history is more interesting than that in which he convinces us that the war of American independence was not, in its first stages at all events, a national movement. 'The American revolution,' he says, 'like most others, was the work of an energetic minority who succeeded in committing an undecided and fluctuating majority to courses for which they had little love, leading them step by step to a position from which it was impossible to recede.' The statement is amply borne out by facts. On such a point the word of Franklin, somewhat tarnished though his honour has been through Whateley's letters, may be implicitly trusted. Franklin assured Chatham, as late as 1774, at the very moment when America was in the act of arming, that the colonies had no desire for independence. He had travelled through the continent from end to end, and talked with numberless colonists, but whether they were drunk or whether they were sober, he never heard one of them express a desire to break with the mother country.

The evidence of Adams is still more striking. In 1775 one of his letters was intercepted. Its contents proved to the public that he advocated independence. The discovery was for the moment fatal to his popularity, and, to employ his own words, he was avoided like a man infected with leprosy. As the great catastrophe approached, the national dislike to active resistance increased. Every important step of the Congress of 1775 was contested with the greatest determination, and only carried by bare majorities. Dickinson had done much in the infancy of agitation to fan its flame. He was the author of the celebrated 'Farmer's Letters,' and the first to show that there was little distinction between legislation and taxation. He now strained every nerve to bring about a reconciliation. The action of another representative in the same Congress was still more significant. He declared that whoever proposed independence would infallibly share the same fate as De Witt, and be torn to pieces by the public. But the stream of revolt now flowed with all the turbulence of a mountain torrent; what it lacked in volume it more than gained by violence. War was unavoidable, but, according to Galloway, an able Pennsylvanian loyalist, not more than one-fifth of those who took up arms had independence in view; while John

Adams asserted that a third of the whole population was opposed to the revolution.

These statements, in our opinion, materially affect the character of George III. and his Parliament. Public opinion in England was strong in demanding the retention of the colonies. Nothing short of a general concurrence on the part of the colonists themselves, would have warranted the English Government in refusing to fight for them. Of such a concurrence there is not a trace. And had England preferred peace to war, she might justly have been accused of bowing for the sake of her own peace, not to the inclination of a nation, but to the threats of a faction.

Severe as was the contest between England and her colonies, Mr. Lecky truly observes that few of the great pages of history are less marked by the stamp of heroism than those of the American revolution. It is probable that no war involving such great issues was ever fought with a smaller amount of calculation. From the American revolution sprang a principle which to this day governs all our intercolonial relations. Had America been defeated and England victorious, it is a curious though useless speculation, to conjecture into what our colonial system might have blossomed. It might have resulted in a death-blow to the prosperity of colonies whose growth would have been cramped by the interference of unwise legislation; it might have ended in a colonial confederation with the mother country, which would have added strength, dignity, and permanence to the Empire; but however this might be, one thing is quite certain, that for a principle which involves the relaxation of the ties which connect England with the colonies, would have been substituted another with a tendency to draw them closer.

Never did two hostile armies take the field more unworthy to be champions of a great cause. The English military service was at this time notoriously inefficient. The privates were often men who had been liberated from prison on condition of their becoming soldiers. To be a private soldier was almost equivalent to being a man without a character. In 1757 Wolfe, writing of the garrison of Portsmouth, described the soldiers as vagabonds who stroll about in dirty red clothes from one gin-shop to another, dirty, drunken, insolent rascals—the officers loose and profligate, the privates very devils. It was among the officers that the rottenness of the military administration was most conspicuous. Wilkes and the ‘North Briton’ had, it is true, done something to eradicate the most glaring abuses. Ensigns of ten years old and captains of

eleven and twelve had been driven from the army. It had already dawned upon the War Office that the officer who for months after his appointment wanted either a physician or a schoolmaster was not fit for the King's service. Generals like those who strut through the pages of Smollett's novels, who speak like Cæsar, or Pompey, or Alexander the Great, and are unable to explain the meaning of *épaulement*, had become less common. But evils remained in sufficient number to cause surprise that the American war was ever prolonged beyond one campaign. Officers were promoted in regiments which they scarcely ever saw, and which, in the event of a war, they determined they never would see. In 1758 Lord Barrington actually thanked Colonel Townshend for his noble step in joining Wolfe's army. Such an action, wrote the grateful secretary, if only for the sake of the King's honour, should not pass unrewarded. In 1772 Erskine, the future Chancellor, with perhaps a tinge of jealousy, lamented the inefficiency of the military officers, who spent their time at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, who only drew a sword in the cause of a courtesan and against unarmed apprentices, and who filled the country with horror at their debaucheries. Under such a system good leaders were not to be expected. Nobody felt the difficulty more than Lord North, whose military expeditions were so disastrous; but no difficulty could banish imperturbable good humour from Lord North's mind. 'I do 'not know,' he said of his generals once, in a fit of despondency, 'whether they will frighten the enemy; but I am 'sure they frighten me whenever I think of them.'

The maladministration of the Government aggravated the condition of the army; the negligence of the Ministers was almost incredible. In 1775 Lord George Sackville succeeded Lord Dartmouth as American Secretary. A scheme had been prepared in England for the co-operation of Generals Howe and Burgoyne in America; the despatches were settled, and, as Colonial Minister, it was Sackville's duty to have them properly transmitted to the British generals. But through the caprice of the Minister, who did not choose to postpone for a few hours a visit he had promised in the country, and the indolence of the office, which did not trouble itself to make copies of the despatches to Howe till after it had actually sent those to Burgoyne, the one set of despatches had sailed before the others had even started. To make matters worse, the second vessel was windbound, and the despatches which should have arrived together arrived many days apart. 'Hence,' as Lord Shelburne observes, 'came General Burgoyne's defeat,

‘and the loss of thirteen colonies.’\* Such was the political and military weapon with which England had to coerce the Americans. No wonder it broke in her hands.

The American army was composed of better material; but its defects were even greater than those of the British forces. Had it been opposed by a skilful general its end would have been speedy and complete. It had no organisation, no *esprit de corps*, none even of that sentiment of patriotism which occasionally supplies the artificial efficiency of the disciplined soldier. The American soldier had never established in England a high reputation for courage. Lord Sandwich, at the outbreak of the war, had called the Americans raw, undisciplined, cowardly men. Such an accusation in the mouth of a public man was an insult; it was the utterance of one who had not taken the trouble to distinguish between natural courage and the acquired courage of a disciplined force. The Americans were individually as brave as the English, but their troops in the mass were far inferior to the English troops in the courage which is attained by mutual confidence between soldier and soldier. There was probably in the whole American army not a braver soldier than Montgomery, yet his testimony is even harsher than the verdict of Sandwich. The New Englanders, he says, are the worst stuff possible for soldiers; they are homesick, their regiments melt away without disease, there is universal equality amongst all ranks, while the privates are generals, but not soldiers. At the commencement of the war similar complaints poured in from every quarter. Villany and rascality of every description were rife. The officers, in attempting to improve their own fortunes, pocketed the public money whenever they obtained the chance. The men chose their own officers, and often selected those who promised to throw their pay into joint stock with the privates, with whom they condescended to draw equal shares. In one case a captain was tried and broken for stealing his soldiers’ blankets. An army administration existed only in name. Washington found himself at the head of a force without shoes, stockings, medicine, or money, and it became the great object of his life to induce Congress to grant the needful supplies for a campaign. Had Howe been an able general, the campaign of 1776 might have finished the war. Washington, supported by a few raw recruits, was unable to offer a solid resistance. The country was nearly bankrupt. Paper money had taken the place of a metal currency. Prices rose,

till in the beginning of 1777 Congress took the insane step of regulating them by law. Discontent reigned everywhere. The quota of men to be furnished by each State to the army fell far short of what was due. Washington even expressed a fear that in the event of a victory the English might recruit soldiers faster than the revolutionists. In Pennsylvania in 1777 he found himself as it were in an enemy's country; he complained bitterly

‘that he could obtain no military intelligence, the population of whole districts being “to a man disaffected,” disaffected “past all belief.” Millers refused to grind corn for his army; provisions of every kind were systematically withheld, and often only obtained by forced requisitions, or from other provinces. Carriages could rarely be obtained except by force. No American of any military or political eminence could separate himself from the army in Pennsylvania without great danger of being seized by the inhabitants and delivered up to the English.’

Nobody was more surprised than Washington at what he considered the criminal apathy of the English generals. The opportunity thus lost never occurred again. Burgoyne's capitulation at Saratoga, in October 1777, proved the turning point of the war. The struggle had hitherto been confined to England and her colonies, but France had been no indifferent spectator of the conquest. She had seen it, rejoiced in it, advanced towards it, retired from it, half afraid to fight, half afraid to remain inactive. She made to England professions of friendship, while her harbours were open to American privateers, while her ships carried out munitions of war, and while her officers were introducing military discipline into the disorganised militia of New England. Before she entered upon open war, there was much to make her pause. The period of her own agony was approaching, and there were not wanting manifestations of the coming storm, which to a statesman like Turgot were as clear as the writing on the wall was to the prophet. Her finances were utterly ruined, her agriculture and industries at their lowest ebb, her peasantry sullen under the yoke of oppressive feudal laws. Nor had there as yet been anything in the spectacle she beheld in America to encourage even the hope of success. The States which had adopted the name of ‘United’ were scarcely united upon a single point. Each province was divided, not only against the others, but against itself. Among the soldiers insubordination was unrestrained. Among the people the self-sacrificing enthusiasm which had induced their ancestors to court exile and privation, had settled into no steady spirit of patriotism. For



a short period the influence of Turgot held France to peace against the rare union between the aristocracy and the public who clamoured for war. The surrender of a British army inspired her with the courage she required; and Burgoyne had scarcely signed the Convention of Saratoga two months, before it was officially announced to the American commissioners that the King of France was prepared to acknowledge the independence of the States.

There can be no doubt that French arms and French money did much to procure the ultimate independence of America. The American rebellion could be localised no longer. England became environed with European enemies. First Spain, then Holland, were engaged in hostilities, while the lowering prospect of the Northern Alliance further threatened her maritime supremacy. But even after the French army was settled at Rhode Island, the success of the English in America, except to the parliamentary Opposition at home, appeared far from hopeless. To the end of the war Washington's letters are filled with expressions couched in the deepest despondency. In December 1778 he wrote that affairs were in a more distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition than they had been since the commencement of the war. In June 1780: 'All our departments, all our operations, are at a stand; and unless a system very different from that which has for a long time prevailed be immediately adopted throughout the States, our affairs must soon become desperate beyond the possibility of recovery.' In April 1782 he wrote that not a single recruit could be obtained except from Rhode Island, while Silas Deane at the same time declared that it would be utterly impossible to maintain the American army for another year. No testimony as to the condition of American affairs is more valuable than that of Washington. It is amply confirmed by the opinions of many foreign officers engaged in the American war. The French officers under Rochambeau present us with a picture the colouring of which is equally gloomy. Except among the American chiefs they could descry no patriotism. Money was the one object of the common people. Everybody was for himself, nobody for the public weal. For money the English were abundantly supplied with provisions, while the French, the allies of America, were pitilessly fleeced at Rhode Island. 'Money is their God; virtue and honour go for nothing beside the precious metals.' Many a young Frenchman of noble birth had left Paris on fire to avenge the outraged liberties of the Americans. Animated by the encouragement of their young queen, they willingly exchanged

the brilliancy of Versailles for the restraint and hardships of a soldier's life in America. The spirit of the colonists chilled their ardour, and before the first winter had passed many had found their way back to their native country.

While the American war lasted, a fierce contest raged among politicians in England. The bulk of the people were undoubtedly prepared to carry on the struggle as long as there appeared any hope of a successful issue; but as this grew more remote, they inclined, though sorrowfully, to make peace and abandon the colonies. Against peace the King was absolutely determined; while, without a reconciliation or peace, the Chatham and Rockingham Whigs were equally determined they would never enter upon the Government. Lord North in vain represented to the King that he had changed his opinions, and desired to be released from a service which, with respect to his convictions, he could no longer conscientiously perform. The King would not hear of it. He knew well that if North failed him no other statesman would accept his place without some conditions as to America. 'Before I will ever hear of any man's readiness to come into office,' said George III., 'I will expect to see it signed under his hand that he is resolved to keep the Empire entire.' Two more years of war made no difference in the King's sentiments; he was as resolved to fight in 1780 as he had been in 1778. His sanguine mind led him to foresee a speedy termination of hostilities. The severity of the winter he was convinced would drive the French from America; the ruin of their finances would compel them to sue for peace. He felt the justice of his cause, and, relying on the valour of his army and navy, and the protection of Providence, he was ready to put his fortunes to the last hazard.

Mr. Lecky censures George III. somewhat severely for his tenacity in the prosecution of the American war. That Lord North should have remained in office to pursue a policy against which his judgment revolted is a matter of reproach rather to the Minister than to the King. As long as Lord North chose to remain in office, and Parliament refused to turn him out, nobody can blame the King for employing him. Parliament might have dismissed him at any time during his administration as easily as they did in 1782. If the King were wrong to employ North, so was Parliament not to pass a vote of censure upon him. The fact is that King, Parliament, and people were all combined to keep in office the only man who would undertake to carry on the war with America. The people were disgusted at his want of success, and filled

with despair at the calamities of the country. Had it not been for one circumstance only, his Government would have fallen in a much earlier period of its disgraces.

'It was the wish of Great Britain,' said Lord Minto in a letter of 1782, 'to recover America. Government aimed at least at this object, which the Opposition neglected; those, therefore, who thought the war with America just and practicable, however much they might be dissatisfied with the abilities of the Ministers, or disgusted with their mismanagement or misfortunes, had no choice left them, for they were the only men left who would attempt the recovery of the colonies.' \*

The conduct of the Opposition it is more difficult to explain or to condone. That a party in Parliament should from the commencement of the American war have objected to it, and have done all in their power to bring about a peace, is no more than what is natural and fitting in a country ruled by party government. It is the nature and use of party government, under a free Parliament, that every shade of opinion should be openly expressed and discussed. It is the duty of an Opposition to criticise the policy of the Government, and, if it choose, to suggest an alternative policy of its own. But, when Parliament has once decided upon the measures it means to pursue, it also, for the time being, determines the national policy, and to rejoice in its failure is to rejoice with an enemy over the error, disappointment, and disgrace of the nation.

To a charge of this nature the Opposition of the American war is unfortunately open. The news of an English victory filled its members with despair; the capitulation of an English army was hailed with the acclamation due to a triumph. According to Mr. Lecky, it was Fox who gave to the Whig party that cosmopolitan and unnational character, which was one of the chief sources of its weakness. 'Whenever he differed from the policy of the Government he never seemed to have the smallest leaning or bias in favour of his country.' His language was that of passionate partisanship; he eulogised Montgomery who fell at the head of the American army. He described the first great success of the English in America as 'the terrible news from Long Island.' No catastrophe was sufficiently terrible to disarm, even for a moment, his inveterate hostility. The disaster of Saratoga united the whole country. Manchester, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Glasgow each raised a regiment. So strong was the fervour of patriotic enthusiasm, that private bounty presented no less than

fifteen thousand soldiers to the State. The Opposition denounced the movement as unconstitutional, and Fox moved that no more troops should be sent out from England. Ten years later Fox, in a letter to his nephew, expressed his delight at the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick by the French at the battle of Valmy. 'No public event,' he wrote, '*not excepting Saratoga or York Town*, ever happened that gave me so much delight.' Partisanship, carried to such an excess, is repugnant to every natural feeling.

'The parricide joy of some,' writes Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Earl of Minto, 'in the losses of their country makes me mad. They don't disguise it. A patriotic duke told me, some weeks ago, that some ships had been lost off the coast of North America in a storm. He said one thousand British sailors were drowned—not one escaped—with joy sparkling in his eyes. In the House of Commons it is not unusual to speak of the provincials as our army.'

Such an Opposition appears to us to have erred more than the King. George III. may have been short-sighted, stubborn, unconciliatory, and arbitrary; his faults were at least those of an Englishman fighting for purely English interests. What we are inclined to term the faults of the Opposition others may perhaps call virtues. They followed a system which rested upon general abstractions rather than upon passions. For the sentimental love of their country, they substituted a faith which professed boundless belief in the rights of man. At the shrine of their idol they sacrificed not only their patriotism but every sentiment which distinguishes, and to a great extent creates, individualism among nations. While nations remain nations such a system can never long be popular in any country, as it is absolutely subversive of the principle which calls them into existence. Till the lesson of self-sacrifice has been completely learnt, a nation will expect her statesmen to study her particular interests rather than those of mankind in general. It was not till England was exhausted by war, and hopeless of success, that the policy of the Opposition presented practical advantages which the people were not slow to seize; but in making peace they cared as little for the rights of man as they had cared for them in making war. The object of the people in 1782 was peace; the expulsion of the Government the first step towards it. North was accordingly turned out of office, and the Whigs, with Rockingham at their head, succeeded to power with the avowed task of terminating the war by a peace with America.

But the fall of North was not productive of immediate peace

with the victorious colonies. More than eighteen months elapsed, and two Cabinets had fallen, before the final treaty was signed at Paris. In this short span the political atmosphere was violently unsettled. At no time were parties in the State so completely split into factions. The salve of office had been unable to heal the wounds which the old divisions of Chatham and Rockingham had left to fester in the Whig party. Shelburne and Fox, Rockingham's Secretaries of State, were irreconcilable; opposite natures and conflicting opinions produced a crisis in the conduct of American negotiations; Fox was rapidly driven from office, the way to the coalition was paved, and the unhappy King plunged in a misery which made him wish that he was eighty or ninety, or dead.

Mr. Lecky has done well to conclude the second instalment of his history with the fall of the coalition. It is the end of one great natural chapter, not only of the history of England, but of the history of the world. The American Revolution had ended, the French Revolution was soon to begin. The King, who had hitherto taken so large a part in the affairs of the country, was on the point of withdrawing more and more from active politics, the victim of a lamentable illness. The statesmen whose names are associated with the great drama of the American war had for the most part passed away. Townshend was gone, Grenville was gone, Chatham and Temple, so closely connected in life, had died on the same day, and the grave had closed over Rockingham at the very moment that he was about to confer peace on America, and attain the end he had so long struggled to achieve. North and Barré had also passed away, not, indeed, removed by death, but stricken with blindness, which equally withdrew persecuted and persecutor from the arena of their former contests. Of the old actors who still remained, some appeared in new characters. Burke, who had been an enthusiastic admirer of a revolution in America, was to evince an almost insane horror of a revolution in France. Fox, whose weapons of debate were in youth employed against the Whigs, who had opposed Wilkes and expressed his eternal admiration for Luttrell, who had struggled for prerogative and had sneered at the imaginary infallibility of the people, was to become the great leader of his former foes, and the illustrious champion of public rights. While over and above the statesmen of the past is a long array of new faces—men destined to pioneer for a short distance further the uncertain track of history, and whose eyes were fated to look upon the light of another century.

The last two chapters of Mr. Lecky's history are allotted

entirely to Ireland. Time and space will not admit of our bestowing upon them more than the briefest glance. We must pass over quickly the various stages of political growth which, advancing step by step, gradually established for Ireland a complete parliamentary independence. The main features of the history of this period are already familiar to most of us. That they are so is very much owing to the efforts of Mr. Lecky himself, who, in his admirable lives of Flood and Grattan, had already sought, and not sought in vain, to render attractive the uninviting annals of his country. For Mr. Lecky always writes as an Irishman, full of patriotism, but not the less wise, moderate, and friendly to the union with Great Britain.

If politics are an experimental science, no history should teach us so much as that of Ireland. From the reign of Henry II. to that of Queen Victoria, Ireland has been subjected to every species of legislative treatment. She has been the lay figure, as it were, upon which each succeeding generation has tried the effect of its own peculiar notions of government. Contrary to the experience of other countries, legislation under every form has proved a failure. The abolition of commercial restrictions made America and Scotland happy and prosperous, though under widely different conditions of political government, the one as a great democracy, the other as a very small and comparatively unimportant member of a powerful monarchy. In Ireland their abolition failed to produce the same beneficial result. But if experimental government in Ireland has proved a failure, history at least indicates certain defects which must be cured. Mr. Lecky, while illustrating the many grievances which afflicted Ireland in the reign of George III., has admirably depicted the disorderly condition of the times, the Whiteboys, the Oakboys, the Steelboys, all those various associations which asserted their own liberty by creating a despotism a hundredfold worse than that under which they groaned. Lord North's Government allowed a successful lawlessness to prevail which was fatal if the people were to learn the uses, and to acquire the discipline, of a constitutional government. In some of Mr. Lecky's earliest pages he impresses upon his readers the necessity of a stable government. The government of a country can never be stable where the sovereign power lies not in the persons of those who make and should execute the law, but in the persons of those for whom the law is made, and who have learned that they can change it when they please, or break it with impunity. It is an inversion of the positions of ruler and ruled when Whiteboys

and Oakboys refuse to take the law of the government, and compel the government to accept theirs. If the government of Ireland is ever to be stable, if the people of Ireland are ever to be happy, peace and order must be conferred upon them even if it requires force to bestow the greatest blessings which mankind has to offer. Nobody was more clearly impressed with this truth than one of the greatest statesmen and philosophers that Ireland has ever produced. Burke has in later life been accused of unreasonable terror of democracy. In early life no one will deny that he was the warm promoter of the liberties of the people, and at no moment more so than when in 1769 he moved for an inquiry into the conduct of the authorities in suppressing the riots at St. George's Fields, 'the first time I ever presumed to lay any proposition from myself before the House.' On that occasion, which was Burke's first effort in defence of popular liberty, he clearly defined upon what conditions he considers that liberty should be enjoyed.

'Peace and order are to be preserved at any price. If the voice of the magistrate cannot do it, the constable must do it; if the constable cannot do it, the sword of the soldier must do it; if it cannot be purchased without blood, it must be purchased by blood. Liberty ought not to exist in a country where peace and order are not observed.' \*

ART. IX.—*Three in Norway.* By Two of Them. London: 1882.

'ALL men,' say the authors of this very amusing book—quoting from Carlyle—'all men are interested in any man, if he will speak the facts of his life for them; his authentic experience, which corresponds, as face with face, to that of all other sons of Adam.' Acting on this principle, these two sons of Adam who write of themselves and the third their companion, started last summer on a fishing and shooting expedition to a very out-of-the-way district in Norway, and, having triumphantly accomplished their object and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, determined to present their experiences to the public in this volume, which is illustrated with many very clever sketches. Before we proceed further, let us introduce the reader to the three tourists. First comes 'the Skipper'—who may be looked on as the leader of the party—so called from his varied experience by land and sea in all parts of the world, but especially in Norway. He is lank and thin,

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\* Cavendish's 'Debates,' Wednesday, March 8, 1769.

rather of a poetical and melancholy turn, and not quite convinced that life is a success and worth living for. Next comes Esau, like the original Esau, 'a cunning hunter and man of the fjeld,' of whom the authors, and therefore he himself, are quite sure that 'if he ever had such a thing as a birthright, he would willingly have sold it for a mess of pottage.' Unlike the Skipper, Esau is short and joyous, never troubled with indigestion, and always cheerful. In this expedition he was paymaster, not because he was at all qualified for the post, but because on a former expedition to Norway the Skipper had been tried and found wanting, constantly leaving the purse which contained their united worldly wealth on any spot where he chanced to rest himself. Last of all came 'John,' so called for no better reason than the fact that he had been christened Charles, just as we ourselves have a dear friend called 'Tommy,' whose real name is Arthur. John had not yet visited the wilds of Scandinavia; and, more than that, he comes late into this authentic story; though when he did arrive, it must be admitted that he made up for his shortcomings by his enormous appetite and readiness both to chaff and be chaffed—two very different qualities, as all know, when three fellows are camping out. For the rest, John is an Irishman, whose motto is *dum vivimus vivamus*. He is tall and straight, and, though no gossip, is ever ready to tell amusing anecdotes of his countrymen from purely philanthropic motives. The general plan of the campaign was that the Skipper and Esau should leave England early in July, taking two Canadian canoes with them, fish their way up a string of lakes to the Jotunfjeld, getting there in time for the beginning of the reindeer season, and establish a camp somewhere. John was to start a month later, join the others, and then all three 'sojourn in that land till they were tired thereof.' A very good plan, we say, and what many of us will be glad to do this present month of July; if it be insufferably hot, we shall all be pining for the fresh alpine air of the fjeld, and if, as is more likely, it turns out to be one of our sad moist Julys, we shall all shiver and sigh for a little of that sunshine of which these Three in Norway had so large a share last year.

Before we start on this expedition, let us explain that the ideas of our trio on certain points are peculiar though practical. Thus for geography, we are told that Norway apart from Sweden is like a tadpole with an irregular tail. The Jotunfjeld is a mountainous district lying about the middle of the tadpole's body, nearly equidistant from Trondhjem and Christiania. As to language, they will not scatter foreign



words broadcast over the pages of their book. They were English, and they stuck to English—a very good rule, particularly as their ignorance of Norse made their English more intelligible to the natives than their futile attempts to converse with them in the language of the country. Under ‘Mathematics’ comes coinage. ‘Should a Briton pander to the absurd prejudice of adopting systems of money and measurement foreign to his own? What cares he that the Norse mile is seven of ours? He will speak only of the British mile. What cares he that a Norse crown is  $13\frac{1}{2}d.$ ? Shall that prevent him from always reckoning it as a shilling; and the Norse five-farthling pieces, shall they not be threepenny bits? While life remains, these things shall be reckoned after the English standard.’ An arrangement, we may observe, which, while in the case of money it may save time at some loss, in the case of miles will infallibly lose both time and money. But to proceed. On July 8 Esau and the Skipper met at Hull, each having conveyed his Canadian canoe safely to that seaport after considerable perils. At six o’clock on the 9th they embarked on board the ‘Angelo’ with their baggage, which, though it seemed to fill that ship of 1,300 tons, was all destined to travel hundreds of miles over a desperately rough country in those two little canoes. The voyage, which was as pleasant as sea voyages usually are in fine weather—that is to say, very dull with frequent intervals of eating—was enlivened by one or two successful attempts of Esau to cheer up the Skipper by chaff, as when he told his poetic friend that a certain passenger was an American coming over to see the midnight sun. Whereupon the Skipper at once accosted him with ‘I understand you have come all the way from America to see the midnight sun; it is a very extraordinary phenomenon. Imagine a glorious wealth of colour glowing over an eternal sunlit sea, and endowing with a fairy glamour a scene which Sappho might have burned to sing; where night is not, nor sleep, but Odin’s eye looks calmly down, nor ever sinks in rest.’ As he paused for breath, the Yankee saw his chance, and said, ‘No! I was never in America in my life. I am a Lincolnshire man, and am going over to Arendahl to buy timber. I have seen the midnight sun some dozen times, and I call it an infernal nuisance.’ No doubt this simple Lincolnshire man was in reality a seer, and prophesied against Monsieur Du Chaillu’s ‘Midnight Sun’ some months before the appearance of the book. As for the Skipper, he left hastily, and came over and abused Esau until he made an enemy of him for life.

Now they are at Christiania, most comfortably housed at the Victoria Hotel. Breakfast very much like a good English one, except the coffee, 'which is not at all like English coffee, 'being perfectly delicious.' Dinner excellent, if you are not too wedded to English habits to be able to secure an appetite at 2.30 P.M. Last of all comes the supper, consisting of caviare, cray-fish, prawns, sardines, chickens, reindeer tongue, kippered salmon, and other good things, all placed before the guest at once in small oval dishes in a semicircle round him, 'entirely dispensing with that creaking-booted fidget the 'waiter.' So that after flitting from one to another of these dishes, and having washed them down with *salon öl*—'saloon 'ale,' that is, the best Norwegian ale—'you rise from table 'feeling that it *was* a good supper, and that existence is not 'such a struggle after all.' But they had not come to Norway to linger in that Capua. They had yet to learn, if they did not already know it, that there are some nasty things in Norway, first and foremost being butter. Butter it is most important to buy at starting, as the best variety to be got up the country is 'extremely nasty,' while the worst is 'unutterably vile;' though it is quite possible to acquire almost a liking for the better kind after starvation has stared you in the face. So they bought butter; but one necessary the Skipper was very anxious to get, and that was violet ink, because he was convinced it was the only sort fit for a gentleman to use. 'A man,' he said, 'is known by his ink.' So he and Esau visited many shops, asking for violet ink in their native tongue. At last they came to a shop where they did not speak our language, and then the Skipper, to the intense surprise of Esau, broke out into a long harangue in Norse. The shopkeeper listened with respectful admiration, and then said, 'No! this is a stationer's shop, and we do not keep it.' Then Esau burst out laughing, and the shopkeeper thought it was a practical joke, and they had to fly. The Skipper was 'not angry, but very much hurt.' It afterwards transpired that he had got up the whole speech out of a phrase book, and only failed for want of two or three right words. It is not, however, to be supposed that Esau had not his own pet fancy. This was that anchovy paste is a necessity for camping. 'It 'imparts,' he said, 'a certain tone to the stomach, and aids 'digestion. No well-appointed dinner-table ought to be 'without it.' To which one of the two, perhaps Esau himself, adds, 'This sounds a little like an advertisement,' but Esau 'asserted it was a quotation from the rules laid down for his 'diet by Dr. Andrew Clark.' It is sad to think that these

rules are utterly ignored in Christiania, for our travellers asked everywhere for anchovy paste without success. So bent was Esau on obtaining it that he rushed into a pokey little shop near the station just before starting and demanded 'anchovy paste' in a loud voice without avail. The Skipper all the while thanked Providence, declaring that the very smell of that paste was enough to put a man off his breakfast, and, besides, he had such a morbid longing for hair grease that if they had it he must have put it on his head.

And now they are in the railway on their way to Eidsvold on the Mjösen Lake. They only took with them in the carriage four guns, seven fishing-rods, two axes, one spade, four hundred and fifty cartridges, two fishing bags, and a pair of glasses. This arrangement, though it rather disgusted their fellow-travellers, saved them just one and four-pence. It was very warm inside and outside the thermometer was 92° in the shade. The journey to Eidsvold takes three hours, and in that space of time the guard, whom they suspected of a desire to incite them to commit a breach of the peace, looked at their tickets four hundred and twenty-five times. Aware of this purpose, they did nothing to annoy him, 'but always 'showed him the same tickets till they were worn out, and 'then produced strawberry-jam labels, which seemed to be 'quite satisfactory.' They were not sorry to get on board the steamer 'Skidbladner' at Eidsvold, and to steam up the Mjösen for fifty miles to Lillehammer. Nothing very particular happened, except that Esau sadly missed an old love of his on the rival steamer, 'Kong Oscar.' Two years ago he had fallen in love with her, and still raved about her. Poor fellow! he could never tell his love, because he could not speak Norse; so he sat on a paddle-box and gazed at her, while she, alas! was totally unconscious of his passion. Spending the night pleasantly in another Victoria Hotel at Lillehammer, they rose pretty early prepared for serious business, as they had thirty-eight miles to cover with their canoes before evening, and they well knew from old experience 'the dreadfully lazy habits of 'the natives.' Experience, too, had taught them that it is no use hurrying a Norwegian if he is old; and, what is worse, they seem to get more deliberately and aggravatingly slow as they get older. As boys, they are distractingly restless and full of energy, chiefly, our authors think, because they get very little to eat; but about fifteen, when they get more food, though an ordinary Englishman would starve on their diet, their energy departs, and, getting less and less every year, at last entirely disappears. But our authors are just to the Norwegians in

other things. Setting aside their laziness and love of nasty food, they are ridiculously honest and kind, and hospitable in the highest degree. But that morning the national laziness was uppermost, and so the canoes and baggage, packed on a kind of low waggon, only started at mid-day; after which the Skipper and Esau drove off in a double cariole, which is something like an English gig. At luncheon they renewed their acquaintance with an old friend, 'fladbrød,' the staple food of the country. It is simply meal and water baked on a flat piece of iron and about as thick as cardboard. 'The taste for it,' say our authors, 'is easily acquired in the absence of other food, and with butter it becomes quite delicious—to a very hungry man.' At this luncheon, however, it was eked out with trout, strawberries and cream, so that the travellers were not so badly off. This was at a place called Neisten, where there was a little shop at which the Skipper actually obtained his violet ink, while Esau was again foiled 'in his dastardly attempt at retaliation with anchovy paste.'

They did not reach Dalbakken, their journey's end, till midnight, and then found that the canoes and their baggage had not arrived. Worse still, they heard that four miscreants called travellers had come before them and taken all the rooms, a fact first conveyed to their minds by the sight of four pairs of socks hanging out to dry from the upper windows. They cased their indignation by drawing these offending garments there and then, thus gibbeting them on the spot. At last they got a very small room with one bed; for this they tossed, and the Skipper won, Esau passing the night very comfortably, as he said, on a sheepskin on the floor. They would have had a quiet night had it not been for an old woman who would burst in upon them at intervals to see them perform the heroic feat of sleeping with the window open. In the morning the Skipper, always the first to rise, looking out of the window saw the four bad men who had taken the rooms and hung their socks out of the window, starting 'with an easy conscience.' 'Some men,' it is added, 'can carry with a light heart and gay demeanour a weight of crime that would wreck the happiness of less hardened ruffians.' Then the Skipper turned his eyes in another direction and saw—oh, joy! the canoes and luggage arriving. The man in charge had travelled, he said, all night, without sleeping, and from his look it was supposed that he told the truth. He had been sitting on the Skipper's bag for thirty-eight miles, and from the state of its inside when it was opened, 'they calculated his weight to be about twenty-two stone.' How lucky, there-

fore, it was that the Skipper's violet ink had not been subjected to such pressure! This man of weight was rather cross, too, travel-worn and sleepy, and grumbled at being asked to go just another mile to the lake at Espedal, where the canoes were to be launched. This our travellers thought very sad, and decidedly unchristian, but they sternly urged him forward, and at last all ended happily at Espedal, where he was paid his money and a shilling extra.

And now the two companions bade a long adieu to roads and civilisation, and betook themselves like ducks to the water. The first thing they did, however, was to fill the canoes with water till they sank, to soak them and swell up the seams, as the sun had made them gape. About one o'clock they were able to start, and soon found a nice camping ground on the south side of the lake, 'with what the poets call a babbling brook close to it.' Here they pitched their tent, and dined off bacon and eggs, and jam, 'the last dinner during their trip at which trout did not find a place.' Then they sallied out in the canoes to fish. The Skipper was the first to catch a fish, having two on his line in no time. Esau was not slow in following his example, and so they fished on till about eleven, there being no night in Norway in July; then it began to rain, and they turned in. Next morning they were visited by the natives, who first stared at them from a distance and said nothing; then they came nearer and looked into the tent, still saying nothing. Then Esau remarked in Norwegian, 'It is fine weather to-day; have you any eggs?' To this the chief native replies at great length in his own barbarous jargon, and Esau, not having understood a syllable, answers, 'Ja, ja' (Yes); but have you any eggs?' Then the natives, perceiving that words were wasted, and having no eggs, stared silently for a while and departed. They enjoyed themselves much on the lake—that is to say, when the weather was fine, but two days out of three were wet. Two or three times they shifted their camp on this lake or string of lakes, but they were bent on higher things—eager to mount the Fjeld, and to fish in the subalpine lakes, and in Gjendin Lake in particular, on the shores of which they had agreed with John to meet them. On the 23rd of July they left their third camp, on the banks of the Vinstra river, and began to climb. With infinite trouble the canoes were safely placed on sleighs on wheels, and then the procession started. First came the noble owners, then a man who had nothing to do, then two women, yelling like lunatics, then a sleigh, drawn by a large pony, and carrying two boxes, cans, guns, and a canoe; next some boys,

urging the pony to herculean exertions; then the organiser of the transport department, who was apparently a professional fool, by the inordinate laughter which his every action caused; then some more women, and a smaller pony and sleigh, with the other canoe—and all the rest of the luggage, except one bag; lastly another man, leading an extremely small pony and sleigh, with nothing on it, the man carrying the remaining bag for fear of tiring the pony. The pace was not very great—about a mile an hour—but the road was very steep and bad, and it was heartrending to see their beloved canoes bumping and jolting in imminent danger of being staved in. At last human nature could not stand it any longer, and the Skipper and Esau started off for Fly Sæter, across the Fjeld, and left the rest to follow as they best could. About 7 P.M. they reached the Sæter, or mountain farm, and found four beds for twelve people. Our travellers slept in the cheese room, one in a bed and the other on the floor, and did not trouble themselves where the other ten slept. At 10 P.M. the men and sleighs arrived, and nothing was hurt or injured. The men had been very careful, and took eleven hours to perform a journey of ten miles.

Next morning they started for Sikkildals Sæter, having paid 5s. 6d. for the board and lodging of themselves and their retainers including the price of a sack full of hay for their beds, as that was the last house in those regions where hay was to be had. As leaving the men and baggage to themselves had answered so well the day before, they pursued the same plan that day. The distance was only four miles and the Skipper and Esau had nearly done it in two hours. Then they sat down and waited and waited for the men and the canoes, but none came. So it went on for two hours, three hours, four hours, while they were sorely bitten by mosquitoes of the fiercest and biggest kind. At last they were so much annoyed with the world in general and with each other that they agreed to part, and Esau retired to attempt a sketch. Some time after he came back very angry; just at a critical moment a mosquito had knocked his hat off; he had a desperate struggle with it under a tropical sun, but at last the brute was vanquished and its head cut off, which he said he would have stuffed and hung up in his ancestral halls. He certainly bore on his face marks of the struggle, so that there seemed no reason to doubt the story. So what seemed to be years rolled on, but at six o'clock something came into sight. It was the men, who had again been very careful, and they had taken nine hours to do four miles. However, on the whole, they con-

sidered that the village fool who conducted the transport had proved himself a 'most praiseworthy and painstaking idiot.'

At Sikkildals Sæter they got leave from the owner of the lake to fish his water and camp on his land, and they pause for a moment to pay a just tribute to the invariable kindness with which such requests were met by what may be called the wealthier Norwegians. 'Certainly,' they add, 'Norway will compare with England very much to her advantage in this respect, though of course we do not mean to say that similar conduct would be possible in England.' In the evening they got all their cargo shipped again and started up the Lower Sikkildal Lake, 'having first paid their charioteers 3*l*. for the trip—three men, horses and sleighs, sixteen miles over the rockiest, brookiest, and juniperiest country in this world.' It will rejoice Sir Wilfrid Lawson to learn that these three men including the village fool, were as Jonadab the son of Rechab, and would taste no whisky, but he will grieve to hear that this spirituous inequality was amply redressed by two old men from the Sæter, who first drank their own glasses full, and then the other fellows' glasses full, and just a drop after that, and then just a taste to top up with. For aught we know, as the Norwegian stories say, they might still be at it, had not Esau and the Skipper shaken hands with them and sailed joyously away up the lake. At midnight they found a camping ground half way between the two lakes, which are about a hundred yards apart. Here they stayed three days, learning among other things how to get firewood at the height of 3,000 feet above the sea level, and agreeing that juniper is invaluable, and will burn green; they tried their hands too at making bread and succeeded fairly. They caught many fish, mostly over a pound weight, but still they were not quite happy, and one Sunday they actually quarrelled, on the principle that they were idle, and we all know that it is for idle hands that Satan ever finds some mischief still to do; so that some Father—we forget his name—has laid it down that the fallen angels beguile twenty times as many poor mortals on Sunday as on any week day. But, besides all this, a seemingly impassable mountain ridge like the wall of a house lay between them and Besse Sæter, for which they were now bent, for was not Besse Sæter only three miles from Gjendin Lake, the haven where they wished to be?

However, the morning of July 28 found them ready to climb. First two men came with the sleighs, and next one of them went up the hill in quest of a horse, looking like a fly on the side of a house. In order to occupy the other man, they

offered him the remnants of their breakfast, consisting of two trout fried in butter and a tin pot nearly full of soup. Some time afterwards they looked in and saw him eating greedily off his knife-blade, as the manner of Norwegians is, and when he had finished they found that he had left the trout untouched, but the butter he had utterly consumed off the blade of his knife, and all the soup besides in the same way. 'There was not more than a gallon and a half of the soup, so we did not grudge it. We should think not, for that meal refreshed him like a giant. First of all he seized one canoe and carried it on his back up the mountain; then he came back and did the same with the other. Returning he borrowed their axe to make the path better for the sleigh. This he did by felling trees and filling up the holes in what was called the road. Shortly after three dots were seen coming down on the hill side, which were made out to be the two men and their pony. The pony was equal to the rest of the baggage, but the canoes could only have been transported as they had been. By three o'clock our friends were paddling on Sjødals Lake, and not long after reached Besse Sæter. This Sæter is not a Sæter properly so called, but a kind of caravanserai, built for the convenience of travellers who come in the summer to wander about this the wildest and grandest part of Norway, which the Government have confided to the care of a family named Tronhuus, well known to both the Skipper and Esau as clever hunters from former expeditions, but just then both Peter the father and Jens the son, their particular friends, were away engaged in procuring various articles for their comfort. There at Besse Sæter they stayed a day or two, the trout, coffee, and fladbröd being simply perfection, while the rest of the Tronhuus family vied with each other in making them comfortable. Besides, the weather was against camping out. It was detestable, and hitherto it had been one of the wettest summers ever known.

On June 29 Jens arrived and reported that he had secured the services of Ola, a stalker, and Ivar, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, a horse and a sack of potatoes, all of which were to be at Memurudal, their proposed camping ground on Gjendin, by August 11. On July 30 the rain reached its height, and people began to talk of Noah and his flood, while the Skipper began to build what he called 'a Nark,' and was continually coming to ask how many yards there were in a cubit. Next day, however, sink or swim, they would go to Gjendin, so in the evening they squared accounts with Jens—rather a difficult business when there are three people, two or



one of whom cannot understand what the other or the others say. Nevertheless everything was beautifully arranged without the aid of that potent mediator 'Whisky, the Great and 'Good.' Twelve o'clock next day found them at Gjendesheim at the east end of the lake which they had so long sought. This piece of water is eleven miles long, very deep, and very blue, surrounded almost entirely by mountains from 1,000 to 4,000 feet high. It lies itself 3,200 feet above the sea, and is above the fir-tree level and also above that of mosquitoes. In a few sunny nooks along its sides a few stunted birches, junipers, and willows find a precarious living, and only in those nooks is it possible to pitch a tent. In one of those small corners or valleys called Memurudal our travellers proposed to pitch their tent, their supplies being much augmented by six bottles of saloon ale, which they were fortunate enough to find at Gjendesheim. August 1 was Sunday, on which day it was their custom to rise singing 'Come, rouse you then, my 'merry, merry men, for it is our opening day,' but on this occasion they are not at all merry, their only comfort being that, according to letters received from home, the weather was still worse in England. They had been frozen at night, and their men and potatoes had not come, they could not go out to fish, and in fact had nothing to do but to devote themselves to the pleasures of the table and make Skoggaggany soup. This soup is better than it sounds, and only means scaup-duck soup: scaups are despised in England, but to the awful appetites developed in Norway they were delicious. After dinner they went out for a walk, and returning saw two men loafing about the tent, who were naturally taken for thieves and murderers, so they walked up to them ready to do battle to the death for their greatest treasure the saloon ale. But at this onslaught the robbers did not fly, but stood staring with their hands in their pockets; so the Skipper lifted his hat and said 'Ola?' for of course he might have been a duke in disguise. Then one of them answered 'Ja,' and produced the sack of potatoes like a conjuring trick from somewhere behind him out of his hat or coat-tails. Then they went into long details to Ola in English as to his and Ivar's wages, and he replied at great length in Norse, neither party understanding the other; and then all was satisfactorily settled. Ola they thought a big good-looking man, but rather too much of a gentleman. Ivar seemed a perfect ass, and unable to do anything in the way of cooking, except perhaps boiling a potato, and even then the potato would get the best of it.

August 2 was the first day of reindeer shooting. The

Skipper won the toss for the day, not without suspicion of treachery in Esau's mind. He was away eight hours on the mountains without seeing any living thing except two buzzards, and scarcely any tracks of deer. He returned to camp very tired, very wet, and rather cross, to find a delicious meal cooked by Esau—Ivar, the cook, having gone to fetch the horse, for which they were to pay 1*s.* 2*d.* a day so long as they had him. The cook was to receive 2*s.* 4*d.* a day, and the stalker 3*s.* 6*d.* a day, which they considered very cheap, as he was very tall, very big, very heavy, and very bearded, and the whole of him was hired for that trifling sum. Next day Esau went out to stalk, with the same result, while the Skipper added a new wing to the hut to hold the lumber. They were nearly calling it the 'Criterion Annexe,' until they remembered that there were always policemen about it, so they called it something else. All this time the weather was very bad, and their tempers were as short as the days were long, but they did not quarrel, owing, as Esau says, to his excellent temper, though they were near it when the Skipper tried to make Esau believe that the Memurudal glacier moved like all glaciers. Esau said it did not, adding he had watched it for half an hour yesterday, and it never stirred, though he had even pushed it with his stick. They were now getting their hands well into cooking, and baked and made scup to perfection. The first we have already mentioned, the second they called prairie soup. It was made of scraps, fish bones, bacon, potatoes, milk, dandelion, and sorrel. Whenever this soup had a peculiar flavour, they looked about to see if a boot-lace or candle-end were missing. One other Yankee receipt for soup they had, but never used. It is called Argonaut soup—we suppose, because Jason and his comrades mainly lived on it. It is as follows:—

'Take a pail of water and wash it clean. Then boil it till it is brown on both sides. Pour in one bean. When the bean begins to worry, prepare it to simmer. If the soup will not simmer, it is too rich, and you must pour in more water. Dry the water with a towel before you put it in. The drier the water, the sooner it will brown. Serve hot.'

All this time they were waiting for John, who was about due; so they resolved, as the weather was uncertain and reindeer scarce, to go back to the rest-house at Gjendesheim and drink ale and fish and wait for John. Then they rowed up the lake and on the way the Skipper caught two perfect fish, weighing about three pounds, and thus demolished a theory of Ola's that there were no fish in that part of the lake. In the

afternoon they reached the rest-house, and after dinner Esau made the lazy Ola carry his canoe about three-quarters of a mile to a small lake full of fish, at which Ola grumbled, while the others were well pleased at getting any work out of the idle fellow. As for the Skipper, ever devoted to the fair sex, he offered a young lady—Miss Louise, the daughter of a Norwegian barrister staying there, who spoke English—a cruize in his canoc. It was bad fishing weather at first, and for a while the cruize was very pleasant, but in a little while the fish began to rise, and the Skipper longed to go and fetch his rod, and hinted as much, but Miss Louise would not take the hint, till her father came and called her in to dinner. The poor Skipper, swallowing a hasty meal, again took the water, but now it was too late. Soon after, Esau returned with a lot of fish, the result of a Spartan indifference to the charms of women. In the evening, however, the indefatigable young lady captured Esau, and so beset him with questions and puzzles and riddles that the poor young man longed for bed-time to put an end to his misery. The riddles were first English and then French, and the Skipper, pretending to read, overheard Esau's answer to the first riddle. It was, 'Je le donne en haut.' 'What did you mean by that?' said the Skipper as they went off to bed. 'Oh! ah!' said Esau, 'That's idiomatic French, and means a good deal that you don't understand. I always use it to gals, especially when they are pretty.' That young lady left early next morning, and Esau was glad at her departing, for he was afraid that the Skipper might get entangled with her.

The next day was very fine, and the weather seemed now likely to turn to real Norwegian summer weather. They had caught a beautiful bag of fish, and were just starting to shoot their way over to Besse Sæter, when a man came in sight, stumbling down the mountain track. He was wet and sunburnt, with a beard of about three days' growth. He was coatless, collarless, and apparently exhausted. When he was a few yards from them they saw it was—John! Not the smart young beau they had always seen him in London, but an almost unrecognisable John, so sunburnt and hot and hungry. 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Mr. Stanley, I believe?' and they rushed into each other's embrace. First he refreshed himself largely on fladbrød, milk, and coffee, and then became calm enough to tell his adventures. He had done the journey from Christiania in very quick time, and had left all his luggage at Hind Sæter, twenty miles off. Thence he had started at five that morning, and had accomplished the

twenty miles plus three more which he went out of his way. If he had not been put right he probably would never have arrived anywhere. John had only one adventure on his journey besides this walk. He had been told to try and get a small stove for the tent at Vaage, a town fifty miles off. But asking for whisky as well as the stove, he was mistaken for a policeman come to see if the shopkeeper had a spirit licence, and would have been lynched had he not rapidly regained his cariole and driven off. As he had walked so far, they thought three or four miles more would not hurt him, so they took him on with them to Besse Sæter, and next day across to RusVand, where lived Mr. Thomas, a charming Norwegian, with his wife and friends, who at once gave them leave to fish on his lake, one end of which stretched not far from the camp at Memurudal. Having obtained this leave and made great friends with the Thomases, they began their homeward journey, accompanied by two of the sisters of Jens, nominally to see their brother, but really, said John, to flirt with *him*. He could not speak to the prettiest of them, but was extremely polite, insisting on carrying her shawl. 'She was a dear little girl,' add the writers, 'and we called her the "Sæter darlen," which 'we believe to be the only Norwegian pun we ever attempted.'

At Gjendesheim they found a young Norwegian whom they call Coutts. Whether his name had A. B. C. prefixed to it is not recorded, but, whoever he was, he was a hard traveller. His dress was peculiar. He was clad all in white duck, and his hat was of that colour and texture. Esau declared afterwards that his boots were white duck, that he had a cigar case and cigars of it, and that he ordered white ducks for dinner. The appearance of his head caused them to be anxious about any little articles which they had about them, for it looked as if it had been close shaven about two days before they met him. This Coutts had just ended some stupendous feats in walking and mountain climbing among the Jötun mountains, and, in short, he was an embodiment in his own person of a whole Alpine Club. He could live for a long time on chocolate. For a foreigner he had a great merit—he was always washing himself and cleaning his teeth. But when the Skipper, who slept next to him, told the others he was a long time brushing his hair, they refused to believe the tale, as an insult to common sense, for not a bristle on his head, whether hair, moustache, or beard, was more than three-eighths of an inch long, and all of it was stiffer than any hairbrush yet made. 'Perhaps,' the Skipper said, 'he was only combing his hairbrush with his

‘head,’ and with this explanation the others were forced to be content.

On August 9 they returned to camp, the weather again very wet, John staying behind for Ivar to bring his baggage. At that date he had one coat, one flannel shirt without a collar, one pair of trousers, socks, and boots, one pipe, one cap, one fishing-rod, line, and fly-book, one watch chain, and a newspaper of July 23. Next day John arrived with his baggage, and it was spent in making arrangements for taking him and it into the tent, for, besides fresh clothes, John brought stores with him, and, though last, not least, Esau’s long-coveted anchovy paste.

But, beside anchovy paste, John brought with him two great necessities for camping out—fine weather and unfailing good temper. Life, then, we are told, ‘resumed its proper phase of perpetual picnic,’ and in that delightful heat they roamed about very much like the old Adam and his wife in the garden of Eden. In fact, they were almost as undraped as Du Chaillu’s companions of the bath. The two others, indeed, did retain a rag or two of clothing; but to John all garments, except a landing net and boots, appeared to be unnecessary encumbrances. In fact, reversing the natural order of things, they put on all their things when they went to bed—for the nights were getting cold—and ‘peeled’ for the day when they got up. This page, let us add, is illustrated by a splendid woodcut of John as he appeared in full undress. One source of grief had John, and that was the roar of the glacier torrent, which disturbed him in the night—so much so that he thought of setting off for the turncock about it; but, as that functionary has the same fashion of making himself scarce when wanted in Norway as he has in London, the case was hopeless. So they fished and fished; and when they had any spare time they built an oven, and baked bread, and splendid pies, and wim-berry tarts, and lived in clover. One night, when they were baking, they were surprised by an aurora, and on another by the comet of 1881; but, on the whole, August 14 was the most eventful day in their summer life. Then it was that the Thomas family descended on John and the Skipper, and demanded lunch, which, though it called all the resources of the establishment into play, was amply met; and, after the meal, the Skipper, ever devoted to the fair sex, took Mrs. Thomas out in his canoe—a proceeding which her husband, who, like other Norwegians, put no faith in such ticklish craft, regarded with some alarm. ‘Come back! come back! You ‘go out too far!’ he cried—cries which, we are sorry to say,

that fair lady did not regard, being so delighted with the canoe that the gallant Skipper had some difficulty in persuading her to return. 'That canoe is now hers'—a graceful act of homage from its late owner. 'Long may she live to paddle it,' say the writers, and so say we. But all this while where was Esau? Out stalking; and at six o'clock he came into camp in an offensively jaunty manner, followed by Ola with the heads and skins, and choice bits of two reindeer bucks which had fallen before his gun. Then there was great rejoicing, for though the Skipper, a day or two before, had seen two 'very big bucks,' he had not been able to get a shot at them, and, though these of Esau were not 'very big' bucks—which, like the muckle stag in a Scotch deer forest, are only seen, but never laid low—they were of fair size, and fat, and completely filled an underground meat-safe, which they had prudently erected a little before. On this great occasion Esau had fully maintained his reputation as a mighty hunter and a good marksman—a feat which he repeated on another occasion, bringing two more deer into camp, while, so far as we can see, the Skipper only shot one, though that was the biggest, but still not that fabulous 'very big buck.' Let us add that on their former expedition luck had gone just as decidedly with the Skipper as it now did with Esau. But when the Skipper mentioned this fact, and said something about 'retributive justice,' all the answer he got from Esau was 'retributive justice be blowed.'

August 17 had been fixed for a return visit to the Thomases at Rus Vand, and Ola was told to call our three early. Of course he was late, which was a bore, as they had all to make elaborate toilets. It had been arranged that they were to walk up and across the mountain, and find a boat waiting for them at the nearest end of Rus Vand. Owing to Ola's laziness they did not start till half-past ten, and in two hours duly reached the lake very hot and tired. There, on the horizon, was a dim speck which they fondly believed to be the boat. So they waited till it dawned on them that the boat was not coming, but going—in fact, the soulless wretch who rowed it had made up his mind that they were not coming, and had rowed off home. This was a terrible blow, for it meant eight miles more walking in a broiling sun. But they met their fate like men, though they swore so horribly that the grass round them was scorched, ever tramping on and ever uttering the most frightful language. When they reached the house of Thomas he was with difficulty restrained from shedding that idiot's blood. But now came a change. Behold the weary

travellers lying on the sward in the cool shade, and quaffing all sorts of cooling drinks tempered with divers spirits. Anon a sumptuous feast was spread in a tent, consisting of trout, roasted ptarmigan, and reindeer. It was after that repast that the Skipper confessed that all through that burning walk he had thought that life was but a vale of tears at the best of times; but when, after dinner, cigars and black coffee were produced, he began to believe he had had rather a pleasant walk after all. Then, in the evening, they left that hospitable abode in the boat, fished down to the end of the lake, climbed over the dreadful mountain in the dark, and reached camp at half-past ten. 'Just twelve hours spent in making a formal 'call! Think of that, ye gentlemen of England, who grumble 'at having to leave a card on the people on the other side of 'the square.'

So they went on perfectly happy in their tent. Esau, very lazy himself, taking a fiendish delight in getting any work out of Ola, and particularly in standing over him and making him dig out a new game-cellar. As for John, he turned baker, on one occasion turning out a batch of very heavy bread and, when the fact was pointed out, proving that it was light by eating a quantity of it. The consequence was an awful nightmare: John jumping spasmodically out of bed, uttering most ghastly yells, while the others sat up in bed with their hair on end. They made pancakes, too, and when they made them, the rule was that every man should fry and toss and eat his own. John's first became a mangled heap of batter, and was finally eaten by him in that state; his second ascended most gracefully to the heavens when he tossed it, and was absent for some minutes; unfortunately it fell, not into the pan, but on the ground, where it was immediately seized and devoured by Ivar; the third was a complete success, and so were the rest, with the exception of number eight, up to the thirty-fourth. When they had done tossing and eating, they gave the rest of the batter to the men, who fried it into one large pancake about two inches thick, and then devoured it. As to pancakes, we are told that all the Diaries agree—'Pancakes to-day 'for dinner; the two other fellows over-ate themselves.' One day their pleasure was disturbed by a very ancient and, as it proved, fish-like smell pervading the camp, and had much talk as to what it could be. John, who is a man of great scientific attainments, was quite sure it came from the bodies of prehistoric reindeer engulfed in the glacier ages ago and now thrown out. He even said Huxley had often observed the same thing, and told him of it. Esau's theory was that

the glacier itself was decomposing. 'Look what a long time 'it had been standing exposed to the air, and now that the 'sun was so hot, no wonder it smelt a little.' He ended by asking who Huxley might be, and was just going up the valley with a bottle of Condyl's Fluid to disinfect the glacier, when the Skipper rushed back from the stream tightly holding his nose, and, shaking his fist at Ola, said something that began with 'Dab,' and went on with other unknown words. Then the truth came out: those unclean feeders Ola and Ivar had been making what they called *raki fiske*, which was the Norwegian for 'real jam,' and this jam was made out of putrid fish stored up in a cask. Once already they had been ordered to throw their real jam into the stream, but after all there it was in an advanced state of corruption, yet still not far enough gone to suit their ghoulish tastes. Whereupon the *raki fiske* was confiscated and buried by the Skipper a yard deep, and thus the camp was purified; but there is no doubt that Ola and Ivar came back when the three were gone and dug up their jam, which would in, say, a month's time be in perfect condition.

On August 25, the weather still lovely, the Skipper and Ola went out stalking, and were lost—that is to say, they did not return at night. At first Esau and John felt very sad, and sent Ivar out to look for them. But next morning, though they were missing, the two got resigned to their loss, and Esau went out into what he called the 'home coverts' and had fourteen shots at one and the same woodcock, killing it at last, but thinking all the while it was a fresh bird. Lunch time came and passed, but no Skipper; so they made up their minds he must be defunct and proceeded to write his epitaph, preparatory to going out in force to bring in his remains; but just as it was written, and they were debating whether it should be cut on wood or engraved on stone, in walked the corpse and called out for something to eat. Though disappointed at the waste of a good epitaph, they really welcomed him gladly, the more so as Ola appeared laden with the tit-bits of a fine reindeer buck. The fact was, the Skipper had gone so far after the deer that he had to turn to Gjendebod for shelter, and there passed a very desolate night. At dinner that night there was great rejoicing, and the epitaph was forgotten. And now it was evident by the coldness of the air that the summer was drawing to an end, and that houses were better to live in than tents. The Thomas family left the huts at Rus Vand, and offered the use of them to their English friends for the rest of the season. Their departure gave the Skipper many anxious thoughts. There was to be a wedding in his



family, and, though the stalking season was at its best, he felt that he ought to be present at it. He tossed up a half-farthing piece, borrowed from Esau, to decide the point, and called tails, but it turned up heads, and the Skipper was to go; so he sat down at once and wrote a letter telling his friends not to expect him, and then he grew quite pleasant again. At the very end of August Esau strained his back in lifting a stone, and had to be rubbed over and over again by John, viciously, as one rubs oil into a bat. He groaned out, 'That will do, I feel much better, John;' but John rubbed on like a new St. John Long, and repeated the operation next morning. In a day or two Esau declared his back was quite well, but it was suspected that he only said so to avoid the administration of further remedies by John. Notwithstanding this improvement, real or pretended, Esau was unfit for stalking, so they resolved to leave their camp and blow up their oven, and then they embarked all their worldly goods and themselves in the two canoes and the Gjendesheim boat, and sailed off for that place on their way to Rus Vand.

To tell the truth, the wind was so cold and high that they were all glad to get under a roof again. Between Gjendesheim and Rus Vand they spent very happy days, catching many fish, and Esau was again successful in shooting a fine buck. But on September 10 the Skipper carried out the intention that had long been lurking in his heart, and announced that in two days he should leave for England. It seemed that it was his brother who was to be married, and he could not desert him. So there was a grand settlement of bills, and arrangements were made for transporting the Skipper's baggage. On the 12th, accordingly, he shook hands with his friends and left, and John and Esau stayed behind. Then came rain again, incessant rain, and even the fish were disgusted at not being able to get into a dry corner by jumping out of the water, and refused sulkily to be caught. In this melancholy state of things Esau insisted on telling John a long-winded story of a famous stalk two years ago, but John interrupted him with some poetry, and here it is:—

'A reindeer three miles off you spy,  
And to shoot that reindeer you will try.  
First a mile at the top of your speed you go,  
Then you climb a mile up loose rocks and snow,  
Then a mile on your hands and knees you crawl,  
And—you miss that reindeer after all.'

And now, a week after the Skipper, John and Esau turned homewards, escorted by the faithful Jens and the stupid Ivar,

whose real worth they at last discovered, while all they saw of Ola, who had now left them, made them like him less and less. At Bjölstad the faithful Jens, the stalker of stalkers, left them, and Ivar, now their one and only retainer, undertook to transport all their luggage to Lillehammer, eighty miles, in his cart, for two and twenty shillings. At Bjölstad, too, they found a letter from the Skipper, telling them how Ivar Tofte, the king-descended Norse Bonde, the owner of that and other farms, had made much of him, and given him aquavit, and how he regretted that neither of them could speak Norse, and so would lose the happiness of knowing the Lord of Tofte. But to their delight they found that Ivar, who, by the way, is a great friend of Du Chaillu, made much of them also, though they had mistaken him for one of his servants when he rushed out the night before to welcome them in a shocking bad hat. Next morning, however, he appeared in his true light, with a bottle of aquavit in his hand, and begged them to drink his health. Now, they knew that nauseous liquor of old, reeking with caraways and aniseed, and were cautious; but fancy John's and Esau's delight to find that it was most excellent Chartreuse, in which they drank repeated 'Skaals,' first to Ivar Tofte, and then to Norway, England, and, in fact, to all the world. Old Ivar was so delighted that he ran and fetched another bottle, which he delicately left in their bedroom. Then he showed them his treasures, and sold them a sheepskin. Esau informs us that the first were kept in an unlocked cupboard in John's bedroom, and further that John has now a large collection of Norwegian silver to dispose of. 'Poor Blue-beard,' as Esau called Ivar, 'he little thought what a viper he was nurturing in his bosom, or rather in his chest—his plate chest,' and that in that room lay one who could, if he would, answer the questions, 'Who stole the Gainsborough? Who has the Dudley diamonds? Who stole the donkey? and Where's the cat?' On the 20th of September, after more of the same sort of aquavit, they drove off in carioles, murmuring somewhat indistinctly, 'Shkaal Iva Tofte Shhkaal Iv Toffic Shko Toffy. Jolly good fler-ole-shole-Toffy!'

We are now at the end of this very amusing book, so cleverly and cunningly written that it is almost impossible to discover exactly who the two out of the three are who have written it. It is one of the smartest specimens of what may be called literary thimble-rigging that we have ever met. Now the writers seem to speak from under the Skipper's thimble, now from Esau's, sometimes even from John's, but whoever or how many wrote it, the result is charming in its

freshness and good-humour. The authors explain the way in which they obtained so much information from men whose language was unknown to them, in the following little bit of mystification. 'The glorious principle of co-operation did it all. The Skipper spoke Norse with great elegance and fluency, but did not understand it at all. Esau could understand it perfectly, but was unable to express himself in that tongue to even a limited extent; and John could neither speak nor understand a word.' 'Consequently,' they say, 'our united accomplishments were equal to any emergency,' and, of course, to that of writing this book. What remains to be said but that John and Esau followed the Skipper's lead, and reached England in safety on September 26; Esau suffering agonies from sea-sickness? The last page contains a touching woodcut, representing three pairs of legs in knickerbockers, and these sad words, 'To-morrow, alas! we commence again a life of gilded misery and gloomy magnificence. Give to us the untrammelled freedom of "Gammle Norgé" and the humble crust of fladbröd—with JAM. FARVEL.'

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ART. X.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates for the Session of 1882.*

NO member of the Liberal party, no Minister of the Crown, nay more, no British subject, and certainly no loyal Irishman, can look back on the political history of the last five months without feelings of pain, disappointment, and regret. The fair promise of the spring, which led us to hope that the Session would be devoted to several measures of public utility, has been overcast. The efforts of the Government to clear the way for the proposals announced on their accession to office have proved abortive. The practical interests of England and Scotland have been thrust aside by the alleged grievances of Ireland. Although the attitude and conduct of the regular Opposition have been by no means aggressive, an opposition of a more impenetrable character has sprung from the spirit of faction and the infelicitous course of events. It would seem as if, throughout the earlier part of the Session, the Government declined to acknowledge the frightful reality of the events passing before their eyes in Ireland, and that they too fondly cherished the hope that the agitation of that distracted island was decreasing, that crime was diminishing, that more rents were being paid, that the authority of the law was more easily vindicated, and

that the Land Act of last year was slowly but gradually working the regeneration of the kingdom. But it is now matter of history that every one of those hopes was delusive. The very reverse had taken place. More crimes were committed; fewer delinquents (if that be possible) were apprehended; none were punished; the law, both civil and criminal, became powerless, and at length at the very moment when the Government had resolved on further concessions to the National Irish party, when it had released the leaders and even the founder of the Land League, and lost the services of the able and generous minister who had devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, the revolution culminated in a paroxysm of crime, and the noblest, purest, and most blameless representative of the authority of the British Crown was struck to the earth by hired assassins, who found some refuge in Ireland or elsewhere which has baffled the arm of justice. We feel the difficulty of dealing with topics so painful to our warmest feelings—so widely opposed to the former hopes of many of our friends. Launched on a tempestuous ocean, with a variable compass, amidst a great conflict of opinion even amongst those who are accustomed to act together in public life, and who are united in a common resolution to redress every just grievance of Ireland, we can only look to those fixed principles which are the stars of the firmament in politics, and in which we never cease to place our faith and our trust. Those principles are the result of experience and reason. They are not suggested by the empirical wants of the hour. They are not moulded to the will of this or that party leader. If they are true, they are the laws which party leaders and politicians must follow and obey. If they are real, they can never be violated with impunity. Perhaps the best and only service that a political writer can render to his country, if he writes without reference to the interests and passions of the moment, is to follow this course regardless alike of persons and of parties, and to insist that when these have collapsed into dust, the duties, the laws, the institutions of government and of human society must be defended and maintained.

To many men, perhaps to most men in this country, political opinions signify no more than political leading. They pin their faith on a leader or a party, and follow wherever they are led. We are unable to reach this point of faith in an infallible guide. We cannot accept 'Vaticanism' in politics any more than in religion. We believe implicitly neither in Paul nor in Apollos—in Popes or Prime Ministers—and we claim to exercise the Protestant right of private judgment. A

long experience of public life has convinced us that political leaders, and even great statesmen, are not much wiser than their fellow men and are quite as apt to be mistaken. They are apt to be blown to and fro by gusts of expediency, or sometimes by the impulses of personal ambition and the natural love of power. The only safe and immutable standard of public conduct is to be found in those principles which are based on the laws of history, dictated by the lessons of experience, and inspired by a genuine love of freedom. It is melancholy to reflect how much of the evil in the world has been caused or aggravated by the misplaced enthusiasm of the good and by the follies of the wise.

We wish well to the present Government. It is composed of men for many of whom we entertain the highest respect, and we desire nothing more than that all its resolutions should be consistent, energetic, and successful. Moreover, we are convinced that a Liberal Government is alone possible at the present time, and that the attempt to form a Tory administration would prove a great aggravation of our present difficulties. But the present Ministry does not include the whole Liberal party. There is a large body of Liberal opinion in the country by which the measures of the Government are watched with anxiety, from an earnest desire that the policy of the State should be guided to safe and patriotic results. There are Liberal statesmen, second to none in ability and in their attachment to Liberal principles, such as the Duke of Argyll, Lord Derby, Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Sherbrooke, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Goschen, whose opinions are entitled to great weight and consideration, although they hold no office in the Ministry. Their counsel is disinterested, and it derives additional force from the independence of their position.

For ourselves, we may be permitted to say that we are not conscious of any inconsistency or inconstancy in dealing with the subjects which now occupy the attention of the country. In an article which excited some attention, published in January 1880, we declared that the first of Whig principles was 'to uphold and execute the laws for the defence of life and property, which are the foundations of society;' and we pointed out that such a declaration was 'not altogether superfluous when the right to break contracts and refuse payment of rents is loudly proclaimed in one part of the United Kingdom, and enforced by threats to murder not only the landlords who claim their rents, but the law-abiding tenants who wish to pay them.' These words were written by us in the autumn of 1879, before the present Government came into

existence, in fact almost three years ago. They were said at the time to be exaggerated or meaningless. But we think they may fairly be taken to describe the state of Ireland from that date to the present. Nor was this all. At the same time and in the same number we published a full enquiry into the state and prospects of Ireland, which exposed the injustice of interference with free contracts between landlord and tenant, the futility of the demand for fixity of tenure, and the danger of an attempt to create a peasant proprietary by artificial means and at the expense of the State. These demands had been combated with conclusive ability and eloquence by Mr. Gladstone in 1870. We remained of the opinion the Prime Minister then entertained, and we adhere to it still, because it is based on sound economical principles which cannot be altered or impugned. No fresh Land Act had then been thought of, nor could the change of Government which speedily ensued be foreseen. Not to darken the picture overmuch, we continued at that time to express hopes of the future prospects of Ireland and the decline of the agitation, which have not been verified. Lord Beaconsfield seems to have taken a more correct forecast of the state of affairs; but he was almost alone in his predictions. As time advanced they were fulfilled.

In January 1881 we entered more fully on the relations of England and Ireland, and after discussing some proposals of agrarian reform, we went on to say, and to prove from their own lips, that the 'real object of the Irish National party is 'the Repeal of the Union, or in other words to establish their 'own power over Ireland uncontrolled by England, and so, by 'working on the passions and wants of the lowest orders of 'the peasantry, to terrorise, to crush, or exterminate the vast 'majority of the intelligence of the nation.'\* And we added that this was not only a conspiracy against the State, but a *foreign* conspiracy, supported by funds levied on the Irish-Americans, inflamed by the Irish-American Press, and we might now add armed with the dynamite and the bowie knife of American bravos.† The Land League and the appeal to the interest of the Irish tenant farmer in his holding was an ingenious device to enlist him in the revolutionary cause, and John Devoy and his colleagues exclaimed, *The Irish Revolution*

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\* Ed. Rev. No. cccxiii. p. 295.

† It is satisfactory to find that this fact has now (June 23, 1882) been clearly recognised and emphatically denounced by Mr. John Bright; but it was not less true and certain three years ago.

*at last looks in the right direction.* To this fact we merely added that 'these men are all aiming, and have ever aimed, 'at the severance of Ireland from the legislative and executive 'control of Great Britain; and no concessions, no grants, no 'changes in the laws, no measures of conciliation, no acts of 'liberality, generosity, or kindness, will turn them from their 'purpose. They say so themselves.'

We are aware that to many members of the Liberal party, and to some members of the Administration, this opinion and this warning were unwelcome, and, as they thought, extreme. The question is simply, was it *true*? The Government, and Parliament under the control of the Government, took a different view of the case. They treated it as a case of agrarian discontent, and they proceeded to apply an agrarian remedy, in the shape of an Act regulating the relations of landlord and tenant on principles excessively favourable to the latter, for the Act created property where no property was before, and transferred property from the hands in which the law had hitherto placed it. It is not our intention to engage in a discussion of the Land Act of 1881; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; but this much we are entitled to say, that the Land Act, and the policy which dictated and attended it, was a fair and full specimen of Radical legislation and government. We ourselves have always regarded it as an experiment, and a rash experiment, to be tried at the cost of the Irish people; and we never affected to be converted to the opinion that the laws of supply and demand, the freedom of contract, and rights of property, could be infringed with impunity or regulated by sub-commissioners, without a semblance of rule, principle, or written law to guide them.

But as this measure was strongly recommended and loudly demanded by many considerable authorities in Ireland, such as the leading members of Lord Bessborough's Commission, and as it was held forth as a panacea to the ills of Ireland, we followed the example set by the House of Lords, and acquiesced in what could not be effectually modified or resisted. Whatever may be the ultimate effects of the measure on the agricultural interests of Ireland, the immediate effect of the Land Act in pacifying Ireland has been imperceptible. It has, on the contrary, stimulated to fever heat every bad passion and rendered the relations of landlords and tenants almost intolerable. But had this measure, of which so much was promised and expected, been opposed and rejected, we should unquestionably have been told that all the subsequent disturbances of Ireland were caused by the defeat of so just and

patriotic a measure. Whether it be just or patriotic or not, it has not disarmed a single Whiteboy, it has not led to the punishment of a single murderer, it has not prevented outrages, it has not brought in arrears of rent, and it has left the country more distracted than ever. It has also given birth to an incalculable amount of litigation, an enormous amount of hard swearing and false evidence has been employed, and the dignity and authority of courts of justice have been lowered by the attempt to perform the task of land surveyors and to fix the value of land. The warmest advocates of these measures must now be compelled, by the force of events and the results of experience, to acknowledge that the Radical theory of government, being based on false premises, and consisting of alternate cursing and blessing, of conciliation and coercion, has failed to effect the pacification of Ireland, and has led, as might have been and was anticipated, to very disastrous results. Yet in the late temper of this country, and with the existing distribution of parties, that theory had to be tried. Nothing short of actual experiment could have convinced the nation of the mischievous and visionary character of these devices. They were the work of short-sighted and enthusiastic politicians, who were not ashamed to apply many of the principles of the Land League, which they professed to condemn, and who certainly were not aware that they were paltering with treason and inciting to murder. We trust that even they have learned a lesson, and are now aware that the seeds of revolution in Ireland were more broadly sown and more deeply planted. But it must be observed that every one of the painful incidents, which have taken place at home and abroad, is the natural growth and consequence of a course of policy adopted by Parliament. The present evils from which Ireland suffers are not the result of British oppression or injustice, but of the detestable agitation kept alive by the worst and vilest of her own children, who have evoked all the powers of evil for the destruction of the peace and prosperity of their native country.\*

In another recent number of this Journal we took occasion to trace the subtle agencies which led to the conquest of the

\* If this language should appear too strong, and our estimate of the effects of the Land Act too discouraging, we can only say that it is not half so strong as that of our respected contemporary the 'Dublin Review,' which may fairly be regarded as the best representative of the Catholic party in Ireland. The article which appeared in the 'Dublin Review' for January last, on the Land Act and the Land League, is in entire accordance with our own opinions.



Jacobins in France, but the intelligent reader could not fail to perceive that our remarks applied as much to the present condition of Ireland as to the excesses of the French Revolution; in the branches of the Land League it was easy to trace a close resemblance to the organisation of the Jacobin clubs, and in both countries, in proportion to the decline of lawful authority, illicit authority, based on outrages and violence, usurped its place. In Ireland, as in France, by means of a powerful organisation, wielding without scruple the weapons of terrorism, a small minority succeeded in crushing the liberties of the population, and in compelling them to set the law at defiance, to interrupt the relations of social life and to subvert the Government. Therefore we never hesitated to maintain that no good work could be wrought in Ireland until the spirit of revolution was subdued, and until the law and the administration of the law had regained their former ascendancy. Without power to check disturbances and to punish crime there is no government at all. On these grounds we referred to the precedents set by some of the greatest and best of Whig statesmen—by Earl Grey's Act of 1833, a measure only equalled in vigour by the Act of the present Session, by Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon in 1846 and 1847, and by Lord Hartington's Westmeath Act of 1870, which restored peace within a more limited area.\* Nobody supposes that

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\* An older and still more illustrious Whig authority might be quoted in the words of Mr. Fox. The independence of the Irish Parliament had been exacted from the Rockingham Ministry in 1782, by the disastrous circumstances of the times, which coincided with the surrender of Cornwallis at York Town. But it had been aided by the encouragement given to Grattan by the Whig party. Mr. Fox, however, on taking office, declared that 'he was now responsible for the 'honour of his country, and would not consent to see England humbled 'at the feet of Ireland.' When he agreed reluctantly to let Grattan have his way, he determined to yield no further, even if the alternative was the abandonment of the island. 'If you show firmness,' he said, in his letter to the Viceroy, 'the dissolution of the volunteers is a 'certain and not distant event; otherwise I reckon their government, 'or rather anomaly, as firmly established as such a thing is capable of 'being; but your Government is certainly annihilated. The concessions made in the Duke of Portland's time were declared sufficient. 'The account must now be considered as closed, and must never again 'be opened on any pretence whatever. We cannot go on acquiescing 'in something new for the sake of pleasing Ireland' (Froude's 'Ireland,' vol. ii. p. 374). But, as we shall presently see, Mr. Fox's expectations were not realised, any more than the generous expectations of his successors at the present time.

these ministers were in the least disposed to encroach on the liberties of the people, or that they proposed measures of repression without extreme regret. But penal laws are passed to restrain and punish bad men and bad actions: they leave absolutely untouched the great bulk of society. Nay, more, they are passed for the protection of the great bulk of society, which is attacked, threatened, persecuted, and terrorised by the violence of those who are the enemies of the public peace.

We have said thus much to show that our own course of reasoning has been strictly uniform. We have never been able to understand how it came to pass that many of the politicians whom we most respect, and with whom we habitually agree, saw things in another light. But recent events appear to have restored the balance, and reconciled the whole Liberal party to measures which they were at one time reluctant to entertain. In the recent debates on the Bill for the Prevention of Crime the language of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Trevelyan has been clear and peremptory, and we heartily concur in it. Sir W. Harcourt on May 14 referred to the measures taken in 1833 by Lord Grey and Lord Althorp as a precedent to be followed, and he added with truth that it had never been a tradition of the Liberal party to tolerate disorder or attacks on life and property in Ireland. By the Act of 1833 the power of prohibiting public meetings was vested in the Lord Lieutenant, but Lord Wellesley never had occasion to put this power into force.

It is not the first time that the leaders of the Liberal party, conscious of the purity of their own intentions, have been beguiled in the same manner. Mr. Froude relates, in his history of 'The English in Ireland,' that when, upon the fall of Lord North in February 1782, Lord Rockingham, Mr. Fox, and Lord Shelburne succeeded to power, although Ireland was at that moment seething with the agitation of the volunteers and on the brink of the Declaration of Independence, the new minister assumed, as soon as his friends were in power, that Grattan would at once work in harmony with them. Though they hated Tories and Tory principles, they had inherited the traditions of English statesmen. They were unable to believe that the rash project of an Ireland really independent could be entertained by any honourable man, still less to countenance it. They supposed they had only to supersede Lord North's Viceroy by a nobleman of their own school, to find the stormy waters settle into repose. The Duke of Portland went over to play the same part which Lord Cowper has

recently performed. He was met by a blast of opposition and a cry for independence, which he transmitted to his incredulous colleagues; but before a month had elapsed from his arrival the Government was compelled to capitulate, to yield all the points demanded by the Irish, to repeal chap. 6 of George I., and to establish the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament. The American War had reduced Great Britain to all but complete impotence. The parallel is striking, though happily incomplete: but it is worth while to quote the remark Mr. Froude has appended to this narrative.

‘In the Irish people there is one serious aspiration nursed in their heart of hearts and never parted with, and that is separation from England. Whatever the pretext for immediate agitation, this is what they mean, and every concession is valued only as a step towards the one great end. Nothing else will satisfy them, for nothing else meets their wishes. But as their object is one which reason declares to be unattainable, so they never pursue it by reasonable means. They wish passionately; they are unable to prepare deliberately; their politics are the blind movements of impulsive enthusiasm, and English Liberals treat them as if they were serious, and play with them, and lead them to form hopes, while as soon as those hopes take their national shape they are obliged to disappoint.’\*

The divergence of opinion which has existed as to the policy to be pursued in Ireland (for undoubtedly there were two opinions) arose simply from different views of a question of fact. There were many who regarded the distracted state of Ireland as a purely agrarian question. They believed that the relations of landlord and tenant were unduly strained, and that the hard seasons of 1879-80 had rendered them intolerable. They held that the case justified the intervention of the State with freedom of contract, and that the letting value of land was to be fixed by judicial authority. They therefore concluded that if Parliament passed an Act conceding large rights and ample protection to the class of tenants and farmers in Ireland, the agitation would cease, the warfare of tenant and landlord would be appeased, and that the Land Act would, like an infant Hercules, stifle the serpents of sedition and crime. This image is not our own; we should not have ventured on so bold a flight of language. Starting from this point of view, that the disease of Ireland was purely agrarian, and would therefore yield to agrarian remedies, the language and conduct of those who entertained this opinion were conformable to the theory. The outrages were the natural outburst of an oppressed

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\* Froude's ‘English in Ireland,’ vol. ii. p. 324.

and starving tenantry, though the same tenantry had been living for the preceding seven years in unusual prosperity and contentment under precisely the same conditions. After all, we were told, these outrages and crimes were greatly exaggerated. All the touts and runners of the Radical party in society and in the press assured us that there was nothing unusual in the state of Ireland; the area of disturbance was extremely limited; the number of offences was diminishing; order would be restored as soon as the Land Act was in operation. Those false prophets who went about crying 'peace' when there was no peace, forgot to add that, in the long catalogue of crimes which had stained the soil of Ireland with infamy and bloodshed—from the blood of the peer, shot within his domain, to the blood of the poor bailiff, or caretaker, or peasant, flung like carrion into some mountain lake, or mutilated on his own hearth-stone—*not one had ever been punished.* They forgot that no evildoer or assassin had been arrested, because the whole country side protected him and gave him a refuge; that no evidence could be produced, because the witnesses spoke under fear of death; that no juryman dared to convict for the same reason, unless with genuine Hibernian ingenuity they brought in a verdict against a man who had saved his own life by killing his assassin. The fact is, strange as it may appear, that those who were entirely under the influence of the agrarian theory failed to see or acknowledge those horrible occurrences at all. They were regarded as passing incidents. The great agrarian policy of the Government would work an infallible cure.

Amongst the more advanced champions of this theory, or, as we should say, victims of this hallucination, there were some who aggravated the evil and the danger by language singularly calculated to inflame it. Thus the people of Ireland were told that political agitation was a useful and even a necessary promoter of social reform; that it was not desirable to interfere with the operation of the Land League as long as it helped the Government to carry remedial measures; that Ireland was to be governed on Irish ideas; and that acts of violence and crime, even incendiarism and murder, had brought important questions within the domain of practical politics; that force, which is the backbone of all law, is not a remedy; that compulsory government is repugnant to liberal minds and liberal institutions, as if all government is not compulsory, from the government of a nursery to the government of an empire, since it is founded on the maintenance of authority. We care not whether these foolish and pestilent sentiments

were ever uttered at all by the men to whom they were, perhaps erroneously, ascribed. It is enough that they were believed to have been uttered by them, and were spread abroad as the opinions of eminent statesmen. Such propositions are, in fact, subversive of the foundations of society. They cannot have been intended to convey the sense which has been attached to them; but they were used without scruple for revolutionary purposes; and the result is that a belief has taken root in Ireland that property is to be unprotected and crime unpunished.

It was an honourable conviction on the part of British Ministers, that a firm resolution to do justice, and more than justice, to the complaints of the people of Ireland would disarm disaffection and hostility; and it was hoped that the temporary arrest of the leaders of the Home Rule party, under the Coercion Act, and the proclamation of the Land League as an illegal society, would check the movement. These hopes were vain. Those who entertained them were under the influence of a strong delusion and a lie. They allowed themselves to be deceived, not so much by the language of the Irish party as by their own generous desires to govern Ireland on the most liberal principles, and by their extreme repugnance to have recourse to harsh and extraordinary measures, which are a departure from the fundamental traditions of British liberty. At the same time we freely admit that the Radical party, and those members of the administration who shared these opinions, and probably the majority of the House of Commons which passed the Land Act, were perfectly sincere in their convictions and their hopes. They imagined that by attacking and alleviating some of the symptoms and causes of agrarian disturbance they could cure the disease. It must further be said that as long as these convictions lasted, and until the experiment had been fully tried, it would have been impossible for any government, and least of all for a Liberal government, to propose and carry with the consent of Parliament and of the people of England, the energetic measures which the state of Ireland really demanded. There is this insurmountable difficulty in carrying strong preventive measures calculated to avert an impending danger, that if they are successful, and the danger is in fact averted, its very existence is denied. The tares must grow up together with the wheat. Until the evil principle has reached the full period of destructive activity it is scarcely possible to crush it. Its earlier growth is tolerated and even fostered by the very principles of liberty to which it is most opposed.

This, then, we conceive to be the defence and justification of the course taken by her Majesty's Ministers. It is true that if the Peace Preservation Act had been renewed and strengthened in the Session of 1880; if the measures which Mr. Forster is said to have recommended to his colleagues in the autumn of that year had been adopted; if the Land League had been suppressed at an earlier period, it is probable that Ireland might have been pacified by measures far less severe than those which must now be employed, and a vast number of crimes might have been prevented, many innocent lives might have been saved. These horrible events seem to have been needed to bring the people of England and the Ministers of the Crown to a full perception of the evil they had to encounter. We shall say nothing to add a pang to the torturing thought that but for this misconception of the true perils of the situation, and this hesitation in strengthening the administration of justice and preventing crime, we should probably not have to deplore acts at which humanity shudders. Be it enough that the Radical policy which has been mainly applied to Ireland for the last two years has ended in a most disastrous failure, in sanguinary and unpunished crime, and in what has been termed a social revolution. We shall say no more of the authors of the agrarian theory.

But there are those who, from the commencement of this agitation, have been of a different opinion. They regarded it from the first as a political conspiracy, having for its object the severance of the connexion between Ireland and Great Britain, and the establishment in Ireland of a form of government distinct from and hostile to the Government of this empire. No great sagacity was needed to make this discovery, for the object was distinctly avowed and proclaimed by the authors of the movement. It was announced, as long ago as August 1879, by the 'Irish World,' that the cry of the 'Land of Ireland for the people' was the lure by which they meant to win the sympathy and support of the Irish population. It implied, in no guarded terms, that this involved the extinction of the class of society by whom the British connexion is upheld; and it pointed clearly and definitely to a revolution which would place Ireland in the hands of a democracy, animated by the hostility of race, of religion, and of resentment for wrongs long past, against the Constitution and the Crown of Great Britain. Such a revolution was, in their eyes, war with England; and they justified the enormities and outrages which were perpetrated by their orders as acts of barbarous warfare. They reckoned, not without reason, on the incredulity with

which so monstrous a scheme would at first be met, and on the large opportunities afforded for the prosecution of it by the liberties of this country. They knew that as long as there were no acts of direct rebellion or overt treason, Ireland enjoyed an unlimited right of public meeting and speaking, that the press was free, that they could control the elections in most parts of Ireland, that many of the priests were favourable to their cause, that juries could be intimidated, and that the Irish are wont to observe an unbroken fidelity to the fearful obligations of secret oaths, and to the strange virtue (as they deem it) of harbouring and protecting criminals.

All this is patent by the results which the world has witnessed; but by the results alone. At the moment at which we write we are as ignorant as ever of the motive power of this conspiracy. We do not even know in what country its chief centre of organisation exists, perhaps across the Channel, perhaps across the Atlantic. We do not know whence it draws the considerable funds at its disposal, though we suspect that large contributions have been exacted by fear from the Irish tenant-farmers out of their unpaid rents. We do not know how far the Land League is really identified with this treasonable conspiracy, or how far it has been used as its tool; but we have the declarations of the chief members of that body that the independence of Ireland is the ultimate object they have in view, and that every other concession is but an instalment of partial success. And it must be added that those who have sought by foolish amendments and factious opposition to obstruct and delay the progress of a Bill for the Prevention of Crime in Ireland are every one of them accessories to the detestable atrocities which have gone on from day to day to give a terrible significance to the urgency of the measure.

We are indebted to Michael Davitt, who is at once the ablest and the most outspoken of the Irish party, for the clearest statement of what is meant by the land question and the abolition of landlordism by the Land League. He would transfer private property in land to the State, which should partially compensate the former proprietors, and receive an abated rent from the occupiers of the soil. There is nothing original in his calculations; they are simply a new version of the resolution adopted by the Congress of the *International* held at Bâle in 1869, which declared that 'society has the right to abolish individual property in the soil, and to bring back the land to the community.'\* This is

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\* See M. de Laveleye, '*Le Socialisme Contemporain*,' p. 267.

'called collectivism' by the Socialist writers, whatever that may mean. We shall only make three brief remarks on the subject. It is strange that Michael Davitt, who abhors the authority of the State under which he was born, should propose to augment the power of that State a hundredfold by making it the sole lord of the soil and enabling it to draw rent from the labour of the people, especially after they have been told to pay no rent at all. The system is absolutely destructive of the principle of inheritance and the accumulation of capital, and it is, in truth, a return to barbarism. Lastly, if this state of things were applicable to property in land, which means simply capital invested in the soil, it is equally applicable to capital invested in factories, in machinery, in mines, in railroads, and in trade. It is, in fact, as the Internationalists put it, the abolition of property and total subversion of society, for what is good for one class is good for another. The wild and nonsensical theories of Marx and Proudhon have thus become Irish ideas. These, however, are Davitt's views, and we are not surprised that he desires to obtain an independent Irish Parliament in order to carry them into execution, for they will not find much encouragement at Westminster. It is useful to know beyond the possibility of doubt what these men are aiming at, and what an Irish Parliament would be expected to do.

Mr. Thomas Brennan, late secretary of the Land League, and another liberated prisoner, is stated by the 'Irish World,' the organ of the party, to hold the same language:—

'It is time,' he said, 'that we declared everywhere that the land belongs to the whole people, and that we refuse to support any measures which do not recognise the right of the labourers and artisans to their native soil as completely as that of the farmers. To make the land the common property of the whole people is the only thing worth struggling for. It is necessary to base the fight upon the true principle of nationalising the whole soil of the country, the town lands as well as the agricultural lands, by taking rent from those who now appropriate it, and applying it to such uses as are for the common benefit of the whole people.'

It would seem that the Land League, the Fenian organisation, and the Ribband societies, are the three forms assumed by the Irish National party, the first more ostensible and professing to act by constitutional means, the second more treasonable and acting chiefly from abroad, the last more desperately criminal and unscrupulous in the tyranny and terrors they exercise over the people of Ireland, at the cost of their property and their lives. We know not how closely these



nefarious bodies are connected, but it is clear that they are all engaged in the same work, which is the subversion of the Queen's government in Ireland and the substitution of a revolutionary authority in its place. Their modes of action may be different, but they are all equally hostile to Great Britain, and alike treasonable in their designs. The eager disclaimers on the part of the Land Leaguers of crimes which would bring them within the grasp of the law deserve only to be treated with incredulity and contempt. What have they done to prevent these atrocities? These men are notorious and have a part to play in public; their accomplices are secret and unknown. This much is certain, that the operations of these bodies are guided and governed with equal skill and secrecy by some despotic authority, as unscrupulous in its means of action as that of the Russian Nihilists, and as mysterious. This is the view of the state of Ireland opposed to what we have termed the Agrarian Theory. This is the view we have long held; this is the state of affairs the Government have to meet.

The interval of time which began on Tuesday, May 2, and ended on Thursday, May 11, includes within the rapid action of nine days one of the most memorable and extraordinary passages in the modern history of this country. Nothing at all like it has been witnessed in this century. On the former day the House of Commons was suddenly informed that indirect communications had passed between the Ministers of the Crown and the principal persons detained on suspicion of treasonable practices in Kilmainham Gaol, which had led the Government to the conclusion that these chiefs of the Land League might safely be liberated, and that if the question of arrears of rent was liberally dealt with, their influence would be thrown on the side of law and order. Both parties to this arrangement, if any such arrangement existed, denied that there had been any negotiation or compact between them. But the House of Commons and the country understood and believed that some understanding had been come to, and the Ministerial organs boasted that the Government was sending to Ireland another message of peace, which was regarded in Ireland as an act of submission to the League, and hailed with enthusiastic rejoicings.

Ministers showed by their eagerness to decry and disclaim such practices that they were keenly alive to the imprudence and ignominy of any negotiations with the rascals and the ruffians who have steeped Ireland in dishonesty and crime; but they failed to show that no such practices had taken place.

On the other hand, the liberation of Mr. Parnell and the studied moderation of his language after his return to his seat in Parliament proved that he was acting under some sort of restraint which he was anxious to observe, and that he was seeking to repudiate and free himself from the ultimate consequences of the treasonable practices for which he had been arrested, although he was himself one of the most active originators of the whole revolutionary movement. But he began to perceive that the penalty, which might justly be exacted from him, was more than he was prepared to pay, for it would have touched his liberty or his life.

Subsequent disclosures, not frankly or willingly made, have thrown a clearer light on these singular proceedings. It was established beyond all question that Captain O'Shea, a friend of Mr. Parnell and Member for Clare, had towards the end of April proffered himself as a mediator between the prisoners at Kilmainham and the Government; that he had addressed letters to the Prime Minister and to Mr. Chamberlain which were not unfavourably received; that he obtained leave from Mr. Forster to have a long interview with Mr. Parnell at Kilmainham; that he communicated to Mr. Forster the result of that interview, which was an offer on the part of the Land Leaguers to employ their strenuous and unremitting exertions in stopping outrages and intimidation of all kinds, 'as the conspiracy which had been 'used to get up Boycotting and outrages would now be used 'to put them down' by one of their own agents; that if the arrears question was settled upon the lines indicated by Mr. Parnell, not only this result would follow, but there would be a union of the Liberal party, and the support of the Irish party would be given to the liberal measures of the Government. It is said that the Government promised nothing in return for these offers; but, in point of fact, the chiefs of the League were at once released, Michael Davitt was again discharged from penal servitude, and an Arrears Bill on the lines indicated was drawn and laid before Parliament. We confine ourselves to a brief statement of these facts, which are undisputed. They need no epithets to make them plain. Still more extraordinary was the system of prevarication and partial suppression resorted to in the House of Commons in order to distort them. Mr. Gladstone's view of the case is best stated by himself in a letter addressed by him to Mr. O'Shea on April 15 in these words:—

'Assuredly no resentment, or personal prejudice, or false shame, or other impediment extraneous to the matter itself, should prevent the

Government from treading whatever path that (*sic*) may lead safely to the pacification of Ireland.'

Whatever path, he might have said, that is consistent with the dignity and safety of the country. But was it so, to enter upon a discussion through a third person with the men who had been prosecuted for seditious misdemeanours a few months ago, and who were acquitted, not because the case of the Crown failed of proof, but because a Dublin jury refused to convict them? Was it so to deal with men who were subsequently imprisoned for a considerable time, because the Government believed and knew they had been guilty of treasonable practices, which ought to have brought them to justice? Was it so with men who, by their own express acknowledgment in these very papers, had 'got up Boycotting and out-rages,' and who were prepared to regain their freedom by reversing the operation? It will ever remain to us an impenetrable mystery by what process of reasoning men of high character and intellect could bring themselves to stoop to an attempt to come to terms with their own prisoners. If these men were innocent they should never have been arrested. If guilty, it was impossible to parley with them; and the attempt was as nugatory as it was misplaced. The moment these demagogues are suspected of an understanding with the British Government, their power in Ireland is shaken. They are superseded by agitators or conspirators more daring, more secret, more desperate than themselves. The first use made by Michael Davitt of his liberty, under a renewed ticket-of-leave, was to repudiate all terms and all concessions short of the destruction of landlordism in Ireland. Michael Davitt, not Mr. Parnell, is the true author of the Land League, and the real expositor of its policy and designs. Now, Michael Davitt is a convicted political conspirator of the most dangerous type. The sincere but intemperate speech of Mr. Dillon soon made this fact more apparent. All these men have since declared that the whole original policy of the Land League is to be carried out; although at one moment what is termed 'united moderate action' may be employed, at another outrages and crimes. That is a mere change of tactics. The object is the same. That object is a treasonable design against the Constitution of the United Kingdom.

Mr. Forster, the Irish Chief Secretary, refused to be a party to this transaction, and it is impossible to name Mr. Forster without paying a sincere tribute to the courage, coolness, firmness, and judgment he has displayed throughout all the later period of these events. He has been bitterly attacked

by the organs of the Radical party, and most unjustly accused of an intention to discredit his late colleagues. ‘*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.*’ We confidently assert that his frank, noble, and dispassionate conduct has won for him the respect of every man to whom truth and honour are dear, and that, without the smallest deviation from true Liberal principles, he has shown that there are obligations more sacred than official ties. The result is that he leaves office for a time invested with more political weight in the country than he possessed while he remained in the Cabinet. At an earlier period he is believed to have sometimes waived his own opinion in deference to other persons, some of whom are said to have requited him by organising in their newspapers a cabal against him. However, at this point he stood firm, and resigned his perilous and painful duties. He thought the release of the suspects a dangerous and impolitic measure. He would have assented to it, if any one of three conditions had occurred—either a formal and public recantation by Mr. Parnell and his friends of their designs, or the restoration of peace and order in Ireland, or the adoption of stronger measures of repression by the Government, which would have rendered the detention of the ‘suspects’ superfluous, since they would then be amenable to the arm of the law. Lord Cowper, who had just resigned, but still filled the office of Viceroy, has stated in the House of Lords that he was as much surprised as Mr. Forster by the sudden decision of the Cabinet, and as much opposed to it. So that in point of fact the two members of the Government who were best acquainted with the state of Ireland were not consulted as to this proceeding, or if consulted were peremptorily overruled. It was no doubt highly desirable to rid the gaols of Ireland of a large body of prisoners, whose detention did no good; and it was inconsistent with the first principles of justice existing in this country, to detain men in prison indefinitely without the means of bringing them to trial. The sole ground of their detention under the Coercion Act was, that evidence did exist against them of offences which they were believed to have committed, and which under ordinary circumstances would have justified a prosecution. Therefore, supposing a mode of trial to be established by which the guilty could be convicted and the innocent acquitted, we should by no means condemn the release of these prisoners. But at that moment no such mode of trial existed or had been proposed. It does not appear that Mr. Forster had any knowledge of the intention of the Government to bring in a Bill largely modifying the forms of judicial pro-

cedure and extending the powers of magistrates and of the police, though he must have known that the draft of such a Bill existed. Sir William Harcourt has said, that it had long been under the consideration of the Government, and so elaborate a measure could hardly have been prepared and settled in three days. But no resolution had been taken to introduce the measure, which indeed was incompatible with the terms proposed by the Leaguers. Had the Government resolved to bring forward such a measure, we see no sufficient cause for Mr. Forster's resignation. But, in fact, the opposite course was at that moment contemplated and pursued. The 'New Departure' was in the other direction—that of further concessions. Mr. Forster's parting words to his colleagues were a solemn warning not to be deluded by appearances, and not to consent to pay black mail to the instigators of sedition. Those words were unheeded. He knew the danger. They did not. Within four and twenty hours Lord Spencer was appointed to succeed Lord Cowper in the Lord-Lieutenancy, and Lord Frederic Cavendish consented, with a gallantry and patriotism which did him the highest honour, to accept the perilous post of Chief Secretary. None foresaw with what perils it was surrounded, even to him, who went to Dublin in the confidence of a liberal, generous, brave, and unsuspecting nature.

The catastrophe which occurred in the Phoenix Park on May 6, sudden and fatal as a stroke of lightning, dissipated in an instant these delusions, and changed the entire position of the Government. If the chiefs of the League were implicated in the crime, they had become the outlaws of the human race. If they were ignorant of it (as is most probable) it was clear that behind them stood a far more desperate and formidable band of enemies. They shared the common fate of revolutionists swept away by ruffians more violent than themselves. They had begun the work of outrage and bloodshed on their own hapless countrymen; they had established a reign of terror: others would use it. They are the Girondins of the Irish revolution. England and Scotland recoiled with horror from all contact with such men, the more so as the authors of the crime had eluded detection. A strong presumption arose that the crime was not unknown to a considerable number of persons in Ireland, and in spite of the loud expressions of shame and sorrow, the assassins were not given up or detected. Roused by this enormity to a sense of what the country demanded, the Government brought in a Bill to give them all the power required for the restoration of authority

and the administration of justice. They acted wisely. Their Bill was the absolute reversal of the policy they had followed down to the preceding day, although in reality the state of Ireland had not materially changed. Crimes of every kind had been multiplied every month; the people were demoralised by the breach of contracts and the lawlessness of large classes of the population; and those who govern its movements with revolutionary despotism had resolved to hurl a sanguinary defiance at the very heart of England.

Little as we know of this conspiracy, we know enough to remark some of its extraordinary features, which have no parallel in our history. Their victim was a man absolutely blameless, without an enemy in the world, who arrived on the shores of Ireland a few hours before with the most benevolent intentions, and who had done nothing to offend a human being. Yet the resolution to kill him must have been taken with extreme promptitude. Not forty-eight hours had elapsed since his appointment to the office was known. Mr. Forster, though he had been grossly vilified by the Irish, was never molested. Mr. Burke probably owed his sad fate to his casually meeting the Chief Secretary. The blow was aimed solely at the representative of the British Government. It is impossible not to suspect that it arose in some measure from resentment excited by the terms which had been discussed between the chiefs of the Land League and the Government.

What, then, or who, is the mysterious power which could within a very few hours take so terrible a resolution, and find instruments ready to its hand to execute it? The men, the arms, the car, the driver, the mode of attack, the route of flight, the place of refuge, all mark a degree of contrivance and diabolical ingenuity not to be surpassed in the annals of crime. The skilful adaptation of such means to such ends is at least as surprising as the fact that men were found to perform so detestable a part, and that none have been found to denounce them. It proves, moreover, that the real authors of the crime are not the assassins who committed it, but men of superior intellect and of ample pecuniary means. We know not to what class of life we are to look for the combination of such wickedness with such resources.

These events, dreadful as they are, are not new in the annals of Ireland. At every fresh period of disturbance they have recurred, and periods of disturbance are unhappily but too frequent. Let any one turn to the vigorous pages in which Mr. Froude describes similar crimes, such, for example, as the murder of Colonel St. George and Mr. Uniacke, and he will

learn that the disease is endemic. It is sometimes said, by way of reproach to England, that after eighty-two years of government under the Union, Ireland is still disturbed and disaffected. But was she less disturbed and disaffected during the eighteen years of an independent Irish Parliament? Was not that the period of the 'Volunteers' and the 'United Irish-men' menacing their own legislature? Were not crimes as savage committed then? And did not the revolution reach its climax in treasonable practices with France, then at war with this country, and the great Rebellion of 1798? Nothing can be more striking than the analogy of the two periods. The conspiracy was directed at that time from Hamburgh and Paris, as it now is from Paris and New York. Wolfe Tone and his confederates were the Land Leaguers and Fenians of that day.

The 'New Departure,' which took place in the month of May, therefore differed widely from that which had been contemplated by the prisoners of Kilmainham, and which was (we hope falsely) attributed to the Government by some of their least judicious supporters. The Government moved, and moved with vigour, but it was in the opposite direction, and a Bill was brought in which was generally and justly regarded as quite equal to the occasion. Then it was that Mr. Gladstone delivered himself in the House of Commons of a declaration, which was received with favour, and which we quote with entire satisfaction:—

'Let me say that this terrible crime is not vital to the consideration of the Bill—that it is not this one outrage which has produced the Bill. But after these dreadful murders it became absolutely necessary to proceed with this Bill at once, and I do not believe public sentiment would have endured any postponement; on the contrary, that it would insist after the crime on the Bill being proceeded with forthwith. It was not, however, this tragedy itself. It must be recollected before that tragedy public feeling had been greatly excited by two horrible murders—the murder of Mr. Herbert and of Mrs. Smythe. I declare for myself and for my colleagues that in our view the main basis of this Bill, and the motives which influenced us to bring it forward and press it on with all the energy we can muster, were not special regard for persons of rank and station who, unhappily, have become victims to the foul criminals; it is much more the regard which we have for the misery that has been carried far and wide among the body of the population. Outrage has been committed in every form—in some quarters perhaps lighter—but in every form, even the most cruel. It is this which has so many victims within its grasp, which has forced us to adopt measures as nearly upon the lines of the Constitution as we can keep, and we have introduced this Bill for the sake of the people of Ireland themselves.'

Nor was this all. It soon appeared that it is far preferable that the leaders of the National party should be at liberty and in the House of Commons, rather than in Kilmainham or at Portland, if we wish to learn beyond the possibility of doubt what are their real intentions. Mr. Parnell showed signs of drawing back on the recovery of his freedom. But Mr. Dillon, who had been complimented on a former occasion for his sincerity, delivered a speech in Parliament on May 24 which left no doubt at all on the matter. Mr. Gladstone called it a 'heart-breaking' speech, because it shattered the last delusions that could be entertained. But with this evidence of the spirit which is abroad in Ireland, the Minister rose to the height of the occasion, and delivered with great power the arguments which had been used some months before by others, and which are now those of all parties in Great Britain. The Government have gained by the delay the honest conviction that they have neglected nothing which could conciliate the Irish popular party, and that they have hoped against hope to the end. They have gained this too, that if opinions were divided before, they are united now. The voice of friendly warning might be overruled; and the cry of hostile defiance was irresistible.

The two important measures of the present Session, which are probably the only legislative achievements by which it will be remembered, both relate to Ireland, both have sprung from a great emergency, both are defended on the ground of necessity, the one being an Act for the Prevention of Crime, the other an Act to settle the outstanding claims for arrears of rent. These Bills have been so fully and so recently discussed in Parliament and in the press, that it would be idle for us to weary our readers by a repetition of the arguments they have called forth. Indeed, they are of so exceptional a character, and so unwelcome even to those by whom they have been proposed and carried, that the extreme urgency of the case and the deplorable state of Ireland can alone be said to justify them. But, like other measures of expediency, we must look to their results to vindicate a departure from the established principles of judicial procedure and executive government.

Revolutionary crimes, conspiracies, secret societies, and an organisation directed against the constitution of the State are not easily dealt with by the ordinary forms of law. But penal laws are made not so much for the punishment of the guilty as for the protection of the innocent, and of society at large. To quote our own well-known motto, '*Judex damnatur, cum*



‘nocens absolvitur.’ The law itself is in fault if it fails to secure the peace of society and to protect the rights of property. It must meet the occasion. That any departure from the usual forms of trial should take place is to be regretted; but it is far more to be regretted that a people should have been brought to such a point by agitation and intimidation than that the usual forms of trial are inoperative. No man can honestly suppose or believe that a single innocent person in Ireland runs the slightest danger of conviction or punishment under this Act for the Prevention of Crime. No man can doubt that the judges who will administer the law will as scrupulously adhere to the rules of evidence and even to the technicalities of the law as any jury. With the publicity which now attends all judicial proceedings the jury by which a man is tried is in reality the public opinion of the whole country. It would be impossible to support a conviction and to execute a sentence at the present time, especially for a political offence, which did not carry with them a clear and universal belief that they are just.

The success of the Act for the Prevention of Crime depends upon its being administered with firmness. It leaves large discretionary powers to the Lord Lieutenant. In the hands of Lord Spencer no one supposes that they will be abused. He will probably feel, as Lord Wellesley said in his letter to Lord Grey in 1834, that the exercise of such powers is more formidable to himself than to the people of Ireland, since they impose a great responsibility. It is possible, as Lord Wellesley found, that the mere existence of the power may in some instances obviate the necessity of applying it with rigour. But the true responsibility of the Lord Lieutenant is due, not to the factions which may criticise or condemn his measures in Ireland, but to the Crown and to the Parliament of England which have sent him to Ireland and invested him with these powers to quell a social revolution, and if possible to restore peace to the country. We trust he may succeed in that great and difficult task; but he can only succeed by an absolute disregard of the opposition arrayed against the Government, and by a stern resolution to enforce the law and the will of Great Britain.

The Bill for the adjustment of arrears of rent involves even a wider departure from the established principles of government than the temporary provisions of the Act for the Prevention of Crime. It is a Bill for the discharge of private debts out of public funds, although neither the amount of these debts nor the extent of the demand on the Treasury is

accurately known.\* Here, again, the only plea put forward for such a measure is that of necessity. And unquestionably the necessity for some extraordinary intervention of the State does exist. The bad seasons of 1879 and 1880 left behind them a deficit which has impoverished the owners of land, and which the tenant is, in many instances, unable to retrieve. Such a state of things is analogous to a bankruptcy, and the creditor is obliged to accept a composition from the debtor. He takes what he can get rather than lose the whole. As far as the interest of the landlord is concerned the terms of the Act appear to be as favourable as any he is likely to obtain, if the whole of the rent of the last year is paid up, and half what was due on the previous years of distress. He is in the position of a man who recovers a dividend from a bankrupt estate, and by an unparalleled stretch of munificence the dividend is to be paid him out of the public purse.

But we cannot take so favourable a view of the measure in its effects on the class of tenant-farmers whom it is especially intended to benefit. Those effects appear to us to be analogous to the consequences of a vast measure of outdoor relief—that is, to pauperise the country. The first condition of a settlement in bankruptcy is that the debtor surrenders his whole property or what remains of it to his creditors. But are these Irish debtors to be relieved from their liability, the State paying one half of it, whilst they retain the interest in the land with which the law has recently invested them and their moveable property in stock? The honest men who have paid rent will obtain nothing; the dishonest who have evaded payment will obtain relief. Is not this the very counterpart of the abuses which arose under the old Poor-law when outdoor relief was given to able-bodied labourers in abatement of wages? We know what the effect of that was—the extreme demoralisation of the country.

We should think no sacrifice too great to inculcate upon the Irish people a higher sense of independence and responsibility, a firmer adherence to contracts, more of that self-respect which restrains an honest and upright man from evading his obligations or from accepting alms, and less of that low cunning and greed which connect popular mendicancy with political agitation. But all experience and reflection prove

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\* Mr. Lyons, the member for Dublin City, states that the amount of arrears due on a single year is at least three millions, and possibly double that sum. The Treasury, however, adhere to the lower estimate of two millions.

that public charity, whether it be in the shape of doles at the church door or of millions from the Treasury, is the bane of manly independence and honesty. Disguise as you will, such gifts are like the *sportula* of the Roman satirist. They are fatal to the attempt to render a people moral, industrious, independent, and free. Unlike the quality of mercy, such donations are twice cursed, to him that gives and to him that takes.

Nor can we conceal our regret that the Irish Church Fund, or what remains of it, should be spent in pittances distributed amongst two or three hundred thousand needy peasants. It is true that as long as any surplus is in existence it offers an excessive temptation to those who are seeking to get possession of it by agitation or any other means. But it were better that it were thrown into the sea than applied so as to create in the future an undue reliance on public charity. That fund arose from a charge on property or from landed estates set apart and consecrated to the spiritual wants of the people of Ireland. In a poor country it was a national possession sacred to the noblest purposes. The Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland was called upon to relinquish that endowment because it was unjust that the ecclesiastical property of the island should be devoted to the Church of a minority of the people. But it ought, in our opinion, to have been reserved to larger spiritual uses—to contribute to the support of the whole clerical body in Ireland, or, if that was impossible, to the great and growing want of the higher branches of national education, with no distinction of creed. The appropriation of such a fund to relieve the temporary distress of landowners and farmers is, we fear, a use of it which future generations of Irishmen will have reason to deplore, and which we cannot view with indifference. If it was to be applied at all to any secular or eleemosynary purpose, we think it should have been reserved for the encouragement of emigration to the colonies, the only form of relief to which no economical objection can be raised. To distribute the fund amongst one class of the population of Ireland is to shut out these opportunities for ever.

This retrospect of the session would be incomplete if it omitted all mention of the proposals made to reform the procedure of the House of Commons, which was emphatically stated to be an object of primary importance. We, too, thought it so, and in the January number of this Journal we pointed out certain changes in the forms of the House which had in fact, *with one exception*, been anticipated by public

opinion. The resolutions proposed by Government corresponded, except in this particular, with these suggestions, and would have obtained the prompt and general assent of the House but for this obstacle. The power of closing a debate would have been adopted if it had been vested in a majority of two-thirds of the House. But the first resolution insisted on vesting this extraordinary power in a bare majority, and the more this proposal was considered the less it was liked, and the more dangerous it was thought to be. But as this resolution stood in the front, and the Government declined to alter its position, the other reforms of the standing orders, however salutary and uncontested, were sacrificed to it, and at the time at which we write nothing has been done. We cannot but think that by a little more deference to the opinion of the House at large (for this was no party question) this failure might easily have been avoided, and we still entertain hopes that by making the desired concession on the first resolution, the Government will render it possible to carry the others, and, as we think, more important reforms.

Upon foreign affairs we do not propose to enter at length on the present occasion, although the position of Egypt has placed our relations with that country in a position of great difficulty. But we shall venture upon one general observation. The foreign policy of this country, and probably of all countries, is governed far less than is supposed by the will of individual ministers. The interests and duties of the nation remain unaltered, and these are so inflexible that a statesman is compelled to follow in the traditions of our national policy, even when he dislikes it. There are many eminent persons in this country who not long ago expressed their contempt and aversion for the Ottoman Empire. They did what they could to destroy an ancient and important alliance. To them the Turk might reply in the language of Shylock to Antonio :

‘ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;  
You spurned me such a day ; another time  
You called me dog.’

But it is not the less true and certain that the power of the Sultan and Caliph in the Mohammedan world is far greater than that of the ephemeral dynasty springing from Mehemet Ali in Egypt, and that the vast interests of Great Britain in the East compel us to uphold the sovereignty of the Porte over its dominions. We are thus brought back very nearly to the policy of Lord Palmerston in 1840, and there are now additional reasons which did not then exist in Egypt for maintain-

ing the supremacy of the Sultan over that important province. On November 4 last Lord Granville wrote, 'It is our conviction that the tie uniting Egypt and the Porte is the best safeguard against foreign intervention. If it were broken Egypt might at no distant date find herself exposed to danger from rival ambitions. Our aim has been to maintain that tie as it actually exists.' This declaration appears to us to be the only safe principle on which our policy in Egypt rests.

On September 15 last, immediately after the occurrence of the military outbreak of September 9, the Sultan in person said to Lord Dufferin, who had an audience of His Majesty, that, 'in his opinion, England and Turkey ought to pursue the same course. Great Britain, His Majesty observed, had great interests in Egypt, which he was quite prepared to recognise. So had Turkey, and these interests she would make great sacrifices to maintain; and to England, which was a great Mohammedan Power, the friendship and co-operation of Turkey must be necessarily advantageous.'\*

Sir Edward Malet, for whose opinion the Government entertain great respect, had been received in audience by the Sultan on the 13th, two days before, and he said to His Majesty:—

'The situation of Egypt had given rise to my being consulted by Her Majesty's Government as to the course to be pursued there in case the insubordination of the military should continue, and that I had expressed the view that the remedy lay with His Majesty as Suzerain of the Khedive; that I had expressed this opinion because it seemed to me to be the only one which could be in harmony with the general policy of England towards Egypt, which was distinctly not one of aggression; that our only object was to maintain tranquillity and good government in the country which was our highway to India; that, therefore, if armed repression should unfortunately become necessary, it seemed to me that it ought to be employed by the Sovereign Power.'†

At that moment it seems, then, that it would have been easy to secure the effective co-operation of Turkey, and to restore our good understanding with that Power. But subsequent events rendered that more difficult. When the concurrence of Turkey was required she held aloof; and, finding herself at variance with the European Powers, she turned to the Mohammedans, and made terms with Arabi, and conferred on him marks of favour. Dervish Pacha was

sent to Cairo to curse the mutineers, but he remained to bless them altogether.

The Suez Canal was executed under firmans and conditions sanctioned by the Porte. When disputes have arisen as to tonnage and dues, they have been debated with the Porte. When it became necessary to remove Ishmail Khedive and instal Tewfik, the authority of the Sultan was invoked, and his powers have been defined by irades and firmans. And if Egypt is to be prevented from falling into a state of anarchy or sinking under a military rule as tyrannical as that of the Mamelukes, it is evident that the authority of the Sultan is based upon the indisputable legal basis of secular dominion. The Porte has long ceased to claim or to exercise the internal administration of the affairs of Egypt, and wisely so; but the Porte is, as sovereign, the natural defender of the independence of the country, and, as our own stake in Egypt amounts to no more than this—that it should never fall under the control of any other European Power—the supremacy of the Porte in Egypt is strictly consistent with British interests. Unhappily recent events in Egypt, the momentary triumph of the military party, and the expulsion of foreigners by an outbreak of revolutionary violence or religious fanaticism, have been alike injurious to the authority of the Porte and to the interests of all the Christian powers. Still more so to Egypt herself. For the salutary experiment of the dual control over the finances and administration of the province has been virtually abrogated, and we can foresee nothing but the most ruinous consequences to the credit, the commerce, and the prosperity of the Egyptian people under a native military government.

England has no desire to acquire or to govern Egypt. We have quite enough on our hands already. All we require is that the passage of the Canal should be secure, which it cannot be unless the country is peacefully governed by an independent authority. It may be doubted whether the views of those who may govern France are in harmony with those of this country. There exists, no doubt, on both sides of the Channel a strong and sincere desire to maintain that good understanding which has happily survived several revolutions. But of late the ties which connect us with France have not been strengthened. The commercial treaty, more to be regretted by the French than by ourselves, has fallen through. The policy and composition of the French Cabinet are so precarious and uncertain that it is impossible to know with whom we have to deal. There have been, we think, thirteen Prime Ministers in as many years, and half-a-dozen ambassa-

dors to London. On the other hand, the increasing ascendancy of the German Powers on the Danube and at Constantinople has brought about a change in the political conditions of the East which is very much in accordance with the traditions of this country, and, as we think, with our true interests.

British interests, indeed, are not at variance with those of France or of any other Power, for they aim at nothing beyond the peace and security of European traffic and the good government of Egypt. But by common consent the interests of Great Britain in that country are larger than those of any other Christian State, and they cannot be subordinate to the views of any other Cabinet. It is therefore desirable that the British Government should resume an entire independence of action on this question, which we esteem more highly than any alliance, however valuable. The British Government has shown its forbearance; the time is come to show its strength; and we confidently hope and believe that it will not be found wanting either in resolution or in power. The irony of events has brought about strange changes, when it imposes the duty of defending Imperial interests with all the military and naval power of the Crown on statesmen who have condemned that policy in others; but the crisis is too serious to admit of doubt or recrimination. The Prime Minister has given in his place in Parliament the most positive assurances that the order of government and the authority of the Khedive, established by treaties and firmans, shall be restored in Egypt. We rely on this engagement. It would no doubt be preferable that the measures necessary for this purpose should be taken by the Sultan, whose sovereignty over Egypt is the basis of the power delegated to the Khedive; and this has been the first object of the Conference at Constantinople. But if this resource fails, our course is clear, and preparations have been made to meet the emergency. The undertaking is not a light one. It involves an effort second only to that made by this country in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny; for although we do not estimate highly the power of resistance of Arabi and the Egyptian troops, it is clear that peace and order cannot be restored in Egypt until the native army is disbanded, and the leaders of the revolt deprived of all power. That being accomplished, the industrious population of Egypt will acknowledge with gratitude its delivery from a military oppression, fatal to the welfare and even to the existence of the people. But the future as well as the present must be provided for. The good government of the province must be restored on liberal principles, the permanent security of the

Canal protected, and the international rights and tribunals of foreigners of all nations in Egypt secured. These are great and difficult tasks, but we have no reason to doubt that they will be performed, and that the Government will be strengthened by the support of the nation in performing them, whilst we hope that the other Powers of Europe will regard the intervention of Great Britain as an act dictated by the common interests of justice, civilisation, and law.

Whilst we close these pages we are on the verge, and beyond the verge, of important events. It would require the gift of prophecy to speculate on the course they may hereafter take, and we are not in possession of the evidence necessary to explain or analyse their causes. We shall not attempt the task. But such is the shortness of human foresight and the inconsistency of human expectations, that it may fall to the lot of some future historian to relate that a British Ministry, of which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright were conspicuous members, found it their duty, in the third year of office, to prepare and send forth the greatest naval and military expedition which had been equipped by this country for a quarter of a century, for the purpose of quelling a military revolt in Egypt, of vindicating the sovereign authority of the Ottoman Porte over that portion of its dominions, and of defending by arms the Imperial interests of Great Britain. For this patriotic purpose they not only concentrated the fleet in the Mediterranean and empowered the Admiral, in certain eventualities, to open fire on the forts of Alexandria, but they held in readiness a powerful *corps d'armée*; they made every preparation for a campaign; they also summoned a contingent of about 10,000 men from India; and they naturally made the island of Cyprus one of the bases of military operations, that being the object for which the acquisition of that island was thought desirable. We know not how far such a forecast is correct: but in part at least it has already been accomplished by the operations of the British fleet in the harbour of Alexandria. Certain it is that by some means or other the destructive despotism established in Egypt by a military mutiny must be put down, European interests protected, and the crimes committed on British subjects, who have been murdered and pillaged in the streets of Alexandria, avenged. For if there be a spot of ocean or of earth on which 'the spirit of our fathers shall start 'from every wave,' it is that memorable bay in which Nelson destroyed the naval power of the first French Republic—it is that spit of sand on which three years later Sir Ralph Abercromby landed with some 16,000 British troops and seamen,



drove back the enemy to his entrenchments, and expired in the hour of victory. Aboukir and Alexandria are unforgotten names in our military and naval annals. They are still borne on the colours of some of our regiments. Should the occasion demand it, we doubt not that we can revive the traditions of former efforts and former glory. Indeed the exploit of the squadron commanded by Sir Beauchamp Seymour has already fulfilled our expectations.

We are sometimes told that the Whigs are Liberals of the Past, and we see no reason to disavow the title. They have borne the heat and burden of the day; they have taken no inconsiderable or inglorious part in the great Liberal measures of the nineteenth century and in the progress of reform; and they look back without discouragement to the past labours of those statesmen whose principles we, of the present generation, maintain. Between the Whigs and a fraction of what is termed the Liberal party of the present day, there are some divergencies of opinion, not from any want of attachment on either side to the Liberal cause, but from a different estimate of what genuine Liberal opinions really are. To us freedom of thought, freedom of action, and independence of judgment are the first conditions of the Liberal creed; and these elements are governed and regulated, not by party ties alone, but by a conscientious adherence to the principles of the British Constitution, by reverence for the institutions of the realm, by the conviction that the laws of political economy and the acquired results of political reasoning and experience are demonstrated truths which it is impossible to transgress with impunity. These principles are the standard we would seek to apply to the measures of the Executive Government, whether they be opportune or not. We therefore view with distrust and repugnance political organisations, borrowed from American models, which are designed to control and coerce the free judgment of the chosen representatives of the nation, and to cast into the hands of what are called 'wirepullers' the force of numbers and of ignorance. It is easy, as we have learned from other countries, to manipulate the forces of democracy and to subdue them to the guidance of a few adroit leaders. But that is in reality to enslave the people and to invade, by a species of intimidation, that which is the very core of the representative system—the independence of Parliament. These sentiments, which are those of genuine Liberalism, are so well expressed in the following passage from a contemporary ministerial journal, that we are tempted to quote it:—

‘The efforts made in Parliament and in the constituencies to force all Liberal opinion into one mould, and to denounce every sentiment which is not cautiously shaped so as to satisfy the local or superior distributors of Liberal credentials, have engendered widespread disgust, impatience, and bitterness. It is felt by many who have been Liberals all their lives, who have made sacrifices for the Liberal cause, and have battled bravely for Liberal interests, that the type of Liberalism now imposed as the only authentic one by political organisations and party autocrats, is in flagrant contradiction with the principles and the traditions of the Liberal party. It may be possible for Conservatism to abnegate freedom of opinion and to repress appeals to argument and evidence, but the life-blood of Liberalism is independence in thought and action, and the subjection of Liberals to the orders of petty cliques of professional politicians, if it be allowed to prevail, must in the end be fatal to the credit and power of that party in the State.’

The decadence of the House of Commons, and of the influence of that House in the country, arises mainly from the insincerity, not to say cowardice, of men who fail to give utterance to their real opinions or to act up to their true principles. It is notorious that votes are given under pressure, which is as degrading and as inconsistent with the spirit of a free Parliament, as the dictation of an old borough-monger to his nominee. True liberty consists in checking the immoderate ascendancy of any class, or any authority; and it may come to pass that arbitrary power is more to be apprehended from those who usurp the influence of the democracy and claim a monopoly of liberal opinions, than from any acts of the Executive Government, or from the resistance of any institution in the country. And this evil is especially to be feared from the tendency of modern legislation to extend the action of the State in every direction, by interfering with the ordinary transactions of business and social life, and by sacrificing even the rights of property to what are falsely called public interests. Lord Derby wrote some time ago that ‘the modern tendency to increased State control in every department of life is one which requires to be watched with the utmost care, tending as it does to jobbery, to needless public expenditure, and to the undue restriction of individual freedom.’ If the House of Commons, for party or other reasons, offers no bold resistance to this spirit of encroachment and domination, the nation will find other means to protect its rights and interests by organisation out of doors. Many of the greatest reforms and political measures of our time have been carried quite as much by external influence as by the House of Commons itself. The press and the power of association are quite strong enough to contend for the maintenance of principles which Parliament

may seem for a time to have forgotten. Already measures have been taken to form an Association for 'Liberty and the 'Defence of Property,' and this movement has the support of some of the largest industrial interests in the country. We shall see its results. It should be added that this association is entirely non-political in its character, and is simply intended to operate as a common league of defence between men of all parties and of diverse interests, who are threatened by theories equally hostile to all forms of property and all independent rights. The Land Corporation, which has recently been formed in Ireland for the purpose of buying up the rights of destitute landlords, and placing them under the control of a powerful company, is another form of private organisation which has our best wishes, and which appears to have inspired the Land League, against which it is alone directed, with a wholesome terror. When an attack on property is made by an organised conspiracy, it is high time that the defence should also be carried on by a combination of all the interests which are threatened with destruction.

An accomplished member of the present Administration, who is an authority on political economy and ardently attached to Liberal principles, has been heard to say that the parties and the struggles of the coming time will not be those of Whigs and Tories, or mere contests for political power, but that the Liberal career will be identified with the maintenance of sound principles of public economy, with freedom of contract, with freedom of trade and industry in all their branches, and with the defence of the rights of property, against the Socialist principle which seeks to subject all individual right to the authority of the State. That is the form of despotism which we have to fear and to resist, and it is the more formidable because it may be backed by the forces of ignorance and of numbers, and by the political designs of those who employ these forces as means for the acquisition of power. It is needless to add that true Liberal principles are on the side of individual freedom, and that liberty and the best interests of the whole community are imperilled by any invasion of those rights under the specious pretext of public expediency.

But, as the late Dean Stanley finely remarked, 'the best remedy for all evils is to look forwards.' We are no alarmists, and we utterly repudiate and condemn the foolish clamour of those who can see in the succession of events and the evolution of national life nothing but signs of advancing dissolution, terror, and destruction. For if we are Liberals of the Past, we are no less Liberals of the Future. We believe that

the same principles which have successfully guided this nation through a long period of changes and through many contests and difficulties, will continue to regulate its course. The people of England have not lost their love of stability in their desire of progress. The stream flows majestically on, and the only danger that we see any reason to fear would arise from a rash attempt to check and thwart its current. The overthrow of a Liberal Administration and the attempt to construct and carry on a Tory Government would be infinitely more perilous to genuine Conservative opinions, than any measures which a Ministry like the present is likely to submit to Parliament, for it would instantly strengthen and rouse the destructive agencies of party spirit, and give a fresh impulse to the movement which the Conservatives profess to dread. The leaders of the Opposition are probably too prudent to attempt so rash an experiment, even if it were in their power to make it; and if the Ministers of the Crown adhere to the declarations with which they took office, and succeed in surmounting the extraordinary difficulties in Ireland, which have hitherto embarrassed their course and engrossed the whole time of Parliament, we see no reason to doubt that they will next year be enabled to pursue that course of temperate Liberal legislation which commends itself to the judgment of the most enlightened classes in the country.

#### *Note on Naval Administration.*

Since the publication of the article on Sir Thomas Brassey's valuable work on the British Navy, which appeared in our last Number, we have received from Sir Thomas Symonds, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, a pamphlet, in which that gallant officer repeats the charges he had previously made against the administration of the Navy, and describes 'our great peril if war overtake us, with our fleet deficient in 'number, structure, and armament.' This pamphlet is accompanied by a letter to ourselves, in which Sir Thomas complains that we have misrepresented his motives in publishing these strictures on the present state of the Navy. He entirely disclaims any personal resentment towards the naval authorities; and he declares that 'he has held 'almost every post and received every honour possible to him; and 'that he has, as regards himself, not one professional wish ungratified.'

We are happy to find that the distinguished services of the Admiral of the Fleet have been so justly and liberally acknowledged. Nothing could be further from our intentions than to convey any reflection on his personal honour, and we hope he will continue to enjoy for many years that dignified retirement to which his long services and his

years entitle him. But we must beg leave to dissent altogether from his statements as to the relative strength and efficiency of the British Navy. On that point Sir Thomas Brassey's work appears to us to supply a complete answer to his attacks; and we could wish that so eminent an officer would employ his leisure in some less injurious manner than in writing against the actual efficiency of a service of which he is proud and which is proud of him.

The events of the last few days may serve to convince the detractors of the British Navy that we are not reduced to so low a degree of naval power as they seem to imagine.

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ART. I.—*The Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I., 1637–49.*  
By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, LL.D., Honorary  
Student of Christ Church, Professor of Modern History at  
King's College, London, &c., &c. Vols. I. and II.

ENGLISH history is being rewritten for us at intervals of ten years. New facts come to light daily, as families who have had remarkable persons belonging to them recover and edit their forgotten correspondence. The Calendars of State Papers published under the Master of the Rolls multiply on our shelves. Each volume contains its hundreds of minute authentic incidents or contemporary expressions of opinion. The archives of France and Holland, Spain and Italy, have yielded up the despatches of ambassadors and agents at the English court. We see our kings and queens and famous statesmen as they were seen by the men who transacted business with them in their cabinets. We are introduced to the mysteries of secret interviews on which the peace of Europe might be turning. We hear the gossip of ladies-in-waiting and the scandals which amused or irritated society. Actions hitherto inexplicable can now be traced to their real sources; characters hitherto idolised or execrated, according to the humour of the historian, can now be drawn with something like consistency and truth.

Nor is this all. The point of vision itself is altering. Changes no less important are going on in our own minds, and the lights and shadows no longer fall in the old angles. Every picture is a joint production of an outward phenomenon and of the observer's own mind. So long as the passions survive which have been developed in any great historical crisis, the



writer who describes it takes the side of his party, and estimates men and things according to his religious or political sympathies. But the old English prejudices, Whig or Tory, Protestant or Catholic, are dying out. Articles of faith for which our ancestors in the seventeenth century were willing to kill or be killed, we now discuss with calmness; we agree to differ about them, or fling them aside with tolerant contempt; we study our ancestors themselves with superior impartiality; all the virtue is no longer on one side and all the vice on the other. It is true that we have temptations of our own. Some of us believe passionately in progress, and can never speak of the past without drawing contrasts which are not always judicious. Others are so possessed with modern habits of thought that they read history as if they had no eyes at all, and are intellectually incapable of comprehending conditions of mind which are alien to their own. But distortions so produced are comparatively trifling. We understand their origin and allow for them. Meanwhile historical study has gained incalculably from the subsidence of our ancient antipathies; and the multiplication of books, books especially about the periods most violently disputed over, shows that the English people are really anxious for a true version of the great national drama.

Among such books Mr. Gardiner's '*History of the Fall of the Monarchy of Charles I.*' deserves an honourable place. Mr. Gardiner has already won a reputation for himself by his account of the earlier part of the seventeenth century. He is accurate, diligent, and so unassuming that he rather conceals than pushes into prominence the amount of labour which he has spent upon his work; while his impartiality is complete as far as it goes, and is limited only (for all men have limits) by defects which he shares with the immense majority of his brother mortals. He has to describe the characters and actions of exceptionally remarkable men. Remarkable men can be fully understood only by minds which are equal to their own. We do not blame Mr. Gardiner because he has not the gifts of Shakespeare; we rather thank and compliment him on what he has succeeded in achieving. He tells us with pardonable pride that he is himself a descendant of Cromwell and Ireton, and that the history of the Commonwealth has thus been of peculiar interest to him. He began his work with James I., only that he might come completely prepared to the subject on which from the first his thoughts had been fixed. Among other good results from his preliminary labours, he has achieved for himself a style which, in these days of slipshod or exaggerated language, is extremely creditable to him. It is

easy, natural, lucid, and indeed exceptionally good, so good that we are tempted to point out a fault or two which it may be worth his while to avoid in future. His merit is simplicity; when he is contented to tell his story plainly, he is always agreeable and often graceful. When he ventures upon ornament and metaphor, he only spoils good workmanship. Strafford's 'haughty mien and scowling brow' belongs to the boards of the minor theatre, and ought to be left to it. In 'the viragos of St. Giles's,' who hunted out Laud's Liturgy, there is an unconscious confusion between St. Giles's in Edinburgh and St. Giles's in London. When he says, 'The nation swayed forward under the influence of strong excitement as the cornfield sways before the breeze,' we must remind him that, though corn sways, fields remain stationary, and that corn does not sway *before* the breeze, but under it. 'It is impossible to deny,' he writes, 'that to the mass of Chillingworth's contemporaries, the suspension of judgment, which was to him the ultimate goal of a keen and earnest search after truth, would seem to be the very negation of the existence of truth itself.' A goal is an end which is purposely aimed at; a 'suspension of judgment' may be the result of an earnest search after truth, but it is hard on Chillingworth to accuse him of having entered on a search after truth with an already formed intention of arriving at uncertainty.

Verbal criticism is ungracious; we need not quote other illustrations. Slips of this kind are only visible at all, because they occur in language which is generally so well chosen. In the matter of style we have but one more caution to give Mr. Gardiner—not to endeavour to be terse and antithetic, but to ascertain first clearly what he wishes to say, and then to express it in the form which will be most intelligible to his readers. He does not sin often in this way; but he does now and then, and very seriously.

Another fault we have to mention—a most venial one indeed, we are bound in this Journal to call it. Mr. Gardiner is too orthodox in all the articles of the Liberal creed. He believes in government by majorities, in party administration, in freedom of speech and writing, in the perfect toleration of all forms of opinion. He believes in these principles, not only as sovereign remedies for all disorders which can arise in our modern constitution of things, but as remedies which, if they had been rightly understood, would have answered equally for all disorders that ever have been. He recognises that men were different in the times of which he is writing. He sees that they had notions of obligation, of right and wrong, of the

relations between man and his Maker, which made their toleration of each other all but impossible. But he continually pauses to regret their blindness. He looks on the present methods of government as if they were scientifically discovered natural laws which once known are known for ever, and which, if they had been known two centuries ago, could have been made use of with the same results which we now experience. With but a little more wisdom Pym and Strafford, he thinks, might have encountered only on the bloodless platform of parliamentary debate, have contended only with the arguments of reason, and have differed in opinion, while they admired and respected each other's character. Unhappily, before that could have been, Pym and Strafford must have ceased to be themselves, and the age must have ceased to be itself, and all the convictions on which men based their conduct in this world and their hopes for the next must have turned out of their own current and have run in modern channels. The 'liberty of thought' which Mr. Gardiner so justly admires is possible only because questions which were then matters of life and death are matters of life and death no longer; from being points of faith they have become points of opinion; and for opinions men will argue and perhaps quarrel, but they will not break the peace and kill each other. In politics, if it be 'interest' only which is at stake, numerical minorities will submit to majorities, and will trust to time and discussion. But let conscience be touched, or duty, or the life of men's souls, then all the conditions alter. Then, if there be ten men who will vote one way, and five only who will vote the other, but besides voting are also ready to fight against the odds, the victory neither will be, nor ought to be, with those whose hearts will carry them bravely to the polling-booths, but will faint on the field of battle: it will fall to 'the small company of poofe men' (as Cromwell described it) who will die sooner than truth shall be trampled down. There is no appeal against force, and the superior strength which rises from superior intensity of conviction has been, is, and will be always, when men are in earnest, as legitimate a factor in deciding the fate of nations as the votes at popular elections, or 'overwhelming majorities' in parliamentary divisions.

Toleration, that is, a conscientious respect for differences in religious belief, was possible in the seventeenth century only within the limits which had been laid down at the Reformation. Elizabeth, when she came to the throne, found her subjects divided into two factions. Both believed in the Christian religion; both believed that without a right faith in Christ a

man must die eternally. Both believed also that the right faith had been revealed. But there they parted. The Protestants held that it had been revealed in the Bible, the Catholics that it had been revealed in the Church, and each regarded the other as God's enemy. To the Catholic, the Protestant was a rebel against the divinely appointed authority. To the Protestant, the Catholic was a worshipper of Baal, given over to idolatry and lies. The idolatry could have been borne with as a form of superstition; but when to the general articles of the Catholic belief there was added another which was practically acted on, that it was the Church's duty to extirpate heresy with fire and sword, then naturally enough the Protestants regarded it as something which they were entitled to extirpate in turn; and peace could only be kept between them by superior authority very judiciously exerted.

The Protestants were about a third of the nation. Under a parliamentary constitution like ours the mass would undoubtedly have been maintained as Queen Mary left it. No other form of worship would have been permitted, and schism and heresy would have continued to be treated as crimes. Elizabeth, it is often said, ought to have allowed both parties the free exercise of their religion, and have forbidden them to meddle with each other. Unfortunately both parties were agreed also that it was the business of the magistrate to execute justice and maintain truth; and avowedly neutral no magistrate could afford to be. France was situated very much as England was. The Valois princes did grant freedom of religion, and the result was that in every town and village there were rival churches and chapels. The congregations attended the services armed, and when the sermons were over they fought their differences out in the market-place. Ten years of intermittent civil war culminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The same thing probably would have happened in England. The temper was the same in both countries; the circumstances were the same. To have allowed Protestants, Anglo-Catholics, and Catholics proper their separate establishments, would have turned every parish into a cockpit from Berwick to the Land's End. Elizabeth chose that there should be no fighting, and, as far as possible, no persecution. She would allow no open nonconformity. She created the singular constitution known as the Church of England, with services so patient of opposite interpretations that Protestant and Catholic could equally use them, and whose hierarchy might be regarded either as successors of the Apostles, or as State officials appointed by the Crown for

administrative order. Delicate instruments require to be carefully handled. The success of the experiment depended on the maintenance of the balance between the two parties. The Catholics proper, an actual majority of the nation, held aloof, either doubtful or uncertain, through the thirty dangerous years of the queen's reign. On the defeat of the Armada the great body of them became satisfied that Providence was at least against the Papacy; and in becoming reconciled to the Church of England they threw their whole strength on the hierarchical side of it. The consequence was that when Elizabeth's strong hand was no longer at the helm Episcopacy began to reassert itself in the old style. The Church courts revived, the Church of England became the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic, with a divine commission to punish heresy; and Charles I., with Laud for his prime minister, undertook to dragoon the Protestants into submission to a system which to them was as idolatrous as Popery. To the genuine Protestant the word of God was the Bible. In the Bible he found neither altars, nor elaborate rituals, nor bishops as divinely constituted rulers. The Anglo-Catholics might think as they pleased, but the Puritan and Presbyterian looked on these things as lies; and they did not choose to enter into God's presence with a lie upon their lips. They could not, they would not do it. They would die sooner, as Cromwell said. On the other side the king and Laud had their consciences also. They had power in their hands, and they supposed that they were bound to use it. The Puritan would accept nothing but the stern truth of facts which his intellect could acknowledge. The Anglo-Catholic believed in the loveliness of vestments and liturgies, and their beautiful adaptation to the spiritual needs of the soul; and this, too, was a faith of a kind: it was a faith which could venture to persecute: and to persecute in earnest, to slit men's ears off, and torture and hang them, requires as much, perhaps more, of that grace than to endure persecution. In such conditions of mind as these it is as idle even to regret the absence of toleration as to regret that the waves run high when a gale of wind is blowing.

And there was another feeling in England lying outside the quarrels of religion which Mr. Gardiner insufficiently allows for—the feeling of personal loyalty to the sovereign. Two centuries had not passed since twelve bloody battles had been fought and half the peerage had been destroyed to decide whether England was to be ruled over by a Henry or an Edward. No interest whatsoever was involved in the wars of the Roses, save to determine which of these two persons was

the rightful sovereign. The rightful king being on the throne, his person was sacred and his will all but supreme. Henry VIII. revolted from Rome. Edward VI. went into Calvinism. His sister fell back to Popery. The English country gentleman was loyal and obedient to each. Among the Anglo-Catholics loyalty was a passion. Among the Protestants in Scotland especially, where the Reformation had been won by the people against the Crown, the devotion had been tried severely. The Presbyterian Church was republican in constitution. Calvinism was no friend of kings and nobles, and God's elect were not disposed to acknowledge earthly superiority as having anything specially divine about it. But the Stuarts were Scotch notwithstanding, and they could not forget that they had given a dynasty to their 'auld enemies.'

Thus in both countries there were convictions dearer than existence itself which no improved methods of the nineteenth century would have helped politicians to soften; and to try the actions of public men by later standards is to mistake the functions of history. Certain cards are dealt to each generation of statesmen by destiny—the outward circumstances, the conditions, temperaments, beliefs, and passions of their time. They work out their game with such faculty of heart and brain as they possess, and they are great or little, admirable or unadmirable, as they are brave and true, or cowardly and mean and false. The historian's business is to discover and delineate accurately what the cards have been, to enter into the minds of the players, to understand their principles, and assign their actions to their right causes, and with this to content himself. To condemn such principles as abstractedly wrong, to contrast them with those of later ages, which also may prove in turn as transitory as what they have supplanted, is to rob the past of its highest interest and to flatter at its expense the self-conceit of the present.

But Mr. Gardiner, though he does sometimes err in this direction, is a light offender compared with most of his contemporaries. He conscientiously endeavours to make his picture a faithful one. So far as his light extends he has succeeded extremely well; and, on the whole, perhaps the reader will learn better from these two volumes the state of England and Scotland in the years which preceded the civil war than from any other book which has yet been written on the subject. He commences with the year 1637. Eight summers had been followed by eight winters, and the sun had risen and set, and men had sown and reaped and gone through their daily business for all that time, and no Parliament had sat at West-

minster—a thing not conceivable by the modern mind. The last experiment had ended abruptly. The king had ever since carried on the government with the hereditary revenue, and ship-money, and tonnage dues, and other irregular resources, and in general he had not been unsuccessful. The expenditure was moderate; the country was at peace, the administration being bound over by its circumstances to avoid war. The seasons had been propitious; trade was flourishing; the customs duties were large and rising, and the people had been less impatient than the suspended Parliamentary leaders would have wished to see them. Ship-money was grumbled at, but it was not refused, save in a few instances. Everyone admitted that the fleet must be supported, and the amount levied was not in itself immoderate. Whether the king was entitled to collect it on his own authority was doubtful, but it was as yet undecided that he was not; and if there had been no other grievance the nation would have waited long before it took arms to bring back a Parliament. The patience with which it submitted was in fact Charles's greatest misfortune, for it seduced him into supposing that he might do what he pleased. He meant to reduce England, and Scotland also, under the control of a decent Episcopacy. The entire island was to become again correctly Catholic in all points save the Papal supremacy. The communion-tables were to be once more altars on which the unbloody sacrifice was to be weekly offered. The Calvinistic poison was to be expelled, and all the world was to see that the branch which had been lopped off at the Reformation had taken independent root and could bear the genuine fruit of the one true Apostolic Church.

It is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. The High-Church Anglican pretends that he and only he can successfully resist the Papal pretensions. No one was louder than Laud in disavowing all inclination towards reunion with Rome, but facts were too strong for him. The revival of Catholic principles was the signal for fashionable conversions. The Jesuits smiled approval, for they knew that their day was come. The queen's chapel and the chapels of foreign ambassadors were thronged with high-born ladies sighing for re-admission into the true fold. The stern and sincere Protestant, to whom ritualism was never anything but Popery in disguise, saw the liberties which the Smithfield martyrs had won being silently filched from him. He knew that there was another struggle before him, or the sticks were again growing which would form the faggots of new pyres.

Of pedantic Anglicanism Archbishop Laud was the chosen son. In the dull immobile face, the self-satisfied mouth, the rheumy obstinate eyes, can be read as in a book the explanation of his character and the tragedy of his end. Perfectly sincere, conscious of the very best intentions, incapable of conceiving that he had anything to learn, or by any possibility could be wrong, he was one of those fateful figures who appear from time to time on the world's stage to precipitate a political catastrophe. Fools might clamour, but Laud was not to be turned from his course by ignorant noise. The acquiescence of the country in the suspension of Parliament had given him an opportunity of making an end of them, and he intended to use it. The press in England was under censorship, but pamphlets were printed in Holland and brought over and circulated privately. He determined to close this safety-valve, and he and his High Commission Court went to work with an emphasis which shows that at least he did not want courage. Mr. Gardiner quotes somewhere the words which Morton used of Knox, that 'he never feared the face of mortal man,' and applies them to Laud. Two men less resembling each other it would be hard to find. But 'there is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth;' and indisputably they were both brave. Mr. Gardiner opens his story with an account of the trial and punishment of the three Puritans, Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, who had each written something not pleasant to the archbishop. Prynne was a lawyer who had already suffered for an earlier offence, Bastwick was a physician, Burton a clergyman—one of each of the learned professions. Their crime was that they had spoken disrespectfully of bishops and the ecclesiastical courts. They were sentenced to stand in the pillory, to have their ears cut out by the roots, to be imprisoned for life; and they were fined 5,000*l.* apiece—equal to 20,000*l.* of modern money. Prynne, in addition, was to be branded in the cheek with the letters S. L., 'seditious libeller'—a mark like that set on Cain, which he was to bear through life, where the hair could not conceal it. Punishment, it is said, must be real if it is to be effective. Laud's penalties did not lack reality. The scene at the execution was remarkable. 'The light common people strewed herbs and flowers before Dr. Bastwick; and when Burton's ears were cut off the people wept and grieved much; and at the cutting off of each ear there was such a roaring as if every one of them had at the same moment lost an ear.'\*

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\* State Papers, vol. ccclxiii. No. 42.



Prynne composed a Latin epigram on his branding, and translated it for the popular benefit:—

‘*S. L. Stigmata Laudis.*

*Stigmata maxillis bajulans insignia Laudis*  
*Exultans remeo victima grata Deo.*

Triumphant I return! My face describes  
Laud's scorching scars,\* God's grateful sacrifice.’

But neither the popular sympathy with his victims nor Prynne's defiance disturbed the archbishop. The Attorney-General was directed to report all persons ‘who had shown ‘the prisoners courtesy,’ or had given them money or help of any kind, that such busybodies might suffer in their turn; and the treatment of these three gentlemen was only the most notorious instance of persecution, to which many more might be added. The bishops' courts were at work all over England earning the character which Prynne had given of them. Lady Eleanor Davis had thrown a cup of slops over the altar hangings in Lichfield Cathedral. She was sprinkling holy water over them, she said, for the next Communion. Lady Eleanor was fined for her impiety 3,000*l.* Laud's own brethren now and then ventured a disrespectful speech about him. Their order did not save them: a libel against himself was a libel against the Church. Bishop Williams (of Lincoln) and a Mr. Osbolston were censured in the Star Chamber, the bishop for writing, the other for concealing, certain scandalous words against the archbishop. The first was fined 2,000*l.* to the king and 2,000*l.* to the archbishop; the other 3,000*l.* to the king and 1,000*l.* to the archbishop, to have one of his ears nailed before Westminster Hall door, and the other before his own school door.† Laud probably considered that he was at war with heresy, and that war should pay its own expenses.

Still there were no signs of open mutiny. The Puritans were strong in the towns, but in the country districts they were a minority, and a minority not popular with the yeomen and peasantry of ‘merry England.’ ‘Merry England’ was happy in its ‘Book of Sports,’ and shooting at the butts and playing bass on Sunday afternoon on the village greens. In the Hampden case a majority of the judges found ship-money to be legal and the king was encouraged to advance a step or two in the same direction. Forest commissions were issued,

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\* The pun on the archbishop's name is lost in the English version.

† State Papers, vol. ccccxiii. No. 56.

raising large sums on fines. Commercial monopolies were granted on adequate consideration; offices under the Crown were openly sold. Money had to be found for the Treasury, and money was found and the government was carried on. On the temporal side of things there was little serious oppression. Mr. Gardiner says:—

‘It is no matter of surprise that the inevitable resistance was so long delayed. In the midst of material prosperity there was no sharp sting of distress to goad the masses to defiance of authority. Men of property and education had in the intermission of Parliaments no common centre round which they could rally; those who were united in political opposition to the Crown were divided by their religious sympathies. The feeling of irritation against Laud’s meddlesome interference with habitual usage was almost universal; but Puritanism was, after all, the creed only of a minority. Many of those who detested the High Commission most bitterly would be no parties in any violent or revolutionary change.’ (Vol. i. p. 95.)

The impulse came from Scotland. Could Charles have left Scotland alone, the High Commission Court might have fined and slit perhaps for another dozen years. But Scotch presbytery was an evil example to the southern kingdom; and there was a difficulty in the face of it in carrying out consistently, even in England, the Catholic theory. He had inherited the feud of his family with the Kirk and its ministers. They had defied Mary of Guise. They had deposed his grandmother. They had tyrannised over his father’s childhood from the day that he was thrust upon the throne, and they had been a thorn in his father’s side till the union of the crowns delivered him. James had in revenge forced on them a shadow of Episcopacy, but it was a shadow only, a name without the power belonging to it. The ‘Confession of Faith’ remained, and the independent Kirk constitution. Religion north of the Tweed was the central force of the national life. The stubborn Calvinism of the Scotch lowlanders was an unmanageable fact which could neither be beaten out of form on the anvil nor fused in the furnace. The people were simply determined to stand by the Bible and by the Reformation as Knox had ordered it. In the service of God they would have nothing to do with anything which they did not believe to be true. Mr. Gardiner thinks that ‘if matters had been allowed to take their course, it is not impossible that the Church of Scotland would have been the first to give an example of that comprehensive tolerance which was the ideal of Chillingworth.’ We cannot say what would or might have been. The temper of Scotch Presbyterianism was

no doubt hardened by the fire through which it was passed. But even now, after two centuries of peace, Scotland follows unwillingly along the road of Latitudinarianism; symptoms of backsliding in the Establishment have been followed invariably by secessions, the aim of which has been closer adherence to the original type. Of all Charles's errors the most fatal to him was his misunderstanding of his own countrymen. They were loyal to the Crown, as they showed at Preston and Dunbar and Worcester. They were proud of seeing a prince of their own race on the English throne. As long as their religion was let alone their lives and all that they had were at the disposal of their sovereign. But Charles chose to touch their allegiance to a still higher Sovereign, and they became immovable as their own mountains. There is something humorous in the spectacle of an Archbishop Laud trying to teach such a people as this a better religion. He was the man who was to show Scotland how to say its prayers. No more memories of Knox and Melville; no more outpourings of the spirit and rash extempore addresses to the Almighty of ignorance and vanity; no more lay elders; no more general assemblies. Scotland was to be once more decently ruled by bishops duly consecrated, the parish churches served by surpliced clerks, on whose heads the bishop's hands had rested. And there must be a liturgy, and altars, and reverential music to generate correct Catholic emotions, and canons of discipline and ecclesiastical courts to enforce them. Mr. Gardiner tells the story of the attempt and its failure with clearness, if without dramatic force. But dramatic force may be well dispensed with if we have truth instead of it; and we must bear to part even with Jenny Geddes and the historical stool, which too much of that quality has imposed upon us. Jenny and the stool are, in fact, essentially left to us, though two incidents have been thrown into one. In the summer of 1637 the liturgy and canons arrived from London, and on July 23 the new service was introduced by the Dean in St. Giles's Church, a few yards from the spot where Knox lay buried, and within the walls which had so often rung with the voice that 'was like ten thousand trumpets.' Wild wails of women rose when the Dean began. The Bishop of Edinburgh sprang to the pulpit to command order, and a stool was flung at him. A Catholic-minded youth saying his 'Amen' too ostentatiously at the end of a prayer, a dame, Jenny Geddes it may be, or another who was near, dashed her Bible in the youth's face, with the memorable words, 'False thief, is there no other part of the kirk to say mass in, but thou wilt say it in my lug?'

Scotland was a separate kingdom. The Book of Discipline and the Kirk orders had been established by the Scottish Parliament. In England, where the Church was composite, Laud had perhaps the letter of the law, or at least some show of law, for himself. In Scotland he had no law at all, but when he heard how his liturgy had been received, he said merely that 'he meant to be obeyed,' and when he was told that he must back his orders there with 40,000 men, both he and the king thought it was both right and convenient that the 40,000 men should be raised and sent. To this intention the Scots replied with the ever famous 'Solemn League and Covenant,' by which they declared 'their sincere and unfeigned resolution, as they would answer to Jesus Christ in the 'great day of everlasting wrath,' to defend their national faith. The signing of the Covenant in Edinburgh on March 2, 1638, was perhaps the most remarkable scene in Scotland's remarkable history. Mr. Gardiner rises into eloquence as he describes it:—

'Tradition long loved to tell how the honoured parchment carried back to the Grey Friars was laid out on a tombstone in the churchyard, whilst weeping multitudes pressed round in numbers too great to be contained in any building. There are moments when the stern Scottish nature breaks out into enthusiasm less passionate, but more enduring, than the frenzy of a southern race. As each man and woman stepped forward in turn with the right hand raised to heaven before the pen was grasped, every one there present knew that there would be no flinching amongst that band of brothers till their religion was safe from intrusive violence. Modern narrators may well turn their attention to the picturesqueness of the scene, to the dark rocks of the castle crag over against the churchyard, and to the earnest faces around. The men of the seventeenth century had no thought to spare for the earth beneath or for the sky above. What they saw was their country's faith trodden under foot. What they felt was the joy of those who had been long led astray, and had now returned to the Bishop and Shepherd of their souls. . . . Many subscribed with tears on their cheeks. It is reported some did draw their own blood, and used it in the place of ink to underscribe their names.' (Vol. i. p. 130.)

This passage is highly creditable to Mr. Gardiner. He has himself little sympathy with passionate earnestness on questions on which opinions differ; but he sees the fact and endeavours to do justice to it. He sees also the elevating effect on men of strong convictions which raise the souls of men above the level of their own personal interests. He even recognises that there may be virtue under special circumstances in narrowness itself.

'It is impossible to doubt,' he says elsewhere, 'that the Scottish

people grew the purer and nobler for these thoughts, far nobler and purer than if they had accepted even a larger creed at the bidding of any earthly king. Of liberty of thought the Scottish preachers neither knew nor cared to know anything. To the mass of their followers they were kindly guides, reciprocating in their teaching the faith which existed around them. But Scotland was no country for eccentricities of thought and action. Hardihood there was, and brave championship of the native land and the native religion. Spiritual and mental freedom would have one day to be learned from England.' (Vol. i. p. 179.)

'Mental freedom' we all agree to praise. But freedom itself is not always excellent if it is freedom to go wrong. Liberty of thought, even in England, must submit to bondage under Parliamentary party government; and if it means what practically most of us now mean by it, that a man's religious opinions are of no vital consequence, that certainty is not attainable, and that, therefore, every man may think as he pleases, then it was fortunate for the political liberties of Scotland in the seventeenth century that this lesson was still unlearned. Men will fight to defend what they regard as truth. They will fight when they believe that they are God's servants who will have to answer to Him at the great day; but they will not fight for a 'perhaps,' or to avoid compliance with usages which they admit to be indifferent. Latitude, admirable though it be, brings vagueness, and vagueness means weakness and irresolution. Water free to spread spoils the adjoining soil and breeds miasma. Let the morass be drained, and the marsh becomes a meadow, and the water, pent between banks into a moving current, drives the mill-wheel and floats the trading barge.

In the face of this Scotch uprising, Charles, to his surprise, found that England did not share his indignation. To coerce the Scots he required an army, and an army required money. So far from being willing to give him money, the English people would not lend him money, and even objected more decidedly to ship-money if the fleet was to be used against Scotland. He tried negotiation till the exchequer should be better furnished. He sent down the Marquis of Hamilton to call the General Assembly and make a few slight concessions. Even these he did not mean to observe longer than should be convenient. Kings when in collision with their subjects, especially if these subjects are below the rank of their 'cousins' the peers, consider them, as the Church considered heretics, persons with whom faith need not be kept. The Scots knew very well the meaning of Hamilton's mission. The General Assembly met at Glasgow on November 27. When Hamilton cast his eye

down the rows of the delegates, he could see 'not one gown ' amongst the whole company, many swords, but many more ' daggers.' These were not men to be taken in with specious words. He dissolved them the very next day, but they in turn declined to be dissolved. They remained in session till they had swept away service-book and canons, abolished Episcopacy (since it was not content with titular dignity) down to the very name, and restored to their benefices such Presbyterian ministers as the too active prelates had already removed.

What was Charles to do? If England was indifferent, and Scotland was in revolt, had he not an obvious resource in Ireland? The Irish Catholics had no love for Presbyterians. What could be more natural than that he should call on one of the dependent kingdoms to coerce the other? Why might he not call on his loyal Irish Catholic subjects to assist him in his extremity? The idea may have been his own, or the queen's, or Laud's. It may have originated with Wentworth, who was Lord-Deputy of Ireland; if not originated, it was eagerly taken up by him. Wentworth was the one man of high ability whom Charles had on his side at this time. In private life he was without stain. In religion he was a High Churchman, perhaps from conviction, perhaps from the sympathy of his whole nature with the principle of authority. He had gone with the popular party in Charles's earlier Parliaments, not because he supposed that there was any right in the people generally to judge of what was good for them, but because Parliament was an existing institution with which no wise man would needlessly quarrel—because it was composed of peers and gentlemen with whose assistance the government was carried on, and whose opinions it was prudent to consult. But, in the whole of his nature, Wentworth was an aristocrat, a believer in the right of superior men to rule their inferiors, and prescribe what was good alike for their souls and bodies. His arbitrary tendencies had perhaps been increased by his Irish viceroyalty. On the whole he had ruled well in that country. He was firm and daring, but he was never cruel. He looked in the face the essential fact of the position which English statesmen so persistently flinch from acknowledging, that Ireland was a 'conquered country,' held for English purposes against the wishes of the immense majority of the inhabitants; that if they were ever to be reconciled, it could only be when they were convinced of the hopelessness of resistance, and after they had experienced for generations the advantages of a firm and just administration steadily maintained. The Irish lords

and gentlemen he had endeavoured to force into dependence on the Crown by requiring them to produce their charters, and, if they had none and had ruled as tribal chiefs, by obliging them to resign their lands and receive them back under feudal tenure. To the Catholic religion he had been indulgent; it was prohibited by law, but the law was suspended. Chapels were opened, friaries and monasteries were reoccupied. Catholics, as such, lay under no disabilities. They practised freely in the professions, and the Irish Parliament was chiefly composed of them. Presbyterianism, with its republican self-assertion, he entirely disliked. A hundred thousand Scotch Presbyterians were settled in Ulster with half as many English. As a counterpoise to this powerful body, he had contemplated an Anglican settlement in Connaught, and had gone somewhat roughly to work to clear the ground for them; but slight harshness in this direction was atoned for in the eyes of the Irish by his treatment of the Northern Calvinists. What Laud had attempted in Scotland, Wentworth had partially carried out in Ireland. He had empowered the bishops to force the Ulster Scots into conformity. Their schools were closed, the greater number of their ministers had been obliged to leave the country. Among all the strange features of Anglo-Irish history, the most deplorable and the most unintelligible has been the animosity of the members of the Reformed Protestant Church there against the Nonconformists. In the presence of a common enemy so dangerous, small differences might well have been forgotten, as on the side of the Presbyterians they always were forgotten. But to an Anglican, even to a man of such transcendent ability as Swift, these poor people always appeared the principal danger to English authority. To Wentworth, to borrow a modern simile, the Ulster settlement was a upas tree. As between the Presbyterians and the Catholics (even though these Catholics were native Irish with an implacable hatred against the English dominion) Wentworth's sympathies were with the believers in bishops and priests. Catholicism made men loyal to those in authority over them. If it had failed hitherto, it was because Catholics had been unfairly treated; it would produce its natural effect when they found that they were justly treated. Protestantism with its rights of private judgment and personal independence made them republicans and rebels. Catholicism was the religion of gentlemen. Protestantism was the religion of traders and artisans, of clamorous and insolent plebeians.

Thus, when the news came of the Covenant and of the

national rising in Scotland, the suggestion of an Irish army might easily seem to Wentworth welcome and commendable. It was an opportunity of showing how, of the two enemies of Anglicanism, the Catholics were the most respectable. He was perhaps alarmed for the quiet of Ulster. If the Covenant was carried over there, his bishops might be unpleasantly interfered with. The Irish Catholic leaders would naturally, when the scheme was mentioned to them, give it warm encouragement. To them nothing could be more desirable than that a few thousand of their own people should be drilled and armed at the expense and in the name of the English Government. A viceroy, supported by an Irish Catholic army, must necessarily be Irish and Catholic in his policy. Army and nation would be as one, and when there was nothing to resist them, they would know what to do. It was happy for Wentworth that his head had fallen before the tree so wildly planted had borne its inevitable fruit. The scheme first took active shape in 1639, but it had been privately talked of in court circles a full year before. In a letter of a Jesuit, some one connected perhaps with Henrietta Maria, and dated June 28, 1638, we find:—

‘The king sees evidently the Scots will not submit to reason by treaty, and has resolved to compel them by force. He is about to raise an army in Ireland, not daring to trust the English. This counsel of raising an army in Ireland has been suggested to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Deputy of Ireland, who govern him entirely; for he has never yet opened his mouth upon the subject to his Council of State, but strives to keep all close which much displeases them. They hold that the raising an army in Ireland is very dangerous, but I know not what better he could do; for in England everybody is discontented, and to raise an army here is to put a sword in their hands to defend themselves.’ \*

The first plan, it seems, was for Lord Antrim to land with 10,000 men in the Western Isles. Scotland, Wentworth thought, would offer no great resistance, and after that ‘Hampden could be whipped into his senses.’ But the whip itself had to be provided, and this could not be done in a moment. The Council of State had retained their prudence, and saw the madness of the whole enterprise. When their objections were overborne, the Irish Parliament had first to meet, and approve, and vote subsidies, and this required time; and the state of Scotland would not wait. An English army was at any rate to be tried first. The acts of the Assembly at

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\* State Papers, vol. cccxciii. No. 71.



Glasgow had been an open defiance, and the Covenanters knew that they would have to defend themselves. They secured the castles of Edinburgh, Dalkeith, and Dumbarton. There were many veteran soldiers in Scotland who had served in Germany in the thirty years' war. These all volunteered for their country's service. Alexander Leslie, who had held a command under Gustavus, was chosen as general; the Scotch peers, almost without exception, joining also in the common cause. Charles, on his side, called out the country militia. He petitioned the Spanish Government to spare him a few regiments from Flanders, and, with or without their assistance, prepared to take the field.\* Money was the great difficulty. The treasury was ill-provided; the City of London refused to lend a sixpence; and he was driven to extraordinary expedients. Mr. Gardiner says that he even sold the Mastership of the Rolls to Sir Charles Caesar for 15,000*l*. To please the Catholics Lord Arundel was made commander-in-chief. Companies were brought together, and were marched northwards in detachments—a scandalous set, like Falstaff's rogues—'killing, robbing, and spoiling as they went.'† By the beginning of April 12,000 ragged mutinous wretches were collected at York, with their wages unpaid, with the most essential necessities unprovided, but equal, it was supposed, to the work of reducing to obedience 'the beggarly Scots.' Lord Hamilton was sent round to the Forth with the fleet to occupy Inchkeith, blockade Leith, and destroy the Scotch commerce; while Charles sent out a proclamation of general pardon, excepting Argyle, Leslie, Rothes, Montrose, and eleven others, whom he required to surrender within twenty-four hours, 'or a price would be set on their heads to be paid to any who would kill them.'‡ Paper proclamations did not frighten men who had taken the Covenant. Mr. Gardiner says:—

'Preachers assured them that the cause of national resistance was the cause of God. The women of Scotland spoke with no uncertain voice. Mothers bade their sons go forth and quit themselves well in the quarrel which had been forced on them. Wives cheerfully surrendered their husbands for the uncertainties of war; while every youthful volunteer knew well it would fare ill with him if, after step-

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\* Mr. Gardiner has produced the most unequivocal proofs of Charles's efforts then and afterwards to induce the Catholic powers to help him in his struggle with his subjects.

† State Papers, Domestic, vol. ccccxviii. No. 8.

‡ This proclamation was thought so scandalous that it was withdrawn almost immediately.

ping aside from the conflict, he dared to pour his tale of love into the ears of a Scottish maiden.' (Vol. i. p. 214.)

This is commonplace, and not equal to the occasion. In a contemporary letter we read: 'Of the women's imprecations and curses everyone talks, and certainly but too true, wishing their husbands' and children's flesh to be converted into that of dogs, and their souls annihilated, if they refuse to come into the Covenant, or even consent to admit the bishops.\* The women's own words would have been racier still if any one had preserved them. Leslie's army was brought together at Dunbar. He had 20,000 men, well paid, well fed, well armed, and officered under strictest discipline. They were not anxious for war; they were not disloyal to the king; they had no anger against England; but they were steadily determined that no Archbishop Laud should set aside Scotch law on Scotch soil while one of them was alive to prevent him. The adventure being Charles's own, he thought proper himself to take part in it. He joined the army at York, and marched on with it to Berwick. By this time he had as many men as Leslie, but they were on half rations for man and horse. The weather was wet and cold. They were dispirited and sullen, unwilling to fight in a quarrel which most of them thought a bad one. The commissariat was so wretched that at the end of May one horse regiment had not a loaf of bread among them, nor a bundle of hay nor peck of oats. The foot companies had been standing in water to the ankles for forty-eight hours, and they, too, had 'no bread, no lodging but the wet ground, nor any shelter but the heavens.'

No fighting was to be had with such materials, and Charles had sense enough to perceive it. He lay still, making no attempt to advance. Leslie came forward to Dunselaw, six miles from him, and, after three weeks of negotiation, the bloodless campaign ended in the Treaty of Berwick. On the word of a king Charles promised that the Scots should make what laws they pleased in their own Assembly and Parliament, and that he would confirm them. They had distrusted Hamilton; they believed their sovereign. They dissolved their army, and were so grateful that they offered him 12,000 men to serve with the Elector Palatine. But in the eyes of the sovereign himself they were still rebels, to be chastised at a better opportunity. He sent word privately to the Scotch bishops 'that though he had given way for the present to that

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\* Edward Norgate to Robert Reid, State Papers, Domestic, vol. ccccxxiii. No. 29.

'which might be prejudicial to the Church and his government, yet he would not leave thinking how to rectify both.'\* 'On the word of a king!' England and Scotland had yet to learn the worth of Charles's word. In the daily service he must have repeated often as a prayer, 'Take from me the way of lying;' but it must have been from the teeth outwards. He hurried back to London and sent for Wentworth from Ireland to consider what was next to be done. Wentworth, honourable man as he was, had as little sense as his master of the obligation of a promise. He was still for war—war aggressive and in earnest. His Irish once landed in Argyleshire, 'the Scots,' he was assured, 'could not hold out five months.' As to England, the national pride had been insulted. Let the king call a Parliament; let him abandon ship-money and monopolies and forest commissions. The English nation would respond by voting legitimate supplies. His own Parliament in Dublin would set an example of loyalty.

'The main cause of failure,' Mr. Gardiner says truly, 'lay in Wentworth himself. His want of sympathy with his generation is fatal to his claims to the highest statesmanship. He could criticise incisively the organised ecclesiastical democracy of the Scottish Assembly; he had nothing to substitute for it which would give him any hold on the hearts of the Scotch people. Of the Scotch people, indeed, he took but little thought. It was enough for him if he was able to subdue them, and in order to subdue them it was necessary to rally Englishmen round the throne. In truth, he knew England hardly better than he knew Scotland. He could not comprehend how honest men could look on the Scotch resistance from a point of view different from his own. If Englishmen would but open their eyes to the foulness of that mad rebellion, they would rejoice to be the rod in the king's hand to exercise righteous judgment on his enemies.' (Vol. i. p. 278.)

On the other hand Mr. Gardiner thinks that Charles and his advisers had not the means of knowing what the opinion of the country really was.

'Charles and Wentworth underestimated the strength of the opposition to their policy too much; nor is it likely that even those who felt most bitterly against the Government were aware how strong was their position in the country. In the seventeenth century when Parliament was not sitting our ancestors were a divided people. Each county formed a separate community, in which the gentry discussed politics and compared grievances when they met at quarter sessions and assizes. Between county and county there was no such bond. No easy and rapid communication united York with London, and

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\* State Papers, Domestic, vol. ccccxxvii. No. 3.

London with Exeter. No newspapers sped over the land forming and echoing a national opinion from the Cheviots to the Land's End. The men who grudged the payment of ship-money in Buckinghamshire could only learn from uncertain rumours that it was equally unpopular in Essex or in Shropshire. There was, therefore, little of that mutual confidence which distinguishes an army of veterans from an army of recruits; none of that sense of dependence upon trusted leaders which gives unity of purpose and calm reliance to an eager and expectant nation.' (Ib. p. 285.)

There is some justice in this. Want of communication and want of means of expression explain, if they do not excuse, Wentworth's ignorance; but national discontent generated under such conditions is only the more dangerous. Newspaper-formed opinion is often no more than froth, and exhausts itself in the utterance. In the seventeenth century men formed their own convictions, by which they were prepared to stand. Widespread, spontaneous disaffection rises out of causes universally operating, and politicians are but children at their work who live unconscious of them in a fool's paradise. Communication in India twenty-five years ago was more difficult than in the England of Charles I., and there were wider differences of creed and race; yet the spirit of mutiny could spread silently over the whole peninsula and burst at once, as if set on fire by electric wires.

Wentworth advised the calling of Parliament, and April 13, 1640, was to be the day of opening. There was a flutter in the Papal coterie about the queen. Count Rossetti, the Pope's agent, was afraid that he might be ordered out of the country. The king undertook that if the point was raised he would say that 'the queen's right to correspond with Rome 'was secured by the marriage treaty.' This, she explained to the Count, was not true, 'but the king would use it as a 'pretext to silence meddlers.' Wentworth himself, now raised to be Earl of Strafford, went back to Dublin to manipulate Ireland and sacrifice that wretched country to English politics. From the first hour of our connexion with it to the present moment this has been the rule with Anglo-Irish statesmanship, and is the key of our failure. Henry II. forced Ireland under the Papacy to make his peace for Becket's murder. From that day onwards, through Reformations, revolutions, commercial regulations, distribution of patronage, land laws, Popery laws, every step which English governments have taken has been dictated by some English object when examined to the bottom; and though from the beginning, also, we have been skilful to wrap our proceedings in fine-sounding phrases, we

have gone on sowing dragons' teeth, and Ireland has reaped the harvest. The duty of an English deputy set to rule an unwilling people was to strengthen the system which England had deliberately adopted for holding them in subjection. Loyal they were not and would not be, whatever pretence of loyalty they might affect to assume. The alternatives were to abandon the country, which England could not afford to do, or to govern it on the lines laid down. It might have been better if we had ruled Ireland as we rule India, leaving the land to the people, and maintaining our authority by an army and police. We had chosen the less expensive, and to ourselves more convenient, method of confiscating the estates of determined rebels, and planting them with Scotch and English colonists.

Strafford, with at most but a few years of authority, could not reverse this system: he had not desired to reverse it, for he had himself contemplated an Anglican settlement of Connaught. But the majority of the settlers already introduced were Scotch by birth and Presbyterian in creed. The Scots in their own country had been in arms against the king. The Ulster Scots sympathised with them; and Strafford had discovered that he could use the hatred with which the native race regarded the intruders, to help the king in fighting with Calvinism.

English parties have changed places in the last two centuries. To Pym and Hampden the Protestants were the first objects of interest in Ireland. The modern Radicals are the historical representatives of the Long Parliament; they are now courting the same allies whom Strafford courted, and flinging the Protestants to the wolves. But the principle is the same. Strafford wanted a Catholic army to support Charles I.; the Radicals want the Irish vote to keep the Tories out of office. The Irish Parliament met as had been arranged. The Catholics, with the Deputy's support, had a majority. When he asked for money to raise an army to fight against the Scots, he was asking the native Irish to help him in the object nearest their own hearts, for the Scots in Ulster were occupying the lands of the last darling of Irish patriot imagination, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, and these settlers were the advanced guard of their countrymen, with whom they expected and intended to come at last into collision. Subsidies were voted enthusiastically, and leave was given to raise ten thousand men. They were to be almost all Catholics. Strafford sheltered himself by pretending that they were to be officered by English Protestants. But the word Protestant

was a euphemism. The Protestant officers were to be but Catholics with a difference, Anglo-Catholics who hated Puritans as cordially as the Pope hated them. His own object, so far as it was avowed, was Scotland, but he indisputably had purposed in the process to extirpate the Scotch Irish colony which already had been troublesome to his bishops. He sent them upon oath to abjure the Covenant, which he required every one of them to take. Upon recusants he inflicted fines on the same scale with Laud's in the Star Chamber.\* He consulted Sir George Radcliffe on a scheme which he had formed of tearing them out root and branch and sending them after their exiled ministers. They would have resisted, and the army would have found a congenial occupation in destroying them and filling Ulster with blood and flame.† Radcliffe did not encourage such precipitate operations; but the purpose must have been well understood by those who were intended to execute it. When they did execute it afterwards, and in a style which made the whole world ring with the story, they were entitled to plead that they were but doing what had been already deliberately meditated by an English viceroy. They were but rooting up a upas tree.

Charles meanwhile was busy with his preparations in England. The Scots sent up the Earl of Loudoun with the Acts of the Assembly which he had engaged to ratify. He discovered that they were informal, invalid. Instead of ratifying them he sent Loudoun to the Tower, and, anticipating Parliament, set to work to reorganise his army. London looked on suspiciously, and still declined to advance money; it was observed that the officers appointed were again generally Catholics. At length April 15 arrived, and the Houses met after an interval of eleven years. Strafford had not wholly miscalculated the reluctance of the House of Commons to begin a quarrel. 'So great,' writes May,‡ 'was their care of not offending in this Parliament, that notwithstanding they perceived the money they were to give to the king must be employed against their own interest, yet they took the question of the subsidies into consideration, by which they might perchance gain the king's affection to Parliaments; and were content to hope that while the Houses sat the bad council about the king might be awed into moderation, and the war

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\* In October, 1639, Strafford fined Henry Steward and his wife 5,000*l.* apiece for refusing the oath, and his two daughters 3,000*l.* each. It was complete ruin. † Gardiner, vol. i. p. 440.

‡ History of the Long Parliament, p. 40.

'against Scotland, by wise and honest interpositions, might again be composed, as it had been the summer before.'

The king had called them simply to vote him money and to go home again. The vote would give him credit, and would serve as a sanction to the policy for which the money was needed. He wanted no advice and no discussion. Convocation, which met at the same time, had shown the right spirit. Convocation had voted six subsidies without a word, and Charles and Strafford too had really expected that Parliament would do the same. Parliament did not refuse the money, but before they gave it they desired to state their grievances. Charles required subsidies, not grievances. He appealed to the House of Lords. His necessities, he said, would not admit of delay. Let him have his subsidies, and then if anything was wrong it should be redressed. This could not be accepted. Pym spoke out, arraigning Laud and his pillories, ship-money, coat and conduct money, and all the methods by which armies were maintained on prerogative. The king offered to abandon ship-money if he could have twelve subsidies. The Commons had made up their minds that the war should be stopped, if possible, altogether. Pym had communicated with Loudoun in the Tower. He desired that the Scotch commissioners should be heard in Parliament; and now Wentworth made the worst political mistake in his whole life. He conceived that the king would be better able to deal with English constitutionalism at the head of an Anglo-Irish victorious army; that it would be victorious he never doubted, and after a short struggle of three weeks the Parliament was dissolved. Glanville, the Speaker, was prevented from attending, because there was no doubt made that at the last moment a protest would have been proposed against ship-money, and that Glanville would have 'put the question.' \*

On the day of the dissolution the Privy Council met to consider what should next be done; and Strafford made the fatal speech—Henry Vane taking notes of it—which a year later sent him to the scaffold. 'Go on,' he said to the king; 'you are loosed and absolved from all rules of government. Being reduced to extreme necessity, everything is to be done as powers will admit, and that you are to do. The Parliament has refused [supplies], and you are acquitted towards God and man. You have an army in Ireland you may employ here to reduce this kingdom. I am confident as anything under heaven Scotland will not hold out five months.'

'You have an army in Ireland you may employ here to reduce this kingdom'! What did Strafford mean by this kingdom? He said himself that he was thinking only of Scotland. Is it likely that if he had conquered Scotland he would have left his Irish behind the Tweed when he came southward to give Hampden the promised whipping?

Parliament gone, Convocation was left sitting to vote canons for the archbishop. Pym's communications with Loudoun being guessed at or secretly known, he, Hampden, and several others were arrested on May 12. Their houses were searched, their papers were taken from them, and orders were sent out for the mustering of the train-bands throughout the kingdom to subdue the Scotch 'rebellion.' The experience of the past year had not been a grateful one. The war was unpopular before; it was now detested. In Kent the farmers said 'they would be as assuredly undone by going as by refusing to go,' and therefore stayed at home. The grand jury replied with a remonstrance, complaining of the dissolution, and talking of the 'Petition of Right.\*' Of the companies which were mustered, many were more ungovernable than they had proved even in the preceding year. An awkward Protestant temper showed itself. The North Devon men murdered their commander, Lieutenant Evers, because he was a 'Papist.' Twenty of them came forward and confessed, telling the deputy-lieutenant that they were all guilty, and if he hanged one he should hang the whole.† This company was sent home and disbanded. An Essex corps broke out against Laud; they entered the ritualised churches, tore down the new 'chancel rails,' and replaced the altars in the middle of the aisle as tables. There was a special soreness at being called to serve under Catholic officers. Lord Mohun was killed at Cirencester. Two soldiers were executed for the murder; their comrades in revenge seized every recusant they could find, and forced them to church at the sword's point. At Newcastle, 'the disbandings and insolencies of the soldiers' were so formidable, that the provost-marshal was sent among them.‡ The grand jury of Yorkshire complained that the county was being overrun with rogues, who robbed and burnt, and put them in fear for their wives and children.§ The gentry of Yorkshire generally, though they had no taint of Puritanism in them, declared that they could not leave their

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\* *Ib.*, vol. cccliiii. No. 11; vol. cccclix. No. 77.

† *Ib.*, vol. cccclx. No. 52.

‡ *Ib.*, No. 54.

§ *Ib.*, vol. cccclxi. No. 38.



families unprotected, and would stir no further with their men than their own safety should force them. The troops themselves were of the worst material; and the worst was made of them because their wages were unpaid. They had to live by plunder if they were to live at all. Charles, in despair at the reports which reached him, sent for the mayor and aldermen of London; told them that he would and must have a loan of 200,000*l.* If they did not provide it willingly, he would take 300,000*l.* They were inclined to let him try. Lend they still would not. 'You will never do good to these citizens of London,' said Strafford, 'till you have made an example of some of the aldermen. Unless you hang up some of them you will do no good with them.'\* Charles dared not hang. He imprisoned four of them for a week and then let them go. Foiled at home he looked abroad. Strafford in person appealed to the Spanish ambassador. 'His master,' he said, 'was ready, as soon as it was in his power, to join the Spaniards in the league against the Dutch, which was the object of their wishes; but he could not do it while Scotland was unsubdued. To subdue it would require a large sum of money. Would not the King of Spain lend him 300,000*l.*? Scotland reduced, war should then be declared against the Dutch. Even for the present the English fleet could be used in conveying supplies to Flanders and covering Dunkirk. The king should have ample security, and at the worst could indemnify himself by taking the property of such English merchants whose vessels might be in Spanish harbours.'† While the ambassador communicated with Madrid, Henrietta Maria tried France and Genoa, and even the Pope himself. If the Pope would but send men and money, he might expect anything from Charles's gratitude.

The Irish army became a fact; ten thousand kerne drilled and armed were assembled at Carrickfergus ready for mischief, but the rumour of them was fast exciting the English temper. Riots broke out in London—Lambeth was attacked and the queen's chapel menaced. The Scots, well informed of what was going on, and probably having a secret understanding with Pym and his friends, were inclining to anticipate matters, to advance direct into England and bring the quarrel to a crisis before the Irish storm should break or the king should be ready to receive them. It was said openly in the City that they were coming, and it appeared as if many people wished that they might come. The council, frightened

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\* Gardiner, vol. i. p. 345.

† *Ib.*, p. 349.

at the look of things, laid the blame on Strafford; and Strafford, who should have been with his Irish at Carrickfergus, fell ill at his house in London with impatience and anxiety. The king's own heart failed him. Answers came in from abroad all unfavourable. France advised him to come to terms with the Parliamentary chiefs. No money could be had from Spain or from the Genoese. The Pope said that if the king would become a Catholic he might have what he pleased, otherwise it was impossible. The position grew more desperate every day. In the middle of June Charles had decided for peace. He released the Scotch commissioners, and sent them home with offers liberal enough, if his promises could be relied on. But he had broken faith once, and the Scots determined that if they were to negotiate a second time it should be with arms in their hands and in his own kingdom. There was no fear of a second Flodden. Northumberland and Durham were ready to receive them as friends. Strafford shook off his illness. There was no time now to think of Ireland. He flew down to York. The king himself had to follow if the torpid loyalty of the Northern gentry was to be quickened into action. The army at York itself was a mob. Lord Conway had a few mutinous regiments with him at Newcastle, but entirely inadequate to check an invasion.

Charles left London on August 20. The same day the Scots, 25,000 strong, crossed the Tweed at Coldstream. Their infantry marched light without body armour, but with swords and muskets. The Highlanders had bows and arrows. The orders were 'on pain of death not to disturb man, woman, or child, nor to take the worth of a chicken or pot of ale without paying for it,' and the discipline was so good that 'no manner of hurt was done to any man either in corn or meadow.'\* No one knew how far they were coming. Strafford would not believe to the last moment that they would enter England at all. Conway sent him word that if they advanced on Newcastle he must burn the ships in the river and retreat. Strafford bade him 'for the love of Christ' to stand to his post. Charles passionately addressed the Yorkshiremen. 'It was the law of God and nature to defend the king's person; those that refused should look well what they were doing, for it was high treason, and they were in danger of fine and imprisonment; they were bound by knight's service to serve with themselves and their horses for forty days when the realm was invaded.' The loyalest of men will

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\* State Papers, Domestic, vol. cccclxiv. No. 61.

not stir when the leaders are blind. The Scots moved swiftly. In three days they were on the Tyne. On the 28th they crossed five miles up the river at Newburn. Conway's troops turned their backs after a paltry skirmish. Leslie was in possession of Newcastle, and Strafford's campaign, which was to have made an end of Presbyterianism, collapsed at the first blow.

All was over. Charles, now helpless, called a council of the peers at York. Twelve of them, Essex, Bedford, Hertford, Rutland, Warwick, Mandeville, and six others, represented the situation to him. 'The realm and his own person in danger,' 'the revenue wasted,' 'the kingdom full of fear and discontent,' 'the innovations in religion,' 'the open encouragement to Popery by the employment of Catholic officers,' worst of all, 'the credible report of an intention to bring in Irish and foreign forces.' He must call a parliament, that these grievances might be taken away, and the authors and counsellors of these measures 'might be brought to such legal trial and condign punishment as the nature of their several offences should require.'\* Pym and Hampden, it may be said perhaps some of these twelve peers themselves, had invited in the Scots, and this was treason. Very likely. Had not Charles on his side invited in Italians and Spaniards and Irish papists? Laws were not made to protect sovereigns who forget their own oath; and there are times when technical treason is the purest patriotism. The delirious dream had passed; the Short Parliament had been dissolved on May 5, and after one disgraceful summer the poor king had again to face his subjects and to find them no longer in their old temper. Laud and Strafford had played for a high stake; the game had gone against them, and those who appeal to force must take the consequences when they miscalculate the chances. An armistice was arranged with the Scots; they were to remain where they were, and were to be allowed 40,000*l.* a month for their expenses. The writs went out for the elections. Parliament was to meet on November 3 and to dictate its own terms.

Strafford knew what was coming. It is said that he would have remained in Yorkshire if the king had not required his presence in London; but he was so brave a man that he is not likely to have thought of hiding himself. The king was bound in honour to protect him against the worst, and promised that his life should not be in danger. Charles indeed was

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\* State Papers, Domestic, vol. ccclxv. No. 16.

still blind to the real facts of the case. Was he not still an anointed sovereign? He imagined that he could anticipate the impeachment of his minister by impeaching Pym himself for bringing the Scots into England. In the first place he had no evidence. In the second, to have proved his case would have availed him nothing, and would have precipitated his own fall. November 3 came, and the Long Parliament met. Great as the excitement was, there were moderate men then, as there always are in English assemblies. The Lords at York had spoken of trial and punishment. Pym moved instantly on the opening for a committee to enquire into Strafford's conduct in Ireland. A Mr. Rudyerd proposed that 'they should be content with removing evil counsellors from 'the king without seeking any man's ruin or life.'

'It would have been far better,' says Mr. Gardiner, 'for England if Rudyerd's well-meant suggestion could have been carried out. Unfortunately there was but one condition under which it was practicable, and that condition did not exist. If Charles could be trusted to break off once and for ever from his old life, and to acknowledge, not in word alone, that his face had been persistently turned in the wrong direction from the very beginning of his reign, it might be safe to allow the instruments of the evil system which was to be abolished to pass the rest of their lives in secure retirement. The knowledge that this could not be so made a sharper course necessary. For the moment Parliament was strong. But its strength would not last for ever. Sooner or later the Scottish army must be paid off, and recross the border. Weak as the English army was at present, it might become strong if anything should occur to turn the tide of popular feeling against the Scots. Above all that, the Irish Catholic army across the sea was a grim reality, which Pym and his associates never lost sight of as long as it remained in existence. Probably the only true solution of the difficulty was the abdication or dethronement of the king. It could not be reasonably expected of Charles that he should fit himself for the entirely changed conditions which were before him, and his presence on the throne could no longer serve any useful condition either for himself or his subjects. Such a solution, however, did not come within the range of practical politics. He certainly was not likely to propose it, nor was anyone else likely even to think of it. If he was to be irresponsible, responsibility would fall the heavier on his ministers. They would receive more blame than was their due, because he would receive less than his. The cry for their punishment in order that none might hereafter dare to follow in their steps would wax the louder when it was perceived that only by their punishment, perhaps only by their death, could their permanent exclusion from office be made absolutely certain.'

If the popular leaders were afraid of future reaction in the country, severity to Strafford was not the likeliest means of

preventing it. The sharper the use which men make of power, the sooner it will pass from them. But there was a feeling in the Long Parliament more respectable than fear. Statesmen who ventured into courses dangerous to the national welfare were not yet looked on as guilty of no more than mistakes, for which a temporary exclusion from office was an adequate punishment. Hundreds of miserable men had been imprisoned, fined, tortured, mutilated by an arbitrary court, over which Strafford and Laud presided, to force a system upon the country which half the people abhorred, and which they thought that they had done with for ever. When the nation itself refused to support them in these measures, they had conspired against the Constitution, and had meant to crush resistance by introducing armies of Papists. Their motives might have been pure; they might have been seeking only to do what they believed to be right. Political criminals are generally high-minded and disinterested, but they are criminals none the less, and criminals which a wise government ought least to deal with leniently, from the breadth of misery which they produce. In the eyes of the Parliamentary leaders Laud and Strafford were guilty men, and were responsible with their lives for what they had done.

Strafford's Irish 'treason,' as men then called it, was too patent. He was impeached the first week of the session. Pym himself carried up the articles of accusation to the House of Lords, and, for fear the Earl might escape, demanded his instant arrest. The Lords made no difficulty, and Strafford was sent to the Tower. The next step was a hint to Laud to prepare for the same fate. The Commons ordered the liberation of the three victims of the High Commission Court with whom Mr. Gardiner's story opens. On November 28, Prynne and Burton, and a week later Dr. Bastwick, were carried in triumph through London, a hundred coaches and a thousand horse escorting them. Those ears so unwisely sliced away were now to be paid for. Secretary Windebank, Henrietta Maria's favourite, seeing how things were going, slipped away to France. Chief Justice Finch, his ship-money judgment sitting on his conscience, escaped to the Hague on the night when the police were to have come for him. The bishops had been grinding men's souls and bodies. Fifteen thousand citizens of London sent in a petition for their instant and total abolition. The Commons paused to consider; but they voted down Laud's canons as against the law, and Laud himself followed Strafford to the Tower. Stern measures—but, in days when the consciences of men are awake, measures

often are stern, and ought to be stern. Those who are appointed to administer the law, and set themselves above the law, or strain the interpretation of the law for their own theories, have done more than forfeit public confidence; and their fault is measured by the evil which they have accomplished or tried to accomplish.

The articles of Strafford's impeachment were extreme. His conduct was made the worst of, and was perhaps occasionally misinterpreted. But essentially the charges against him were true. He had 'endeavoured to introduce arbitrary government.' He had 'laboured to subvert the rights of Parliament.' He had been the king's most trusted adviser, and the whole policy of the late years—the attempt to set up again the detested ante-Reformation domination of the bishops, and the straining of the prerogative by which it was to be effected—was either Strafford's work or was directly sanctioned by him. The worst act of all, the raising an Irish army to coerce English and Scotch Protestants, was entirely his own. Of course the Court tried to save him. Henrietta Maria imagined that if the Pope would but let her have 125,000*l.* she could bribe Pym and Hampden. Her confessor, Father Phillips, consulted with Rossetti. If too much was not made of religion, France and Holland might interfere, or might at least mediate. Failing hope on this side, or else along with it, there was the Royalist army at York. It could not be disbanded as long as the Scots were in England. It was made of loose materials, not given to Puritanism or well inclined to it. Army officers were allowed access to Strafford in the Tower. Could not something be contrived for a sudden march on London? The Tower might be surprised and Strafford liberated. Mr. Gardiner thinks that if 'Pym and his allies had been more 'tolerant,' 'there would have been no Popish plot.' 'Evil begets evil,' he says, 'and the hard measure which they were 'dealing to the Catholics led to this invitation to a foreign 'priest and a foreign king to intervene in the affairs of 'England.' We should rather put it the other way. If there had been no scheming to destroy the Protestant religion, Pym would have been heard of only in his profession, and Hampden as a Buckinghamshire country gentleman. Charles had not waited for his troubles with the Long Parliament to ask for troops from Spain and Italy. The aggression was on his side. He had begun with trying to impose his own will upon the country. Those who opposed him he regarded as rebels and traitors, whom he might lawfully crush by the first means that presented themselves. Kings and queens are apt to think in

this way. Louis Seize and Marie-Antoinette thought so a century and a half later. Royal persons seldom hear the truth. They live and breathe in an atmosphere of flattery, and are but half responsible when they believe that they are not as common men. For the first six months that the Long Parliament was in session the King of England, in his palace at Whitehall, was thinking of little save by what contrivances he could undermine and destroy it. Letters must have come, of which the trace is lost, and hopes held out on which to build. On February 12 the Queen was sanguine enough to tell Rossetti that the Prince of Orange was about to land in England with 20,000 men; France would support him; the King would dissolve the Parliament, release Strafford, and give him the government of the country. The Irish army would be brought over, and all would be well.\* On these air-drawn visions the Court was feeding itself, while London was going distracted with rage and fear.

Strafford's trial opened on March 22, and it was evident from the first that the head and front of the charge against him was his action in Ireland. Mr. Gardiner complains that in Pym's eyes the great viceroy was 'a vulgar criminal.' Mr. Gardiner's judgment in this matter is too much influenced by contemporary modern politics. Pym, he thinks, was over-anxious for the English Protestant colony. In Mr. Gardiner's eyes, the policy which had planted that colony in Ireland was unjust from the first. The Scotchman or Englishman in Ulster he regards as an intruder, who had robbed the genuine owner of the land of his fathers. 'The view,' he says, 'which Strafford took of Ireland was far truer than the view which was taken by Pym.' He cannot know how abject and wretched had been the condition of the Irish labourers under their own chiefs; and he is entirely mistaken in supposing that the labourers were dispossessed: the colonists were but too glad to keep them. Under the O'Donnells, the O'Neils, the O'Connors, even under the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, there was no more miserable wretch in the whole globe than the Irish 'earth-tiller.' His very occupation was a disgrace—work was held to be only fit for slaves; a brave man would never soil his hands with it. The Irish lords, chiefs, petty chiefs, or whatever they were called, lived in their castles with a lazy multitude of kerne about them whose lives were spent in fighting, stealing, whisky-drinking, feasting on the cattle which they had stolen from their neighbours, and listening to

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\* Gardiner, vol. ii. p. 84.

their own praises from pipers and poets;\* and as in every country the inhabitants live on the produce of the soil, for they cannot live otherwise, the burden of supporting chief and followers fell on the unhappy peasant. These were the persons who had been driven out to make room for the colonists. Being inveterately rebellious, they were deprived of the means of continuing their lawless existence; they were condemned to find an honest living or to starve as they had deserved. To the earth-tiller the coming in of the new owners meant only fair treatment and fair wages, and homes secured from plunder. It is an insult to Strafford's intelligence to suppose that he could entertain a sentimental sympathy with the old system, or seriously wish to restore it, but in his scorn of the Presbyterians he neglected the interests of the country which he was sent to govern. He had purposed the deliberate expulsion or destruction of 40,000 Scotch families. Careless what passions he was stirring, what hopes he was feeding, he had thought only how he could use the animosity of the exasperated Celtic banditti against the settlers who were turning the soil to the purposes for which Nature made it, to raise a force which, under the name of loyalty, would trample on the religion and the liberties of Scotland and England. 'Vulgar criminal' Strafford was not; in another age, and under other forms, the same policy might be adopted again to gain the votes of Irish constituencies. But with the great issues which then were pending Pym might well think that the Viceroy had betrayed the dearest interests of all the three kingdoms.

The case dragged on. Strafford defended himself gallantly. He denied that the Irish were to have been brought into England; the king protested that in his hearing it had never been mentioned. But Charles's word carried little weight, and deserved to carry none. The queen had mentioned this very Irish army to the Papal agent as one of the supports to which he trusted.

Dangerous, nevertheless, and guilty as Strafford's action had been, he had done nothing which was technically treason. He might have escaped, perhaps, if no fresh provocation had been given. Charles was still king, however, in his own imagination. He could not understand that he had become the shadow of a king, or believe that England and the world would allow his subjects to dictate the law to him. He wished

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\* For proof of this let the reader who distrusts the English reports turn to any page of the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' the Irish national history.



Strafford to be saved, but he wished himself to save him by his own authority. Plot followed plot. Again the York army was to come to London and seize the Tower. Again the foreign powers were besieged with prayers for help. The Parliament desired that the Irish army should be disbanded; it was answering no purpose, except to exasperate. Yet Charles refused. The Lords were hesitating over their verdict. Much that Charles was doing had been betrayed to Pym. Two army plots had been actually discovered, and no one could say what else might not be in preparation. The leaders of the Commons knew well what mercy they might expect if the Court triumphed; the London mob were working themselves into fury. At this critical moment Henry Vane produced the notes of the language which Strafford had used at the Council table on the dissolution of the Short Parliament. The words, if correctly taken down, seemed to leave no room for uncertainty as to what his intentions had really been, and this decided his fate. The House of Commons would leave it no longer to the judgment of individual peers whether Strafford's conduct fell within the letter of the Statute of Treasons, and they supplemented the impeachment by a quicker process. The consent of the peers would still be required to a bill of attainder, but the timid or the neutral might be absent with less notice from the division, and would not be forced to answer Yes or No as in a formal trial.\* On April 12 the Bill was introduced; on the 14th it was read a second time; on the 21st it was passed by a majority of 204 to 59. The king sent for Pym. What passed between them is unknown, but it was fruitless. On the 24th 20,000 Londoners came down to Westminster clamouring wildly for Strafford's head. The dread, the rage, the passion, the accumulate danger of years was concentrated on his single person. Strafford was the cause of all their misery. Let Strafford die, and the black enchantment would be gone.

The bill went up to the Lords. Few of them had any liking for Strafford; some thought him as guilty as Pym thought. The first reading passed easily, and the second with no considerable opposition. The king sent for the House of Commons on May 1. He promised them that Strafford should never more hold any public employment; he

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\* This, at least, may have been one of the reasons for the change of process. But the legal difficulty was considerable. No act of Strafford's was literally treason as the law stood; and the Lords who wished to acquit might have shielded themselves behind the formal objection.

prayed them, he commanded them, to be content with something less than attainting him of treason. Could Charles be trusted? that was the one question. A century before, a fallen minister went to the scaffold as the natural consequence of his overthrow; but times were changed, and shedding blood had grown a more serious thing. Charles unhappily, if there was a moment's hesitation, himself dispelled it. The very next day a fresh conspiracy was discovered to get possession of the Tower. Again the mob from the City surged down to Westminster, invaded the Hall, and crowded the avenues of the Parliament House. Pym detailed the history of the army plots, of which all the details had been betrayed to him. The leaders had confessed their guilt by flying abroad. The House of Commons, that there might be no fresh surprises, voted a resolution, to be made afterwards into a formal Act, that they could not be dissolved without their own consent. The Lords passed the attainder bill, and it was for the king to say whether a minister, who, whatever may have been his faults, had at least been true to him, was to die.

It was a dreadful position. Strafford's letter to Charles will be read, so long as English history is of interest to mankind, with emotion and admiration. If his death would relieve his master of his difficulties and contribute to the peace of the kingdom, he was willing to be sacrificed. *Volenti non fit injuria*. Well might the struggle cost Charles a night of agony. Strafford's crime had been fidelity to his sovereign; that sovereign had promised him his protection, should the worst come, 'on the word of a king.' Was he now to sign the death-warrant? Yet, after all, it was war!—war between the Crown and a rebellious parliament and people. Strafford was the king's sworn soldier and servant, and soldiers had to die if the cause required their lives. Charles could not save him. Strafford would still be executed whether he consented or refused, and to refuse might precipitate a revolution. In other things besides theology the truth will make us free. Charles might have said, 'I am no longer king then; you have taken from me the reality of power; I will no longer bear the title and the responsibility;' and he would have blotted out the memory of his errors, and have left a noble name in English annals. Unhappily it was not in him. Had he been equal to that supreme effort, he would never have stood where he was then standing. Bishop Williams told him that he must submit his judgment to those who were learned in the law. His judgment he might submit, but not his conscience. Mr. Gardiner regrets that the time had not arrived when

'kings would cease to be responsible for actions' which were not theirs, and when their assent would be 'a mere formality.' That is no wholesome state of things, be it ever so 'constitutional,' in which a man who has a soul to save or lose must set his hand even as 'a mere formality' to an act which his heart condemns. In such extreme cases he can resign his gilded trappings, and ought to resign them. If a king is to be a mere automaton, worked by parliamentary machinery, it were better to have the throne occupied by a painted idol.

Strafford had not expected that he would be taken at his word. He had loyally loved the king, and he knew that Charles was staining for ever his own honour. 'Put not your trust in princes,' he said, 'for in them is no salvation.' Many a noble gentleman had laid his head upon the block on Tower Hill in that transition crisis between the mediæval and the modern world—the faultless More, the fiery Margaret of Salisbury, Cromwell the hammer of the monks, Surrey proudest of the English peers, and Somerset, and Northumberland, and Norfolk, and Essex, and a hundred besides—yet never one whose fate has seemed so hard as Strafford's. He was betrayed where he had trusted, and the errors of the servant are forgotten in the ingratitude of the master. But errors there were, if errors be not too mild a word. The statesman who plays with Irish Celtic disaffection for English political interests is like a spendthrift seeking momentary convenience at the risk of ruin. Strafford had lighted a fire which cost Ireland half a million lives and ten years of civil war; and the general confiscation of Irish lands which grew out of it is the historical cause of the struggle there which now threatens the disintegration of the Empire. The Irish have never submitted to English rule from the conquest to this present hour. Rebellion is always smouldering there. By caution and firmness it may be damped down and kept moderately harmless, but the rash politician who stirs and fans those dangerous ashes for party or personal objects is letting loose a lava-stream, and may count himself happy if he escapes from the disaster which he is provoking with nothing worse than a ruined reputation. Strafford, happily for himself, was gone before the Irish loyalty to which he had appealed showed the stuff of which it was really made.

The tragedy which they had brought about taught nothing to the king and queen. Charles consented to the bill for the perpetuity of the Parliament and to the disbandment of the Irish army. He would have consented to anything, for his hopes of escaping from his difficulties were from another

quarter. Strafford was executed on May 12. On June 2 the queen was again intriguing with Rossetti for a loan of money from the Pope, promising toleration to the Catholics and the extirpation of 'the non-Episcopal sects' as soon as the Crown should get the upper hand. The strength of heresy was in the Puritans. The Episcopalians would return to their allegiance to Rome when the country was quieted. There was still hope from Ireland, she said; though the army might be formally dispersed, the men would be kept together. Charles himself was trying to make a party for himself in a more astonishing direction. The Scotch aristocracy had generally signed the Covenant, and had gone along so far with the national movement. But they had old feuds among themselves, and as soon as Laud and his surplices were definitely given up, factions began to form internally, and there were many who remembered that Charles Stuart was of their own blood, their own sovereign, to whom they owed support in his English quarrel. The details of the communications which passed between these gentlemen and Whitehall can only be conjectured; but, according to Rossetti, some hope had been held out—enough to satisfy the sanguine Henrietta Maria—that the Scotch army at Newcastle might be brought to join with the royal army at York, and restore the king's authority. This was probably but a dream of a few conspirators. The Scots at Newcastle were paid off, and returned over the Tweed. But it had certainly been intimated to Charles that if he would visit Edinburgh he would find a warm reception there. At the beginning of August he announced his intention of going, and the Parliament, little as they liked it, could not reasonably object. He started while the army of the Covenant was still in England, and he reached Durham before they had begun to move homewards. The camp gave him a splendid entertainment; he reviewed the regiments, and promised Leslie an earldom. At Edinburgh he acted the popular monarch, sincerely penitent for his past mistakes. He ratified every act of the Assembly; he attended the Presbyterian services; and was able to tell the queen that he had won the hearts of his worst enemies, and that they would find him 6,000 men to serve when and where he pleased. There was loyalty enough among the Scotch Presbyterians if their religion was not meddled with, as they afterwards proved, and to this Charles had successfully appealed. The strange part of it is that he believed that he could bring them to co-operate with the Irish army with which they had been lately threatened. From Edinburgh itself he was directing the Earls of Ormond

and Antrim to collect the disbanded Irish regiments quietly (as the queen had said), and to watch an opportunity of seizing Dublin Castle in the king's name. The motley combination was then to be supported from the Continent—Dutch, Danish, French, Spaniards, Italians—the queen was working upon them all; with one or other they might hope to succeed, and then they could reckon accounts with the Parliament. The story sounds like an absurd imagination; but there were parts of it not imaginary at all, as was soon to be proved.

And there was further encouragement in the condition of the Long Parliament itself. Parties were forming even at Westminster, and there was a division of opinion about the bishops. The City of London and the Puritan members wished to abolish them. But bishops gone, the Presbytery would take their places, and might be equally inconvenient. The English secular mind objected to giving power to ecclesiastics, whether they were bishops or elders. The ideal of the average English gentleman was an Established Church of elastic texture; an episcopacy contented to be a dignified form; a liturgy capable of various interpretations, substantially Elizabeth's institution, well held under civil control, with no liberty under any pretext to Roman Catholics. The earnest Puritans, in their desire to make religion a reality, were going further and faster than half the House would follow them. Could Charles have let conspiracies alone, he would have found a considerable party ready to stand by him in resisting further change; but to him all sections in the Parliament who had joined in Strafford's impeachment were alike detestable, for they had combined to humiliate him, and in their divisions he saw only an opportunity to be master of them both. Mr. Gardiner is too diffuse, but there is insight and good judgment in the following passage:—

'Historians have wearied themselves to find the key of this riddle. Was it, as has been said, that the leaders of the majority were too impatient, that they were in a hurry to obtain absolute control over the Government, and that they did not give time to allow the results of the recent concessions to develop themselves peacefully? Was it that the leaders of the minority thought that enough had been done in the way of reform, and that Charles could be trusted to carry on the government constitutionally under changed conditions? Those who have studied the parliamentary debates of the first fortnight after the announcement of the king's northern journey will be slow to adopt either of these conclusions. The men of one party were as ready as the men of the other to put pressure upon the sovereign, to make preparations for securing the fortresses of the kingdom and for placing the

military forces of the country in readiness for action at the bidding of the House. If no question other than the constitutional one had been at issue, or if the danger from Scotland had been a little more evident and had lasted a little longer, Lords and Commons would have passed with unanimity such a Militia Bill as that which was but the triumph of a party six months later, as surely as they had already concurred in supporting Pym's proposal for the substitution of councillors approved by Parliament for councillors selected by the king. The history of the next few years would, if the king had not yielded entirely, have resembled that of 1688. Charles would have been swept away by the uprising of a united people. There would have been no civil war, because the courtiers who would alone have stood by the king would not have been sufficiently numerous to wage war against the nation. The rock of offence lay in the proposed ecclesiastical legislation of Parliament. . . . Under the most favourable circumstances the difficulty of moulding the ecclesiastical institutions so as to meet the new wants of the time would have required the most consummate prudence. The traditional belief of centuries, held alike by the zealot and the politician, was that religious liberty was but another name for anarchy, and that it was the duty of the State to see that no man was allowed to teach or worship as seemed right in his own eyes. Great as in any circumstances it would have been, the difficulty had been enormously increased by recent events. Laud's unwise attempt to suppress Puritanism had recoiled on himself, and, through him, on the nation. The more extreme Puritans were maddened with resentment, and regarded the attack on the bishops and Prayer-book as a holy work. Power, they thought, had at last been placed in their hands for the destruction of an ungodly and anti-Christian idolatry. Those from whose moderation much at other times might have been expected, could hardly be moderate now. They found themselves face to face with ecclesiastical usages which they detested, and which had recently been imposed on them with the harshest rigour. Was it possible that they should take into consideration religious feelings which they were unable to comprehend, and grant religious liberty to practices which had been a yoke upon their own necks in the days of the Laudian ascendancy? Social antagonisms were already prepared to embitter the religious conflict. The greater part of the nobility and gentry of England were inclined to look with contempt and loathing upon the claims of yeomen and handicraftsmen to throw off the yoke of authority, whilst the yeomen and handicraftsmen were well pleased to vindicate their independence against the upper classes on the ground of theology, in which they imagined themselves to be masters.' (Vol. ii. p. 247.)

Mr. Gardiner might be more terse, but this picture, as far as it goes, is correct enough. The colours only need deepening. Those poor yeomen and craftsmen were the men who had made the Reformation, the men whose grandfathers had witnessed the fires at Smithfield, who had themselves studied the story of the martyrs' sufferings in the folios of Foxe which were chained in the churches till the name of a Papist had become a horror

to them. They and the smaller gentry, and traders, and seamen had carried Elizabeth safe through the times when the Catholics were a broken reed, and Philip's ambassador could tell him that the aristocracy would welcome him as a deliverer; and now these same Catholics, with an English prefix to the name, but professing and claiming otherwise that they held the Catholic creed unchanged, they and Archbishop Laud had tried to rob them of Christ's true Gospel, and force them back into lies and idolatry. Who can wonder that they were eager to use this opportunity to place the Protestant character of the Church of England beyond dispute thenceforward? Who will not rather regret that an opportunity was lost which has never returned?

The anti-Protestant, anti-Puritan party, however, were strong in wealth and numbers, and were powerfully represented even in the House of Commons; and the reaction after Strafford's death might have easily gone far and have taken the shape which it took afterwards under Charles II., if only the king would have sat still; but it seemed as if he was determined to spoil every chance which was offered to him. His scheming in Scotland led to nothing. However plausible he was on his arrival, it was soon found that the truth was not in him, and that he was deceiving everyone in turn. A committee of Parliament, of which Hampden was a member, had followed him to watch his movements. If they ascertained little of what he was doing, they suspected much, and no suspicion of Charles was unjustified by the actual truth as we know it. Rumours of danger were carried to London. There were riots again. Churches were broken open, the painted windows were broken, the altars were torn down. Men-at-arms guarded Parliament night and day. The House of Lords agreed that the bishops should no longer have seats among them. Mr. Gardiner is sorry that Pym was not more moderate—that he had not better considered 'the hard problem of toleration;' but he thinks that 'both sides misunderstood the fundamental conditions of government.' 'The fundamental conditions of government' depend on circumstances. Toleration is good when passions are cool and men are reasonable. It is not so good when those who claim to be tolerated do not mean to tolerate in return. If the queen's power had equalled her desires, she would have offered more victims over Strafford's grave than Achilles at the tomb of Patroclus. She was a woman, and to appearance helpless. Yet she could tell La Ferté, the French ambassador, on October 21, that all was going well; that she

had 10,000 men ready to gather at three days' notice. A week later the shell burst prematurely. The Irish rebellion had broken out.

Much has been said about the massacre of 1641, and it seems that the true history of it has still to be written. All Europe was appalled when the news came first across the Irish sea. The horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day grew pale by the side of the slaughter in cold blood of 200,000 Protestants. The numbers were soon qualified. In such cases it is generally safe to divide at least by ten. But the tradition of frightful and wholesale murders of unresisting men, women, and children remained substantially uncontradicted for a hundred years; and October 23, on which the insurrection began, was set apart by Act of Parliament for a solemn commemorative service. The wheel has come round. In the middle of the last century, when the penal laws began to be relaxed, the story of the massacre began also to be challenged. It is asserted now, and every Catholic boy in Ireland is brought up to believe, that the only 'massacre' was a massacre of Irish by the Protestants; that the entire narrative, so carefully sifted, so circumstantial in all its details, supported by so many hundred eye-witnesses, a subject of horror and astonishment through the whole civilised world, was nothing more than an enormous calumny invented by the Puritans as an excuse for confiscating the soil. This literally is the story which has now come to be accepted among the Catholic Irish of all ranks as historical truth. The conviction that this was so lies behind the demand which the Nationalists are now making that the land shall be restored to them; and if they are really right there is no humiliation which England is not called upon to undergo, and no expiation which may not justly be required of her.

Irish credulity has large capacity. It can believe without difficulty that the Bulls of Adrian and Alexander which gave their country to Henry II. were Norman forgeries, although, within three years of the conquest which was undertaken under this avowed sanction, a cardinal sent from Rome presided over a synod in Dublin, and the fraud was never discovered. We cannot here go into the arguments for the surprising hypothesis which has been substituted for the old accredited story of 1641. It will be enough to give an outline of the facts which are not disputed; and up to the date of the alleged massacre there is no great difference of opinion.

Ten thousand Irish, eight thousand of whom were Catholics, had, as has been seen, been armed by Strafford to fight in the



king's service against the Scots. As part of the campaign Strafford had meditated the expulsion out of Ulster of the Presbyterian colonists, who had been settled on the lands of the O'Neils and the O'Donnells. His purpose could not have been unknown to the Irish army. It could not fail to have been the first object of their own thoughts. There is no accurate census of the Protestants who were in Ulster at the time. Mr. Gardiner speaks of 100,000 Scots and 20,000 English. Elsewhere he says that there were 40,000 Scots able to bear arms, which would imply a much larger number. They had been thirty years in the country, and had altered the whole aspect of it. Before the plantation Ulster had been the most savage of the four provinces. The 'six counties' were now covered with thriving homesteads, the Irish labourers on the best terms with their employers, and some of the Irish landowners themselves, Sir Phelim O'Neil himself among them, had been so struck with the contrast that they had turned out their own people and had imported English tenants. The more the confiscated lands were improved, the keener naturally was the desire to recover them. The more the heretical colony thrived, the more savage became kerne and gallowglass, priest and friar, and the more delightful the prospect of destroying it.

Strafford fell. The Puritans had the control of the English Government. Strafford's policy would of course be reversed, the Irish army disbanded, the Presbyterian colonists strengthened; and the laws against Popery which had been allowed to sleep would be put in force again. The disappointment must have been the more bitter from the hopes which had been encouraged, and the Irish would have been unlike themselves and unlike most men in similar situations if they had remained quiet under it. Charles himself helped to keep alive the fire: Irish loyalty had been his chief consolation. He had ordered Ormond to prevent the troops from being dispersed, and to watch for a moment to seize Dublin Castle and take over the government. A Catholic committee had been secretly in London in the summer in communication with the queen. They were promised full immediate toleration, and if the Ulster colony could be got rid of, the native Irish would then be supreme in the Dublin Parliament and could do what they pleased. Thus it had been completely determined that some vigorous stroke should be made, and the doubt was only of when and how. Meetings were held through the summer discussing plans of action. Some were for killing the colonists, some for turning them out of their houses, stripping them

naked, and leaving them to find the way to the sea or starve. The boldest lead on these occasions. The Catholics of Norman descent retained some sense of moderation, and could look forward to the future. They would have waited for Ormond and have acted on regular lines. The old Irish saw the stranger in the possession of their homes, and saw nothing else. Their plan was to rise simultaneously on a single day, attack the Protestants in their homes, scattered over a wide area where it would be impossible for them to rally to defend each other, one party being told off to surprise the castle of Dublin, to seize the arms which were collected there, and to distribute them.

The plot to take Dublin was betrayed, and the Lords Justices were able to save it. Elsewhere the secret was kept. All over Ulster the Catholic Irish broke out together, and so far there is no great discrepancy in the various accounts of what happened. It is admitted, too, that for the first three or four weeks a distinction was made between Scots and English. The English were the worst hated, and Sir Phelim O'Neil, who directed the insurrection, was perhaps aware of Charles's expectation of making a party in Scotland. But a nation rising against foreigners cannot be restrained, and the differences were soon disregarded. One common purpose directed the entire movement—the alien intruders were to be expelled. The land of Ireland belonged to the Irish alone. Thus much is confessed and even justified by the Irish writers themselves. They deny only the murders in cold blood.

But what is murder? A hundred and fifty thousand English and Scots could not be turned out of their houses without resistance. Was it murder if men were killed in defending their families? Was it murder when delicately nurtured women and children were driven literally naked into wild autumn tempests without food, without shelter, with nothing to cover them but rags or wisps of straw, which were torn from their backs if they were seen, old men scarce able to walk, and mothers with infants at their breasts? For the four months for which the Irish had undisputed possession of the open parts of Ulster such scenes as these occurred every day. If thousands perished, can it be pretended that the Irish were innocent of their deaths? Evidence, however, exists too clear to be set aside by bold negations, of wholesale and deliberate bloodshed. Sir Charles Coote stated, on the trial of Lord Macgyre, that the priests of the different parishes had sent in an account of the Protestants that had been killed in their own districts between the close of October

and the close of the following January, and that the aggregate number was 104,000. Sir John Temple, who was in Dublin at the time, who saw the crowds of fugitives that straggled into the city, and heard their story from their own lips, says he thought that one way and another 150,000 must have died. In the midst of such excitement there must have been great exaggeration; but there must have been a cause for the excitement which exaggerated. Lord Clarendon, after reviewing the whole circumstances, considered that 40,000 had been killed. Carte came to nearly the same conclusion, and so did Sir William Petty, whose cool judgment ought to be decisive, made as it was after the most minute examination on the spot. Mr. Gardiner, who desires to minimise the atrocities, considers that even Petty's estimate is a 'ridiculously impossible' one. 'The number of those slain at the beginning of the rebellion,' he says, 'could hardly by any possibility have exceeded 4,000, while about twice that number may have perished from ill-treatment.\*' There neither was nor could have been, he thinks, any general massacre, since he can find no traces of it in 'the State Papers.' He has overlooked the remarkable letters of Sir John Temple, which are among the Irish MSS. in the Record Office. But what are 'State Papers'? There are thousands of documents on this subject which would have been called State Papers if they had been preserved in the State Paper Office, some of them printed by Temple, others by Borlase, others by Reid; and surely Temple and Petty and Clarendon were as good judges of what was abstractedly possible or impossible, as any modern writer can be who is necessarily ignorant of multitudes of particulars which to them were perfectly known.

But why should any doubt remain when it could so easily be set at rest? Commissions of enquiry sate in Dublin in 1642 and 1643. An enormous volume of evidence was collected, which is preserved in Trinity College. Irish writers say that half the depositions are crossed through as 'not sworn,' and that the whole of them carry on their face unmistakable marks of fraud. Why are not these papers calendared by impartial persons in the employ of the Master of the Rolls? If fraud there was, let it be acknowledged and atoned for. If fraud there was not, to allow the Irish to con-

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\* This is Warner's estimate, which Mr. Gardiner probably is following. Probably, too, when Mr. Gardiner speaks generally of having examined 'documents' on the subject, he is alluding to the collection in the British Museum, which was made by Warner.

tinue in a dream for fear of offending them is miserable cowardice. Yet every attempt which has been made to induce successive governments to allow the thing to be done has been without effect; Tories and Liberals have been equally in terror of the Irish vote. Yet the Irish can have no objection. They are confident that they are right, and that enquiry will clear the character of their forefathers and expose English infamy. We, unfortunates that we are, are willing to know the worst, if it can be fairly proved; but we cannot consent to let judgment go against us by default.\*

The effect in London was terrible. There the horrible story was believed—indeed, could not be doubted, since the same tale was told by every shipload of terror-stricken fugitives. Soon, too, it was understood that the insurgents professed to be acting in the king's name. Sir Phelim O'Neil produced a commission signed by Charles, and bearing the great seal of Scotland. It was never proved to be a forgery. That he had been in correspondence with the Irish in the summer, that he had directed the surprise of Dublin, and had calculated that the Irish as a nation were about to declare in his favour, is perfectly certain. The stain clung to him, and nothing that he could say or do could wash it off. No doubt he had not intended a massacre. He had no knowledge of the people he was dealing with, and had taken their tinsel for gold. He had meant that they should be bridled and utilised by respectable Ormonds and Antrims and Clanrickards. The queen had told Rossetti that she and the king had the highest opinion of the Catholics of Ireland, and the native devilry had burst out suddenly like a flame of hell-fire, and had shown what they really were.

Charles was still in Edinburgh when the first news arrived. His conscience told him that he was not innocent. He affected to be shocked, but the shock was not deep; for as the insurrection spread, and the Normans of the Pale joined it, and the form which things assumed became more regular, Rossetti was able to write that the state of Ireland 'was giving the king the greatest satisfaction, though he was obliged to pretend the opposite.' Those who knew Charles perhaps guessed the hollowness of his professions. All could see that the Irish convulsion was the natural fruit of Strafford's and the king's having played with such perilous elements; and public displeasure took shape in the famous Grand Remonstrance against

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\* We see that a transcript of these depositions is now announced for publication.

the king's past misgovernment and his foreign intrigues and duplicities. Slowly fate was closing round him, yet, false and even treacherous as he had been, it is possible to judge him too harshly.

Constitutional agitators, Presbyterian ministers, popular majorities in the House of Commons against *de facto* governments, have been made respectable by time, and a breach of faith with any of them is now a crime without excuse; yet in deliberately deceiving Pym and Hampden and the constitutional party in both Houses, Charles was doing no more than honourable gentlemen on the Royalist side then believed that he was most fully entitled to do. The controversy between Crown and Parliament in England is ended. The relations on both sides are understood and accepted, and we call a lie a lie whether sovereign or subject was guilty of it. But we are less impartial where our feelings are still affected. The Puritan is harmless; the Red Republican remains a terror. As Charles and Henrietta Maria were in 1641, so were Louis Seize and Marie-Antoinette when prisoners in the Tuileries. Count Fersen could advise them to tell any falsehood, to pledge their word to what they did not mean, to yield to every demand that was made of them, to quiet the fears of the Constituent Assembly till the Allied Powers should be ready to cross the frontier. He assured them that no promises so made could be held binding, and on this subject a large part of the world continues to feel as Fersen felt; while Fersen himself was a *chevalier sans reproche*, a very knight of romance, who would have encountered a world in arms for honour and his lady's love.

The Grand Remonstrance did not pass easily even through the House of Commons of the Long Parliament. It was no longer a censure on the king's ministers, but on the king himself. It was carried by a majority of no more than 11 in a House of 307, the Royalist members protesting, denouncing, clutching at their sword-hilts, as if the question required sharper arguments than words. According to Clarendon, Cromwell told Falkland as they walked out after the division that if the Remonstrance had been lost he would have sold all that he had and never have seen England more. This was on November 22. On the 28th Charles came back from Scotland. He was known to have been intriguing with Ireland, but his actual complicity in murder and outrage was not suspected. He was received kindly. The lord mayor was a Royalist, and entertained him at a banquet in the Guildhall. He thought that public feeling was coming

round to him. He ventured to dismiss the Parliamentary guard which had been stationed in Palace Yard. On December 1, when the Grand Remonstrance was presented to him, he answered with politeness, but obvious contempt. His Irish secrets he believed to be safe, when the news came of the announcement by Sir Phelim O'Neil that he was acting by the king's order, and of his public production of a royal commission. Charles might deny that it was genuine, and his friends believed him; but in the House of Commons little confidence was felt in a word which had been so often broken. The state of Ireland was growing more terrible every day. If any part of the country was to be saved, there was not a moment to be lost in sending troops; but who was to lead them, and who were to go? Scotland offered men if England would pay them, but the House of Lords would not allow Ulster to be wholly occupied by Presbyterians. If the Scots went, an equal number of English must go. Charles proposed to lead an English force in person, but the Commons thought that the king was more likely to join the Irish than to fight them. Ireland was running with blood, and Parliament was still debating. The Court thought that the Parliament was proving its incapacity to govern, and was on the point of ruining itself;—nay, according to the French ambassador, Whitehall was talking freely of cutting off the leading orators' heads.\* A number of officers of conspicuously Royalist sentiment had been selected for Irish service. The king entertained them at a dinner, and the palace and the palace courts were thronged continually with companies of gentlemen and their armed servants. There were fights in the streets. The House of Commons expected daily that they would be invaded, and Pym moved for a guard from the City to replace the police whom Charles had withdrawn. A crisis was evidently close. Pym had found evidence of Henrietta Maria's correspondence with the Catholic powers, and meant, it is said, to impeach her. Charles is supposed to have tried at the last moment to conciliate Pym, and even to have offered him office, but it came to nothing. The queen had the best of reasons for shrinking from an inquiry, because she knew what she had been doing. If she was a Catholic and a Frenchwoman, she was still the wife of the sovereign of England, and was answerable to English law. It is easy to imagine the effect of Pym's attack upon her on a court which had been already talking of cutting

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\* 'On ne parloit, il y a quatre jours, que de faire couper la tête à plusieurs du Parlement.' December 16.

off his head. There was but one resource—to anticipate him, as had been intended at the impeachment of Strafford, by a countercharge of treason for having introduced the Scots into the realm. The Attorney-General formally accused Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Hazlerigg, and Strode, of having conspired to levy war against the king. The Sergeant-at-Arms demanded their persons. The House of Commons refused to give them up, and Charles, spurred on by the queen, resolved to arrest them himself.

So came the memorable January 4. The Commons had sat all the forenoon expecting the king's visit. When the moment came he had hesitated, and would not move. At length, about three o'clock, having been almost forced into his carriage, he drove down to Westminster, attended by a few hundred cavaliers, all burning for a stroke at the traitors who were threatening their royal mistress.

Mr. Gardiner has not much power of historical painting, but his minute acquaintance with details answers better, perhaps, the purpose of bringing back particular scenes. We can see Westminster Hall occupied by the long files of Charles's escort. We can see the eighty gentlemen 'of the late army 'of the North,' with their slashed doublets and plumed hats, their long rapiers and pistols at their belts, following the king into the lobby and to the doors of the sanctuary. We can see the king himself, with the young Elector Palatine, as they walked in and passed up the open floor to the Speaker's chair.

Charles was brave, and was occasionally dignified; but it was a dignity which belonged to his position, and failed him when as a man he was thrown into a situation where royalty had no rights and therefore gave him no advantage, and where he had nothing to fall back upon but his cause and his natural strength. The five members had slipped away, and were gone by boat to the City. The king asked if Mr. Pym was present. There was no answer. Was Mr. Hollis present? No answer again. He enquired if the Speaker saw either of them. Lenthall fell on his knees and said, 'Sir, in this 'place I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak except 'as the House shall direct me.'

'The birds had flown then!' Yes, and along with them English monarchy had flown in living form and substance, to return only as the ghost of its old self. Charles retired helpless, scarcely, perhaps, conscious of what he had done. The House adjourned, declaring itself in danger and removing its sittings to the Guildhall. The London train-bands turned out 40,000 strong, and, after a passionate appeal to the Corpo-

ration to which he received a cold answer, the king left Whitehall, which he was never to see again till he came there to die. He withdrew with the queen and the children to Hampton Court. No fires were lighted, no preparations had been made for them. It was midwinter. The place was cold and dreary and inhospitable. The royal family slept together that night in the same room, and the next day went on to Windsor.

The alternative was now to fight or yield, and the resolution was for fighting. They had brought the crown jewels with them; with these the queen was to fly abroad and buy arms and powder. Lord Digby was despatched to Holland and Denmark to hasten the expected succours; and orders were sent to the Earl of Newcastle to secure Hull as a port where the Danes could conveniently land.\*

We need not linger over the Militia Bill, the Bishops' Exclusion Bill, the various negotiations, insincere from the beginning and necessarily futile, which occupied the next few months. They were conducted at a distance, for the king had removed to York, feeling safer there among his Northern friends. They were predetermined to lead to nothing, for they were no more than the efforts of each party to put the other formally in the wrong before the appeal to force. The aspect of things so far was not favourable to Charles. Newcastle failed at Hull, and the king himself was not more successful when he demanded the surrender in person. The queen's exertions abroad were equally barren. The French Court would not listen to her at all. The Pope, the Spaniards, the Danes, the Dutch were sympathetic in words, but would take no active part. On the other hand, in England itself a sharp dividing line was becoming visible between aristocratic feudalism and the Protestant commonalty. As the choice narrowed between monarchy, which (however unwise the living wearer of the crown might have been) was the representative of ancient order and authority, and the supremacy of a republican House of Commons, which, in the eyes of the hereditary Lords and gentry, meant social and spiritual anarchy, it soon became apparent that the king would not be left without powerful friends. Half the people, perhaps, if the numbers had been counted, were willing to fight, to stop the progress of revolu-

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\* 'Le Roy, ne voyant esperance d'autre secours, despeschoit le Mylord Digby au Roy de Dennemarque pour en avoir de luy; et en intention d'assurer la descente des Danois le Roy donnoit ordre au Comte de Newcastle de s'en aller à Hull, port de mer vers D'ennemarque.'—From a letter quoted by Gardiner, vol. ii. p. 410.



tion—not to support arbitrary power, but to re-establish the king's government on the old lines. The clergy gave benevolences; the universities melted down their plate; the ladies parted with their diamonds; the peers, with few exceptions, placed their resources at the king's disposal—the Earl of Worcester, for one, supplying 100,000*l.* for immediate necessities. Finally, on August 22, the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and the civil war had begun.

Here for the present Mr. Gardiner ends. We must repeat the compliments with which we began. He has been indefatigable in gathering information. He has a sound instinct in distinguishing authentic facts from flying rumours. He keeps his eyes open and his senses unconfused by prejudice or sentiment. He has studied, more thoroughly than any of his predecessors, both the English State papers and the despatches of the foreign ambassadors at the English Court. He has fused his materials well together before casting them into the mould; and, if he has not produced what can be called a work of art, he has given us what is just now a great deal more valuable, an accurate and impartial narrative which brings a true light into the darkest parts of the story, and, if the shadows seem to us to fall occasionally in the wrong direction, it is occasionally only, for Mr. Gardiner is fair even to a fault. On one point only we think that he has been demoralised (as we said above) by nineteenth century politics, and with a few additional words on this subject we shall conclude.

The Irish insurrection continued to extend. In four months from its commencement all the four provinces were burning. Political jealousies in England prevented the immediate despatch of forces, which if they had been quickly on the spot might have prevented the flame from spreading. The rising was allowed to assume dimensions which threatened death, or at least expulsion, to every Saxon or Scot in the island. The Parliament had to undertake nothing less than a reconquest. It would be most arduous, requiring large supplies of men and money. The civil war was on the point of breaking out in England itself, and every day's delay would make the work more difficult. From whence was the money to come? Wanton wars are visited with penalties, and in the eyes of Englishmen the Irish rebellion could be no exception. A company of London undertakers offered a million pounds on the security of two millions and a half of Irish acres belonging to rebels then in arms against the Government. The fiction that they were in arms for the king could not be maintained,

when the king himself had disowned them with affected horror. It may be thought that it would have been better, judging from the lesson of experience, if we had governed Ireland as we govern India, leaving the land to the people and ruling with an army and police. But English policy had from the first adopted the other method of sequestration and colonisation, and it is to the system itself, and not to any particular instance of the operation of it, that objection ought to be taken.

The offer of the undertakers was accepted, and formed the basis of Cromwell's subsequent allotments. Out of it grew the Act of Settlement and the tenure of Irish soil by Anglo-Irish owners which is at this day brought up for judgment. Mr. Gardiner, evidently under the influence of opinions now prevalent in certain sections, calls it 'a monstrous scheme of confiscation.' He is astonished that anything so wicked could have been allowed. It meant, he says, 'lands and wealth for Englishmen, the sharp sword or the pangs of hunger for the Irish.' If by 'the Irish' Mr. Gardiner understands those whom a wise government is alone bound to consider, those who will live peaceably and work honestly for their living, then, so far from meaning the pangs of hunger to them, it meant relief from exaction and tyranny, and the quiet enjoyment of the results of their own industry. Those who lost their lands, we must repeat, were the fighting chiefs and kerne, who left industry to slaves, whose glory it was to live by fighting and *preying* like their own wolves. The cause of Ireland's misery was the maintenance of these idle thieves, and from the time of the survey which 'the Pandar' made for Henry VII., the one advice of every man who had looked into the state of the country had been to rescue the unfortunate 'earth-tillers' from the chiefs and their plundering coshering retinues. The consent of Parliament to the proposal of the undertakers, and Cromwell's enlarged execution of it, were simply an effort to rid Ireland of the vilest part of its population. 'Hell or Connaught' (words, by the bye, never used by Cromwell) did not apply to those who were living quietly and tilling the soil. The land, it is said, belonged to the tribe. Yes, and the corn and the flesh were consumed in the chief's castle; and the men who grew the corn and reared the cattle were left with the husks and the bones. The settlement of Ireland under the Cromwellian farmers did mean, if Mr. Gardiner likes the word, 'the sharp sword and the pangs of hunger' to the idle vagabonds who lived on the peasants' toil. To those willing to work it meant the dawn—alas, too soon overcast—of a better and juster day.

The colony has failed—failed as a means of giving peace to Ireland, or of materially improving Ireland—and therefore it has been condemned. It has failed, not from the fault of the original conception, but because England has chosen to ruin her own handiwork. If the Cromwellians and the Scots had been left alone in their homesteads, there would have been no Irish problem now troubling us. The Restoration brought back the bishops, and under bishops there was no quiet living for Independents and Presbyterians. Almost all of the Cromwellians, and tens of thousands of the Scots, sold their holdings and went away to America, where bishops could no longer harass them. Their places were taken by men of business who went to Ireland to make money. These again would have done the work less well than the Ironsides, but still effectively. They were men of sense and energy; they started trade and manufactures; they opened ship-yards in the river-mouths and harbours. They succeeded so well that England grew jealous of them, deliberately crushed their rising industries, and took from the settlers all inducements to legitimate exertion. Every symptom of improvement which threatened an English monopoly was instantly extinguished. They were left to the solitary function of owning lands and living on the rents of them; and when they became restless in their resentment, English statesmen, like Strafford before them, remembered the wrongs of the native race, and used the numbers and the aspirations of the native Irish to keep the Protestant Parliament from being troublesome.

Times have changed. It is not likely, under any circumstances, that we shall hear again of 4,000 Protestants being murdered in cold blood, and 8,000 more turned adrift to die of hunger in the bogs; but should the expectations which have now again been raised in Ireland be once more disappointed, and if the disappointment takes shape in a rebellion which shall reproduce a tenth part of the atrocities of 1641, we believe that the view which England will take of the situation will not be materially different from that which was taken by Pym and Cromwell; that the system of Irish management will be once more reversed; and that the dangerous elements in the island will be removed to a further distance than Connaught.

- ART. II.—1. *An Essay on the Aryan Order of Architecture, as exhibited in the Temples of Kashmir.* By ALEX. CUNNINGHAM. London: 1848.
2. *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture.* By JAMES FERGUSSON. London: 1876.
3. *Archæological Survey of India.* Reports. 8 vols. Under the Superintendence of Major-General CUNNINGHAM. Calcutta: 1871–78.
4. *The Antiquities of Orissa.* By RAJENDRALALA MITRA. 2 vols. Calcutta: 1875–78.
5. *Archæological Survey of Western India.* Reports. By JAMES BURGESS. 3 vols. Calcutta: 1874–78.
6. *The Cave Temples of India.* By JAMES FERGUSSON and JAMES BURGESS. London: 1880.

THE Archæology of Architecture leads to many important branches of enquiry. The information derived from it should be of some value to our architects of the present time; but the ordinary reader will find more attraction from the particular light it throws upon the past. It has many bearings on the early condition of our race: we get interesting glimpses of the civilisation of former times from the dwellings in which men found shelter from the climate, or protection from their enemies; in this direction the subject is of some importance to the ethnologist as well as the historian. A still higher significance is reached by the study of the ancient temples and tombs, remains of which are found nearly all over the world, as it is believed that man's notions of the Creator, and his relations to the unseen world, received expression in the construction of these shrines. Ancestral worship was deeply interwoven with most of the ancient forms of faith; hence tomb and temple are words which often mean the same thing. The sacred books of the East, funereal rituals, and other works, cannot supply in a perfect manner all that is required. The authoritative books of a system do not always give the ceremonial practices which may have been considered essentials in worship. The temples of a faith are in some cases the only guide to the religious forms which belonged to it. As an instance, no one from reading the New Testament could realise anything but the vaguest conception of the Christian ritual. The ruins of a few churches, with some fragments of sculpture, might contain more information on this head than all the pages of Holy Writ. The plan of a

religious structure tells us the nature of the ceremonies performed within it; the symbols of a faith frequently appear in the ornamentation of temples, and the ritualistic instruments are often represented. In many cases the sculptures give us the priests with their vestments, and in the act of celebration. In such instances a more perfect knowledge can be derived on these points from the architectural than from the literary remains of an ancient nation. If any one would be at the trouble of separating what we know of the Greek mythology by means of temple-remains and that derived from the classic writers, some idea of the importance of this domain of archæology might be realised. We know what forms the various aspects of the Deity assumed in the Greek mind from their sculptures, and it is more from this source that we, in our thoughts, people Olympus, than from the pages of Homer or Hesiod. The same rule will be found to hold good in regard to many of the ancient religions, and it is found that as researches go further back into the remote past, where historical documents give us but scant information, the date and origin of a fragment of architecture or sculpture have to be determined almost solely by the style of the art which can be traced in it.

No better illustration of this remark could be found than in the archæological works on India which have appeared within the last thirty or forty years. They deal principally with the architectural remains as well as with the sculpture and art connected with them. The translation of the religious books of the Hindus began long before the architecture of the country became a subject of study; but in archæology the work accomplished has all been performed by men who are still living; and the results have been carried so far, that now no one can say he understands thoroughly the religions of India unless he has some knowledge of the architecture they have produced. The plans of the various temples are in many cases a key to the ceremonies performed within them, and the sculptures give us not only the forms under which the deities were represented, but also the sacred symbols, which are of considerable importance in throwing light on religious ideas. In many instances we have sculptured records of structures which have long ceased to exist, or of which only fragmentary remains are now to be found, and are thus able to make restorations of them. It will thus be seen how valuable the works referred to must be, from the light they throw on the past, and more particularly on the religions of India. The list which heads this article does not pretend to give all that

have been published, but it presents the more important productions. Most of them are elaborately illustrated with plans and sections, as well as woodcuts, lithographs, and in many cases photography, in some of its latest methods of reproduction, has been employed. Several of these books have been published under the authority of the Government of India, which has raised archæology to the dignity of a 'Department.' Major-General Cunningham, son of Allan Cunningham the poet, is at the head of it. When he was a young officer of the Bengal Engineers, he with Lieutenant, now General Maisey, explored the Bhilsa Tope in Central India, and since then he has wrought hard and well at the archæology of Hindostan. He has explored places known and unknown, and has identified localities in large numbers, the names of which had only come down to us. His works on the archæology of India contain a mine of information, and they will be a worthy monument of his labours in the future. Mr. Fergusson has devoted a long life to the study of Indian architecture; in his earlier years he spent some time in Hindostan, and was able to visit and sketch many of the ancient temples and sculptured caves. He is our highest authority on the architecture of that country, resulting from his long and patient study of the subject. To him we owe the classification of the various styles of architecture which have been practised by Buddhists, Hindus, and the Mahomedans. When Mr. Fergusson first began this study, little was known on the subject, and he has, within the limits of his own life, seen it grow under his hands till it has assumed a scientific form. This is a great work for one man to have accomplished. Mr. James Burgess is a younger student; he has charge of the Archæological Department in the Bombay Presidency, and has already given promise of his ability to do good work. The educated natives of India have for some time back been taking a part in the study of the ancient literature of their country, and already we have evidence that they will also be in the field rendering service at archæological work. Dr. Rajendralala Mitra is a Sanscrit scholar of repute who has been known for his literary labours, but he now appears in the field of architectural archæology, and has given us two large and important works. These are the 'Antiquities of Orissa,' and 'Buddha Gaya, the Hermitage of Sakya Muni;' both are published under the authority of the Government of India. Dr. Rajendralala Mitra is naturally enthusiastic in regard to the ancient architecture of his country; this feeling we may hope to see extended, and may expect that others

will follow in his steps. This evidence of mental activity shows that the Hindu mind has lost none of its old power; we know what it has done before, and can see that it only requires the natural conditions necessary for culture in order that it may manifest itself again.

Among the many points of resemblance between the Greek and Hindu mythologies, we find that both systems include a Great Architect of the Universe. In the Rig Veda he is known as Twashtri, and in later times as Viswa-Karma. There is one marked difference between the Greek and the Hindu demiurgus: Hephæstos was a worker in metal, while Viswa-Karma was a carpenter. This is an important distinction, from its bearing on the condition of the arts at the period when the deifications were evolved. In the case of the Hindus, Viswa-Karma's occupation indicates what was the principal material used in construction, and this agrees with the theory derived from ancient remains that Indian architecture had a wooden origin. The attributes of this deity are stated in the Mahabharata: 'Then was born the illustrious 'Visva-Karma, the Lord of Arts, executor of a thousand handicrafts, the carpenter of the gods, the fashioner of all ornaments, 'the most eminent of artisans, who formed the celestial chariots 'of the deities; on whose craft men subsist, and whom, a great 'and immortal god, they continually worship.' Viswa-Karma seems to have been a most useful personage among the gods. When they went anywhere, he started off the night before, and next morning had a palace, or a city, complete and ready for their reception. The production of architectural works by divine beings seems to have been far from peculiar to any one of the old mythologies. Hephæstos was not the only god of the Greeks who undertook constructive works. His own abode he formed, but it was 'brazen;' Poseidon was also a building god; Homer makes him say: 'I indeed built a 'city and wall for the Trojans, extensive and very beautiful, 'that the city might be impregnable' (Iliad, xxi. 496). Poseidon also constructed, according to Hesiod, the dungeon of the Titans. In the Ritual of the Dead, Osiris is described as 'building his house on earth; it is founded in Anna '(Heliopolis).' Berosus may be a doubtful authority, but he is in keeping with early ideas when he describes Oannes, the Fish-god, as teaching the arts of life, as well as the construction of cities and temples. The Arabs give to Allah, among many titles, that of 'El Gibbal,' the master builder; and their legends describe the building of the first Kaaba as having been done by the angels under God's command. These

illustrations will serve to show that architecture in the past occupied a much higher position than it does at the present day. So far as we yet know, none of the ancient nations of the East except India had a branch of literature devoted to architecture. Some of it at least claims to have been inspired; there is an *Upa*, or lesser *Veda*, known as the *Sthapatya Veda*, devoted to architecture, which is ascribed to Viswa-Karma himself. There are also a large number of books, known under the term of *Silpa-Sastras*, which deal with architecture, and are more or less sacred, for they are written as if Viswa-Karma, or in some instances Siva, gave words for the text.

The Rig Veda contains some references to the structures of the period, but they generally relate to what are supposed to be the cities of the aborigines of India. The word *Asura* is explained to be a demon or enemy of the gods. This term the Aryans seem to have applied to the people whom they found in India, who knew not the Vedic gods, and were the natural enemies of the Aryan invaders of the Country of the Seven Rivers. The *Dasyus* is another name which is employed; they are also understood to be evil beings, and the enemies of gods and men. Perhaps we have a similar idiom in the words 'Foreign Devils,' which the Chinese apply to Europeans. Hundreds of castles of the *Asuras* and *Dasyus* are mentioned as having been destroyed by the invaders. They are referred to in the Hymns to Indra and Agni, and to these gods the merit of their destruction is ascribed. That these fortified places were only myths is probable, for at times there is mention made of the 'numerous' and the 'hundred castles' of the *S'ambara*. Now *S'ambara* designates an enemy of Indra,\* but it is also synonymous with *megha*, 'a cloud.' 'Iron castles' are repeatedly mentioned; but this can scarcely be accepted as otherwise than metaphorical, and probably implying places strong as iron. 'The golden castles of the *Asuras*' is a sentence in the *Atharva-veda*.† This may be only the equivalent of Homer's 'rich in gold,' which he applied to Mycenæ; and if this is a possible explanation, then 'iron castle' may only imply that iron was known, and may have been used in the construction. 'Stone castles' are also mentioned, and this is more likely to be literal; but a fair consideration of all the texts given by Muir in connexion with this subject shows that the words are very doubtful as to their meaning. The only probable conclusion that can be derived from the Vedas is that the

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\* Muir's Sans. Texts, vol. ii. p. 389.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 383.



non-Aryan races of India had numerous and well-fortified cities, with palaces and other structures of importance. That architecture held a high place with them may be assumed from these descriptions, as well as their mythology having an Artificer of the Gods in it. The personage is described as a Daitya who was the architect of the Asuras. His name was Maya, a Danava; according to the Mahabharata, he built the palace of the Pandavas. This all but implies that the Aryans adopted the style of architecture which they found in the country they conquered, for the Pandavas belonged to the conquering race. This would be a conclusion of some importance if it could be made certain. Its probability is great: an invading race, such as the Aryan people are represented to have been, would naturally occupy the cities which they had taken; the native workmen would still exist to repair and rebuild, and would of course continue to work in their own style of construction. If the conquering race had distinctive temples of their own, these would have been built in the style they were accustomed to; but the Aryans are described as having no temples, and hence the strong likelihood that they brought little or no architectural influence with them. If this describes what took place, it may be assumed that the style of architecture of that early date was such as that seen on the sculptures found at Bharhut, Sanchi, and Amravati. It was a distinct and fully developed method of construction, which seems to have prevailed over great part of India, and endured at least till the beginning of the Christian era, and probably for some centuries later. It was a purely wooden architecture, in which the flat roofs, one great characteristic of Indian and Eastern houses of the present day, found no place. So complete are the representations of it left to us on the old sculptures, and in the form, as well as the details, of the rock-cut Chaitya halls, that an artist would have but small difficulty in producing a picture of one of these cities of the Asuras or Dasyus. Such a picture would give a startling idea of the change which has come over the architecture of India within the last eighteen hundred years. A knowledge of this architecture and of all its forms is essentially necessary for understanding many of the details of the later Hindu styles, for much of their origin can be traced back to it. In 'The Cave Temples of India,' Mr. Fergusson gives an account of the Rathas of Mahavallipur, where it will be seen how some of these forms were developed; and he makes out in a very clear and satisfactory manner how the Buddhist Viharas were arranged.

If any architecture existed in India previous to this style, it could only be classed as belonging to the rude stone monument kind. Mounds, cairns, stone circles, menhirs, and dolmens are found, more or less, over nearly the whole of India, but they have not as yet been studied with the necessary attention, and their age is very uncertain. The first impulse regarding such primitive monuments would be to say that they are ancient, and must have been produced by the autochthonous races at some very early date; but the difficulty of this surmise is that these early races still exist in India, and some of them are scarcely altered from their original condition. Buddhists, Hindus, Mahomedans, and Christians have prevailed in that country, but some of these tribes or remnants of them have kept separate to our own times. This has to be held in view in relation to these remains. The Reports of the Archæological Department contain an illustration of this fact. Mr. Carlleyle was surveying in Eastern Rajputana, and at no great distance from Fatehpur Sikri he came upon a number of cairns. The date of these monuments he found it difficult to deal with, because the region is inhabited by one of the original tribes known as the Minas, who raise cairns at the present day over the spot where any of them chances to have been killed. Colonel Tod mentions the custom, and even adds that he himself threw a stone which marked the ground where a Rajput fell defending his post. This is in Rajputana; but here is another illustration from the extreme north-east of India. In the Khassia hills are found numerous menhirs, and other rude stone monuments. Major Godwin Austen, who describes them, states that the people, who are also of the pre-Aryan races, still continue to erect this class of monument. That mounds and cairns were made before the Aryan conquest need not be doubted; but if any of them exist, the question of their antiquity will be a most difficult one to realise with anything like certainty.

Whether works of sculpture were produced at these early dates or not is a matter of which we have no record. None of the known remains found in India belong to the period under consideration. Professor Max Müller has given it as his opinion that 'the religion of the Veda knows of no idols. 'The worship of idols in India is a secondary formation, a later 'degradation of the more primitive worship of ideal gods.'\* Dr. Bollensen,† on the contrary, comes to an opposite con-

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\* Chips from a German Workshop, i. 38.

† Journ. of the German Oriental Soc., xxii. 587.

clusion, and gives passages from the Vedas in support of his theory. As the usual supposition is that they had no temples, it may be assumed that their works, if they had any, must have been of the simplest kind. As to the Dasyus, Mr. Fergusson gives it as his conviction that tree and serpent worship occupied a prominent place in their cult; and as this worship was no doubt performed with real serpents and trees, representations of them would not be necessary. It need scarcely be doubted that the pre-Aryan races must have had a mythology of their own. The later Brahminical system is very different from that of the Vedas, and it is considered by some writers that the result has been due to an amalgamation of the Vedic deities with those of the Dasyus. The Vedas allude to the worship of Sisna-deva as belonging to their enemies, and it is described as being 'lascivious;' those who perform it are commanded not to come near the sacred ceremonies. Yet the Vedic Rudra appears in the modern Brahminical system as Siva, with the Sisna-deva, which is supposed to be the linga, as his emblem, and it forms the principal object in the sanctum of his temples over the whole of India. How far this process went on with the other deities of the Hindu pantheon may, perhaps, never be very clearly made out; and although a surmise might be hazarded, that whatever is not in the Vedas belonged to the pre-Aryan races, it would be rash indeed to put it as an assertion. Judging by other nations of a Turanian type, it may be taken that they had some kind of representations of their objects of worship; but as no remains have come down to us, the style of art in which they were produced is quite unknown.

The oldest piece of structural work which has yet been identified in India is the Jarasandh-ka-Baithak, or Jarasandha's throne. This was discovered by General Cunningham at old Rajagriha, or Kusagarapura, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Magadha. The antiquity of this monument is accepted by Mr. Fergusson, and the importance he attaches to it is derived evidently from other considerations than those given by its discoverer. General Cunningham discovered at the same time what is now considered to be the Pipala cave, where Buddha sat in meditation after his midday meal, and where after his death 500 Rahats held the first Buddhist synod; the throne is close to the cave, and hence the General concludes that the one was erected with the materials quarried from the other, and that it is 'certainly coeval with Buddha 'in B.C. 500, and perhaps even older.' Jarasandh's throne is

simply a stone foundation, eighty-five feet square, built of unhewn stones without mortar, or what might be called 'Cyclopean masonry.' As far as is known this is quite an exceptional building in India; others may yet remain, and if so they will no doubt be found. Jarasandha was an Asura, the name thus showing a legendary connexion with the great building race of the pre-Aryan age. If it was really formed of the stone taken from the Pipala cave, as Cunningham supposes, then it must be classed as belonging to the Buddhist period. 500 B.C. is a goodly age, but it is nothing to the vast time which so many writers have given to the antiquities of India. It has long been a common process to trace ideas, and particularly styles of architecture, to the East, and finally to ascribe their origin to that country. The mysterious depths of the rock-cut temples of India have been constantly referred to as sufficient to explain anything whose beginning was not known. Luckily this is now exploded. Thanks to Mr. Fergusson's classification, the approximate dates of the rock-cut temples, as well as of all the styles of architecture in India, are laid down on a safe basis.

So far as we know from monumental remains, the history of Indian architecture begins with Asoka, or about 250 B.C. This monarch is usually described as the Constantine of the Buddhist religion. He became a follower of that faith, and even took upon himself the character of an ascetic; numerous inscriptions on rocks yet remain as historical records of his devotion. In the seventh century Hiouen-Tsang is constantly describing toposes, which he visited, as having been erected by *Wou-yeou*, the Chinese form of Asoka. Of those which have been explored the only monuments of this kind which can be attributed to him are the toposes at Sanchi and Bharhut. The Sudama cave at Barabar, near Buddha Gaya, has an inscription giving its date as having been formed in the twelfth year of Asoka's reign, or 252 B.C.; another, called the Karna Chopar, was excavated in the nineteenth year of his reign; the Gopi, or Milkmaid's Cave, dates from 214 B.C., which was during the time of Dasaratha, the grandson of Asoka. The inscription in this cave states that 'the Gopi's Cave, an abode lasting as the sun and moon, was caused to be excavated by Dasaratha, beloved of the Devas, on his accession to the throne, as a hermitage for the most devoted Bhadantas (Buddhist ascetics).' The date of these caves and their connexion with Buddhism is thus a subject beyond dispute, and they are the oldest excavations in India. In them, and the one or two structural remains of Asoka's time, we have

the commencement of Indian architecture. Whatever we know beyond this period is derived from scant references in books, or by induction. All the elaborate and wonderful architecture of that country which has so excited the curiosity and speculation of many writers, has come into existence since the time of Asoka, or about a century later than the time of Alexander the Great; an antiquity which may be said to be but of yesterday in comparison with the monumental remains of Egypt. The caves at Barabar and Rajagriha are little more than mere cells, but they are important as the starting-point in tracing the development of the cave temples of the Buddhists at Katak, and in Western India, where we have a long and splendid series of examples.

The Buddhist period of architecture comes down to about the beginning of the eighth century. Hiouen-Thsang, the Chinese pilgrim, who left China in 629 A.D., and returned again in 645 A.D., traversed the whole of India, and visited all the spots connected with the history of Buddha, as well as most of the celebrated shrines associated with his faith; and although the Buddhist fraternities existed at that date, and in some places in considerable numbers, the Chinese pilgrim is constantly describing *viharas*, or monasteries, in ruins, and stupas in a dilapidated condition. It becomes evident from his words, that the worship of the Great Teacher was not, at that date, what it had been; in many places he acknowledges that the ‘*hérétiques*,’ by which he means the Brahminical adherents, are more numerous than those who revere the law of Buddha. As an instance, when he visits Prayaga, now Allahabad, he says:—‘*Il y a deux couvents, où l’on ne compte qu’un petit nombre de religieux, qui tous étudient les principes du petit Véhicule. Il y a plusieurs centaines de temples des dieux; le nombre des hérétiques est énorme.*’\* This city was close to Maghada, the Holy Land of Buddhism, where that religion originated, and at this period the number of convents had become reduced to two. At Benares, where Buddha began ‘to turn the Wheel of the Law,’ the heretics also predominated; the pilgrim says, ‘*Il en est peu qui révèrent la loi du Bouddha.*’† This shows that the Buddhist faith at that time had all but died out, and that the Brahminical sects were predominating. These evidences may be taken that at the date here given the Buddhists had ceased to build or to excavate temples in the rock. Hence, from the time of Asoka

\* Julien’s Trans. vol. i. p. 277.

† Ibid. p. 353.

to the eighth century may be accepted as the Buddhist period. As the one religion faded out of sight, the rival and rising faith seems to have begun the erection of important structures. It was about the very time when Hiouen-Tsang was in India that the magnificent temple of Bhuvaneswara, in Orissa, was erected. The Brahmins also took to excavating temples in the rock, and they would appear to have begun before the Buddhists ceased the practice, for there are Brahminical caves at Badami, one of which dates from 579; and they continued to form rock-cut temples for about three centuries. The period of Brahminical architecture may be said to end with the Mahomedan conquest. Early in the thirteenth century the Mahomedans began to build at Delhi, and from that date their style of architecture extended over the rest of India. The slight sketch of chronology here given only touches on the three main divisions of Indian architecture as classified by Mr. Fergusson.

The principal interest of students is now directed to the first of these three periods of the ancient art of India; this is natural from its being the most ancient, and also from the light it throws on the rites and ceremonies of Buddhism. Most of the questions connected with the origin of Indian architecture are relative to this style, and already considerable progress has been made in this direction. Much has yet to be done; many of the questions are still uncertain, and the subject of controversy; yet the progress achieved is highly satisfactory, and all the more so when the time is considered under which it has been accomplished. From the sculptures on the gateways of the Sanchi Tope, and from the other remains of the Buddhist period, the architecture of India, as already mentioned, of that early date can be very clearly made out. This, there is every reason to suppose, was the original style of Indian architecture, the parent from which sprang nearly all that followed. Forms which are found in it can be traced down through the later styles, more particularly in that of the Dravidian—the style followed over nearly the whole of Southern India. From what has been formerly stated, it is most probably the style of the Asuras, or pre-Aryan races. The architecture of Greece has been traced back to a wooden origin, and this pre-Aryan style was the wooden source which gave birth to Indian architecture. There is every reason to suppose that the basement story of buildings was constructed of brick or stone; in the Sanchi sculptures there are no indications as regards the houses, but walls of defence are well marked with lines

which imply the use of one or other of the two materials just named. Arrian states that the cities 'near the sea, or any 'river, are built with wood;' but 'cities which are seated on 'any eminence are frequently built with brick and mortar.'\* The importance Mr. Fergusson attaches to the Jarasandh-ka-Baithak is from his supposition that it has been the basement of a convent. The wooden house seems to have been of a very simple construction, formed of beams and uprights morticed together. The roof must have been the most striking feature; by imagining a boat inverted a very fair idea will be formed. The gable thus became an arch in form, but not in principle. In the rock-cut Chaitya caves the details of these roofs are represented with the most exact fidelity, each piece of wood belonging to such a structure is given, and the forms are thus as carefully preserved as if one of the wooden buildings had itself been petrified, and the fossil safely kept for our inspection. The particular structures which were most characteristic of the Buddhist period, and which were intimately connected with the ceremonies of the Buddhist system, were those now known under the term of *topes*—a word derived by most writers from the Sanscrit *stupa*, a pillar. *Dagoba*—derived from *dhatu*, a relic; and *garbha*, a womb—is another name used in Ceylon, and other places in the south; while *Chaitya* is applied to the same form when represented in the rock-cut temples. Asoka is said to have erected eighty-four thousand of these monuments in India, and from the numbers of them referred to as having been visited by the Chinese pilgrim, they must have been very thickly studded over the land. The recent explorations in the Peshawur valley, and at Jellalabad, have shown in what numbers these shrines were raised; in some of the Tibetan villages where the population are yet Buddhists, these monuments, under the name of 'chortens,' are more plentiful than the houses. Judging by these examples, it would be a vain effort to attempt an estimate of them over the whole extent of India during the Buddhist period; they must have been as countless as the sand on the sea shore; but at the present day two or three crumbling ruins and a few shapeless mounds are all that is left of these well-frequented shrines. They were of every size, from 400 feet in height to small models not larger than an inverted egg-cup. The definition of the word 'dagoba,' given above, will describe their purpose. Cremation was the custom, and the small cell in these monuments was a receptacle for relics; ashes, and relics

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\* Pooke's 'Arrian,' vol. ii. ch. x.

of Buddha, and of men who had earned the merit of great sanctity, were enshrined in them, and worshipped. Many were erected as memorial monuments at spots where Buddha was believed to have walked, sat, or performed some meritorious action.

These structures possess some interest beyond that of their relation to Buddhism. It is accepted by all the authorities that they are a development from the primitive grave, mound, and cairn; and as this genesis is most probably the same as that of the Babylonian towers and Egyptian pyramids, some very tempting links of connexion are presented for speculation. The origin of a great many of the ceremonies belonging to most of the ancient religions can be traced back to the rites due to the dead; from this arose the peculiar evolution of tombs becoming temples, and to the same cause is due the fact of temples at the present day in many cases still retaining vestiges of tomb-worship. The pyramids of Egypt are recognised as tombs, but the Tower of Babel is not usually represented in that light; yet the form is so slightly different from the pyramid that its derivation may be assumed to be the same. The Mahomedans, who are very much given to prayer at the tombs of their holy men, write upon the doors of such places—‘This is the gate of the gardens of Paradise.’ When the people on the plain of Shinar proposed to erect a tower ‘whose top may reach unto heaven,’ it is quite possible that they had only a confused notion, which they attempted to express by these words, of the tomb character of the temple. It would be exceeding all the limits of Oriental hyperbole to say that the seven-terraced pyramids of the Euphrates valley reached in a visible sense up to heaven; but if it represented a tomb, it was symbolically the portal to the next world, and would thus reach to Paradise or to heaven. That this is a most probable view of the case is evidenced by the tomb of Cyrus at Pasargadæ, which is a seven-terraced pyramid with the tomb instead of an altar on the summit. This tomb is simply a miniature of the design which is now accepted as that of the Tower of Babel. This identification presents us with a cognate class of monuments extending from the Nile to the further extremities of India; but the range is not confined to these limits; the imperial tombs of China are closely allied, being large mounds surrounded by a wall, with altars and halls for religious services in front of them. Even the so-called Treasuries of Greece, of which the best example is that with the name of Atreus attached to it, at Mycenæ, are now admitted to have been tombs, and they are simply mounds, at which,



according to the Greek poets, religious ceremonies were performed. It will thus be seen that the Buddhist tope occupies a place in a wide extended field of enquiry, and that the study of these monuments has an important bearing on archæological grounds, quite independently of their relation to the religion of Buddha.

A tope may be described as a domed structure, not unlike the dome of St. Paul's, if it were lifted from the cathedral and placed on the ground. When Duttagamani, as recorded in the Mahawanso, was about to commence the great tope of Ruanwelli, in Ceylon, he asked the architect, 'In what form dost thou propose to construct the Chaitya?' The reply was given by dashing some water into a golden vessel filled with water, which produced some bubbles of air of a domical shape, and pointing to one of them, the architect said, 'I will build it in this form.' This simple manner of presenting an architectural design to the King will convey a fair idea of these monuments to the reader. If the monument was to contain a relic, it had a small cell in the centre, built solidly round it, with no opening from the outside. In this the object was placed, and at times enclosed in a small model of a tope,—some of these were of steatite; in some instances they were in a small gold vessel. Ashes, rings, coins, and other small objects have been found along with the relic. On the summit of the tope was a square construction, known among archæologists as the 'tec;' and above this were placed a number of canopies, or umbrellas, generally highly ornamented. The number varied, but was always odd. Three was a very favourite quantity, but north of the Indus the number seems to have far exceeded this, and the celebrated Peshawur tope, of which we know nothing but from the Chinese pilgrims, had no less than twenty-five canopies, 'en cuivre doré,' over it. The umbrella has been a very ancient symbol of royalty in the East, and in India Rajendralala Mitra states that *Chhatrapati*, or 'lord of the umbrella,' is a title held in higher estimation than even that of Raja or Maharaja. When Duttagamani officiated at the ceremony of placing the relics in the shrine of the Ruanwelli Dagoba, they were first put on a throne, and worshipped, after which the Raja presented his royal umbrella to the relics, exclaiming, 'Thrice over do I dedicate my kingdom to the redeemer of the world, the Divine teacher, the bearer of the triple canopy, the canopy of the heavenly hosts, the canopy of mortals, and the canopy of eternal emancipation.' The triple umbrella here evidently symbolises the three worlds: heaven, earth,

and the nether region, or place of the dead, where emancipation, or nirvana, is reached. Round the base of the tope was a railing, with gateways to the four cardinal points; the space within the rail was for worshippers to perform the *pradakshina*, or circumambulation of the tope. This formed part of the ceremonies, which also included offerings, with music and dancing,—flowers were very much used by the Buddhists in all their ceremonies, and garlands are represented as being offered in the sculptures. *Mantras*, or sacred mystical sentences, constituted an important part of the ritual. The tope as a tomb and connected with death was, no doubt, associated with nirvana, and more particularly with the Nirvana of Buddha himself, and hence the religious adoration which was devoted to them. What the Holy Sepulchre was to the mediæval Christians, the tope was to the Buddhists. It was the great high altar or cathedral of their worship. It ought, perhaps, to be stated that these shrines had no house over them, but we know that in some of the temples a small tope formed the altar; of this we have distinct evidence in the rock-cut Chaitya temples, which are exact facsimiles of structural temples, and, as already mentioned, the originals were of wooden construction. Although there could have been no possible connexion between the development of these Chaitya temples and the form of some Christian churches, yet there are some remarkable points of resemblance. The Chaitya temple had its chaitya, or tope, at the end of the building, enclosing the ashes or relic of a Buddhist ascetic, thus bearing a curious resemblance to the altar of a Catholic church containing a relic or some portion of the body of a Christian saint. In front of the chaitya was a long nave, in which the priests sat and chanted the service. On each side were aisles, separated from the nave by columns. These aisles were continued round the chaitya, exactly similar to the ambulatory which goes round the choir and high altar of many cathedrals. Their object in the Chaitya temple was to permit the worshipper to pass up on one side, round the chaitya, and down the other, and by doing this he performed the *pradakshina*, or circumambulation. The altar end of the building was thus round in form, the other was square, and in it were doors for the nave as well as for each of the aisles, thus giving three front entrances, which are also common to Christian churches.

It would be important to know what were the pre-Buddhist rites in India at graves, mounds, or topes, in order to ascertain the origin of the tope, and of the Buddhist practices in connexion with them; and to what extent they were developed by

the worshippers of Buddha. On this head the references are few; but, though scant, they throw a faint glimmer of light on the past, and from this we can conjecture some aspects of the subject. It would seem from one of the hymns of the Rig Veda,\* that cremation, although it is supposed to have been practised, was not the only manner of disposing of the dead; this is evident from one of the verses of the hymn, 'I take the bow from the hand of the dead.' Had the body been burnt, there could have been no hand to hold anything in. There is no allusion to burning, or to ashes. In the verses following that with the above sentence, 'Enter the mother earth, the wide-spread earth,' the earth is invoked to 'treat him kindly, even as a mother covers her son with the end of her cloth; so do ye, earth, cover him.' These words would scarcely be applicable to ashes. A verse after this says, 'I heap up earth above thee, and placing this clod of earth may I not hurt thee. May the manes protect this thy monument, and Yama ever grant thee here an abode.' This is simply the old grave mound, and it may be assumed, from the word 'monument' being applied to it, that it was heaped up to a height sufficient to make it durable. This hymn supplies us with still further details of the monument. In one verse it says, 'I place this barrier (of stones) for the living, on this account, that no other may go beyond it. May they live a hundred numerous autumns, keeping death at a distance by this hill.' It will be seen that the mound is here called a hill; where the 'barrier' was put is not exactly indicated, but it may be almost taken for granted that it was a circle of stones round the hill. This is the interpretation put on the text at a later date. The Aranyaka portion of the Brahmana of the Black Yajur Veda, which seems to be a very ancient writing, but yet so late that cremation had, at the time it was produced, become the rule, details the rites for the welfare of the manes. The present custom of throwing the ashes of the dead after cremation into the river had not come into use; according to this authority the ashes and bones were carefully collected and placed in an urn, over which a mound was raised; at the end of the ceremony, when the mourners depart, the last man, the Adhvaryu, should place a circle of stones, and then repeat the verse from the Vedas already given. In the Aranayaka version the words are slightly changed and express this. They are: 'I place this circle [of stones] for the living; may we and others not go beyond it in mid-life; may

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\* Rig Veda, M. x., ii. 18.

‘we all live a hundred autumns, driving death away by this hill.’\* The sense of ‘barriers’ would almost imply that it was to keep the living away from the grave; and the symbolical application of keeping death at a distance for many autumns would so far require this rendering; some of the sentences of the hymn seem to imply this, such as, ‘May these who are living be kept distinct from the dead.’ There is no indication here of the *pradakshina* or circumambulation of the mound, yet there is strong ground for believing, as Mr. Fergusson has pointed out, that this circle of stones in course of time developed into the ‘Buddhist railings’ of the topes, and were much frequented by the living, who marched round them muttering the mantras of their ritual. Another verse of the hymn conveys again this idea of separation, and it may be of interest to give it, as the action of the Indian Government when it made suttee a crime was based on this verse. ‘Rise up, woman; thou art lying by one whose life is gone; come, come to the world of the living, away from thy husband, and become the wife of him who grasps thy hand, and is willing to marry thee.’ This is very different from the later ideas connected with suttee in India; but in relation to the subject in hand these words convey the idea of the grave being looked on as a place to be avoided.

Luckily, we have a reference to the burial customs of the pre-Aryan race, which contrasts very strongly with the Vedic rite. The passage is in the ‘Khandogya-Upanishad:’† ‘Therefore they call, even now, a man who does not give alms here, who has no faith, and offers no sacrifices, an Asura; for this is the doctrine (Upanishad) of the Asuras. They deck out the body of the dead with perfumes, flowers, and fine raiment by way of ornament, and think they will thus conquer that world,’ viii. 8. 5. Supposing the word ‘Asura’ to be only a word of reproach, as its use here in the sense of something like a heretic would imply, yet this mode of treating the dead evidently does not belong to the early Brahminic system; hence it may be taken to have been a non-Aryan practice. The decking out of the body, whether for burial or cremation, and the object of it, as stated, imply religious ceremonial. If this was the case previous to burial or cremation, the virtue of the rites need not be supposed

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\* This is given on the authority of Dr. Rajendralala Mitra’s last work entitled ‘Indo-Aryans,’ vol. ii. p. 146.

† Sacred Books of the East, vol. i. The Upanishads, translated by Max Müller.

to cease after interment, and thus the tomb would become the place of worship.

The Sakayas, the tribe to which Buddha belonged, were Aryans, but it has been long suspected that the distinctive doctrines and practices of Buddhism were derived from Turanian sources. It is generally accepted that the early Vedic Brahminism, as already mentioned, was influenced in many ways by the previous forms of faith existing in India, and the religion of Buddha is assumed to have been the result of some of these influences. It could have been desired that the few passages above quoted were fuller in details and more distinct in their meaning; still, slender as is the information they afford, they give a glimpse into the past by which we see that the Asuras had widely different rites with their dead from those of the Aryans, and it is a natural conclusion to arrive at that the tope worship of the Buddhists sprang from this source. Some confirmation of what has been here said may be found in the account of Buddha's death as given in the 'Maha-Parinibbana-Sutta.' After the death the Mallas of Kusinara took 'perfumes, and garlands, and all the 'musical instruments, and five hundred suits of apparel, and 'went to the Upavattana, to the Sala Grove of the Mallas, 'where the body of the Blessed One lay. There they passed 'the day in paying honours, reverence, and respect, and 'homage to the remains of the Blessed One; with dancing, 'and hymns, and music, and with garlands and perfumes; and 'in making canopies of their garments, and preparing decoration wreaths to hang thereon,' vi. 26. This bears a strong resemblance to what the 'Khandogya-Upanishad' gives as the Asuras' practices with their dead. In the case of Buddha the same ceremonies were repeated for six days, and after the cremation the bones were taken to the council hall of Kusinara, and for another seven days the same performance was continued.

Whether the Asuras erected topes or not at that early date no evidence has yet appeared; but at the time of Buddha—or, to put it more exactly, in a Buddhist work which dates about the end of the fourth century, or beginning of the third century, B.C.—it is stated that topes did exist previously to Buddha. This book is the 'Maha-Parinibbana-Sutta,' or 'Book of the Great Decease,'\* where it relates that when Buddha came near the end of his life, Ananda enquired of him what was to be done with his remains, and the answer was—

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\* Translated by T. W. Rhys-Davids: 'Sacred Books of the East,' vol. xi.

“As men treat the remains of a King of Kings, so, Ananda, should they treat the remains of a Tathagata.”

“And how, Lord, do they treat the remains of a King of Kings?”

“They wrap the body of a King of Kings, Ananda, in a new cloth. When that is done, they wrap it in carded cotton wool. When that is done, they wrap it in a new cloth,—and so on till they have wrapped the body in five hundred layers of both kinds. Then they place the body in an oil vessel of iron, and close that with another oil vessel of iron. They then build a funeral pile of all kinds of perfumes, and burn the body of the King of Kings. And then at the four cross roads they erect a dagoba to the King of Kings. This, Ananda, is the way in which they treat the remains of a King of Kings.

“And as they treat the remains of a King of Kings, so, Ananda, should they treat the remains of the Tathagata. And whosoever shall there place garlands or perfumes or paint, or make salutation there, or become in its presence calm in heart—that shall long be to them for a profit and a joy.”

A Chakravarta Raja, or King of Kings, at the date when this book was written, could not have been a Buddhist, so it may be taken from this passage that the tope had a pre-Buddhist origin. Should it turn out that the work dates after Asoka's time, he being the first Buddhist monarch who earned the title of a Chakravarta, the value of the passage would not suffer, for the statement that dagobas were erected to such rulers is given as if it were an established custom, and not peculiar to an individual.

In the conversation between Buddha and Ananda, as related in the ‘Book of the Great Decease,’ Buddha mentions those who are worthy of having dagobas erected to them, and some of this is worth quoting as showing what were the ideas connected with these structures at that time, or more probably the Buddhist ideas at the period when the book was written; but its early date, about which Mr. Rhys-Davids says it ‘can be fixed ‘without much uncertainty,’ takes us back to almost the beginning of the religion of the Tathagata, and hence the importance of knowing their feelings in regard to this peculiar worship. Buddha said: ‘A Tathagata, or Arahāt-Buddha, is ‘worthy of a dagoba. A Pakkeka-Buddha is worthy of a ‘dagoba. A true hearer of the Tathagata is worthy of a ‘dagoba. A King of Kings is worthy of a dagoba.’ Then follows the explanation why each is worthy of the honour. As the successive statements are merely repetitions of one another, the first will be enough: ‘At the thought, Ananda, ‘this is the dagoba of that Blessed One, of that Arahāt-Buddha, the hearts of many shall be made calm and happy; ‘and since they there had calmed and satisfied their hearts, they

‘ will be re-born after death, when the body has dissolved, in the ‘ happy realms of heaven. It is on account of this circumstance, ‘ Ananda, that a Tathagata, an Arahāt-Buddha, is worthy ‘ of a dagoba,’ v. 28. In passing it may be noted that this text does not favour the notion that nirvana was extinction.

A good deal might be brought forward, if this were the place to do so, from other ancient systems to show that tomb worship was based on the idea that death was the passing, or re-birth, to another life, and this early authority of Buddhist teaching is in perfect keeping with other primitive religions. From the above quotation, it would not have been out of place to have written on the dagobas the words over the entrance to Mahomet’s tomb at Medina, ‘ This is the Gate of ‘ the Gardens of Paradise.’

Another illustration can be given which may possibly refer to the burial practices of the pre-Aryan races of India, but this application must depend on the rendering of the word Rakshasa. The word is generally translated as evil spirit, but some authorities consider that it may have been applied to some of the aboriginal tribes. If this were the case, it would not differ much from the word Asura. The Ramayana describes how Rama killed a Rakshasa, but he turned out to be a Gandharva transformed by a curse, and on his death he regained his original condition, but he demanded that his body should be buried after the manner of the Rakshasas. This is described :—

‘ And, Rama, cast me into a trench, and go away prosperously, for such is the immemorial custom in regard to deceased Rakshasas; such of them as are so interred attain to ever-enduring worlds.’ . . . ‘ Then Lakshmana, taking a spade, dug a suitable trench by the side of the great Viradha. And raising pin-eared, loud-voiced Rakshasa, after Rama had removed his foot from his throat, he cast him into the trench, resounding dreadfully.’

The Rakshasa rite in this case is distinctly the burial of the body, and it is essential, according to the above, to happiness in the ‘ worlds ’ to come. Buddha’s words to Ananda told that the worshipper at the dagoba, or tomb, would be re-born, after death, in the happy realms of heaven. The Mahomedans of the present day believe that a proper burial is necessary to reach heaven, and the worship at saints’ tombs is one of the marked features to be found over all the regions of Islam. From the scanty data of these extracts it may be assumed that cremation was not the rule of the aborigines of India, and that they attached much importance to the dead, and to their graves, and this feeling must have assumed such a character that it was continued in the religious forms of Buddhism.

The only material derived from the art remains bearing on these pre-Buddhist graves will be found in plates xxxii. and lxxxvi. of Mr. Fergusson's 'Tree and Serpent Worship.' The plates represent sculptures, one from Sanchi, and the other from Amravati; in both there is represented a small dome, not unlike a beehive, with a railing round it. The resemblance it bears to a Buddhist tope leads Mr. Fergusson to suggest that 'it remains uncertain whether we are to consider this as a 'dagoba, or a tomb, or a temple of some older people, from 'whom the Buddhists may afterwards have adopted this form 'for their dagobas.' Mr. Fergusson is probably right in his guess here, but in the present condition of our knowledge nothing more can be affirmed respecting the matter.

Instead of architecture originating in India, and spreading thence to other parts, if we except the pagoda of China, the Pavilion at Brighton is the only specimen of architecture that has ever emanated from that country. The wooden, pre-Aryan architecture, already referred to, so far as we know, was indigenous, and as a style it never was carried far to the north or west out of India.\* On the contrary, we know that the opposite process took place, and that other styles were taken into India. That the Aryans did not produce much change in the art of those they conquered is a supposition based on very slight authority. The earliest trace of an architectural influence reaching that country is that which came from Persia or the Euphrates valley. At a later time a Greek influence crossed the Indus; and the Mahomedan conquest brought with it the architecture of the conquering race. The British domination has also had its share in introducing new styles of architecture. Calcutta, the 'City of Palaces,' owes this doubtful title to houses built in the classical orders in brick, wood, and *chunam*. For some years back Gothic has been the favourite, and the facility of intercourse is now so complete that architectural fashions at home go out as regularly as the fashions in dress; and our latest depravity in building, the so-called Queen Anne style, is no doubt already known on the soil of Hindostan. It is conquest that carries religions, philosophies, art, and architecture from one region to another; and as the people of India were, principally owing to their

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\* The Lycian tombs bear so strong a resemblance to some features of this architecture that Indian archaeologists would not hesitate to believe that the style came from India, if anyone could explain how the style got to Lycia leaving no influence upon other countries on the route.



geographical position, not a conquering power, they never influenced other nations. Still the industrial and art instincts of the Indian race have been so strong that these various influences have had but small effect. On some lines the architecture of India has moved on in its changes and development untouched by what was around it. The origin of the Hindu temple has not yet been reached by archaeological investigation. It seems to have been a pure growth out of the Brahminical system, and it has preserved its own characteristics all but untouched by foreign influence up to the present day. Mahomedan architecture is the style that has dominated more than any other of foreign origin, and yet it ought rather to be described as existing alongside with the Hindu architecture, and not superseding it. Had the Hindu temple and the Mahomedan mosque not been so widely different, owing to the ceremonials required, a greater mixture of styles might have been the result; but, owing to a marked diversity in the form of worship, no adaptation from the one to the other has taken place.

The effect of Persian and Greek architecture on that of India is a subject invested at present with more interest. It is only lately that such influences have been realised, and as their full significance has not yet been determined, speculation on some of the points involved remains open, and is thus attractive to those who have made a study of these matters. As the influence from Persia, or the Euphrates valley, is the earlier of the two, it may be as well to consider it first. Mr. Fergusson's long study of Indian architecture has led him to the conclusion that there has been a sufficient intercourse at some early date between India and the Euphrates valley to affect the structural forms of the former of these regions. This idea crops up in many of Mr. Fergusson's later works, and we shall quote some of his references to this subject. The old stone platform, known as Jarasandh-ka-Baithak, and the interest it has in Mr. Fergusson's mind, has already been mentioned; he sees in this very old monument a close affinity to one of the forms which he believes were derived from the region of the Euphrates. In the Baithak there are fifteen small cells constructed in its sides,—this is necessary to understand Mr. Fergusson's remarks upon it, which are as follows: 'Though this at present may be considered as purely speculative, the arrangements of the Baithak point almost undoubtedly to Assyria as the country from which its forms were derived, and the Birs Nimroud, with its range of little cells on two sides, seems only a gigantic model of what is here

‘copied on a small and rude scale.’\* The theory here implied is that the wooden structure which rested on the Baithak was in stories, each one smaller than that on which it rested, thus producing something like a step-formed pyramid similar to the Birs Nimroud. The wonderful Paravata Vihara, described by Fah-Hian,† had five stories placed in this manner, and that each was smaller than the one beneath is evident from the number of chambers. The Setavana Vihara at Sravasti had seven stories,‡—agreeing exactly with the number of steps in the Mesopotamian model. The exact form and arrangement of these Buddhist monasteries will be found all worked out by Mr. Fergusson in ‘The Cave Temples of India,’ when treating of the Dharmaraja’s Ratha, one of the Rathas of Mahavallipur. Two or three engravings are given of it, which convey a perfect idea of the type. There is no reason to suppose that this was the only style adopted in these buildings, but it evidently was a common and favourite model, which was followed not only over most of India, but also in Ceylon. The Lowa Maha Paya, or Great Brazen Monastery, at Anaradhapura, had nine stories; but there is another monument in Ceylon, which, although not a monastery, is almost a perfect repetition of the Tower of Babel as given by our modern authorities: this is the Sat Mehal Prasada—the word *Sat* meaning ‘seven,’ which is the number of steps or terraces, the uppermost member being a small structure with a conical roof and a door, giving it the appearance of a temple. Of this structure Mr. Fergusson says: ‘It is one of the most perfect representations existing of the seven-storied temples of Assyria. . . . That this is a lineal descendant of the Birs Nimroud can hardly be doubted.’§ In describing the temples of Burmah he comes to a similar conclusion.

‘On the whole, however, I am inclined to believe, improbable as it at first sight may appear, that their real synonyms are to be found in Babylon, not in India. The Birs-Nimroud is, like them, a seven-storied temple, with external stairs leading up to a crowning cell or sanctuary.’||

A little further on, when dealing with the route by which this style came :—

‘It hardly appears to me doubtful that these Burmese seven-storied temples are the lineal descendants of the Babylonian examples, and

\* Cave Temples of India, p. 34.

† Beale’s ‘Fah-Hian,’ p. 139.

• ‡ Ibid. p. 76.

§ Indian and Eastern Architecture, p. 202.

|| Ibid., p. 618.

that we shall one day be able to supply the gaps which exist in their genealogy.'

In addition to this similarity of form in building, there are some architectural details found in India which are identical with what is known to have existed in Persia. Most prominent among these is the bell-shaped capital, which is so common in nearly all the architecture of the Buddhist period, that it might be given as one of its most distinctive characteristics. It is found represented in the sculptures of the Sanchi gateways, at the Bharhut Tope, and in almost all the early rock-cut Buddhist caves; it surmounts the well-known iron pillar at the Kutub, near Delhi. The Persepolitan capitals had a member above them formed of two demi-bulls, couchant, with their heads projecting outwardly. This marked feature is also found in India along with the bell-shaped capital. The Indian sculptors varied the design by introducing other animals instead of the bulls. In the columns of the Karli cave, elephants are introduced with men and women riding on them; in the Bedsa cave horses are represented; \* in the Nasik caves human-headed animals are found; † at Pitalkhora there are elephants, lions, and horses with wings.‡ Regarding this bell-shaped capital, Mr. Fergusson has some doubts as to the country to which its origin should be attributed. He says: 'This quasi-Persepolitan art in India is evidently derived from some wooden prototype, and may have been practised simultaneously in the two countries, without its being clear that the one borrowed its forms from the other.' § Ancient Persia was not so distant from Hindostan, so that similar forms may have been common to both. Hiouen-Tsang includes Persia in his account of India, and states that there were in that country two or three Buddhist monasteries, and 'plusieurs centaines de religieux.' || This so far implies a community of ideas, but the settlement of the point involved here will no doubt hinge on the larger question, already referred to, how far the architecture of India was affected by that of the Euphrates valley. At page 53 of Mr. Fergusson's 'Indian and Eastern Architecture' will be found represented the 'Assyrian honeysuckle ornament from capital of Lat, at Allahabad.' On the next page of the same work will be found the crowning member of a pillar at Sankissa, with another illustration of the honey-

\* *Indian and Eastern Architecture*, p. 113.

† *Cave Temples of India*, pl. xxiii. ‡ *Ibid.*, pl. xvi.

§ *Buddhist Architecture in the Jellalabad Valley*, p. 59.

|| *Julien's Trans.* vol. i, p. 179.

suckle ornament, crowning a capital of the 'Persepolitan type.' Winged animals have just been mentioned; winged griffins are also found at Sanchi; General Cunningham gives winged human-headed bulls from Buddha Gaya, which are probably nearly as old as the date of Asoka, and they have been referred to as strong evidence of a Persian influence as early as that time.

These examples will give some idea of the amount of material which is accumulating on the archæology of India, and how it has opened up questions of importance. Links, it will be seen, in some cases are wanting; we must wait for the necessary knowledge, which Mr. Fergusson hopes will some day be discovered, to fill up the gaps which exist in their genealogy. Unfortunately there are no historical data to explain how an architectural influence could have been carried from the Euphrates to the Ganges at that far-distant period. It might have come by sea, or it might have been carried overland, but history leaves us in the dark. Inscriptions tell us that Tiglath Pileser carried his conquests to Ariarva, or Ariana, which is understood to be the same as Afghanistan, as early as 736 B.C. This might account for the Assyrian forms of art, but it would be dangerous to assume anything as certain on such slender grounds. Darius Hystaspes, about 516 B.C., ruled as far as the Indus river, and it is possible that Persian forms of art may have been established there at that time. The remains of Buddhist architecture in the Jellalabad valley at the present day show a style almost wholly composed of a debased Corinthian, which it has been generally supposed was derived from the Greeks, who occupied Bactria, combined with pillars having the Persepolitan bell-shaped capital, surmounted by the two demi-bulls. If it is assumed that the Persian occupation of Ariana introduced the one style, and that it predominated there till the arrival of the Greek influence, that would account for the mingling of the two styles into one which seems to have resulted.

The conquest of a country is not always sufficient to introduce the art or architecture of the conquerors. Of this we have ample evidence in India. The occupation of the region by the conquering race generally produces some modification on the arts practised in the locality which has been invaded. It is not so long ago that it was said, if the British had been turned out of India, there would be nothing left as a monument of their rule but a few empty beer-bottles. We know that the Mahomedan conquerors of India at first employed the Hindus to build for them. There is sufficient evidence to show

that Alexander did not introduce the Greek influence; it was brought to Bactria during the Greek rule of that country, and gradually worked its way thence to the valley of the Indus. If Alexander built cities after the defeat of Porus on the banks of the Jhelum, or raised a monument to his horse Bucephalus, he must have been under the necessity of employing the workmen of the country, and they would build in their own style. The remains in the Punjab and the Peshawur Valley, which bear evidence of the Greek influence, all belong to a date centuries after the time of Alexander's invasion. As yet nothing has been found, nor is it likely anything ever will be found, in that region with traces of Greek art upon it as old as 300 B.C. The probable date of the Manikyala Tope, as given by Mr. Fergusson, is between the sixth and eighth century A.D. This monument bears on it evidence of the Greek influence, and it was the traditional 'Tomb of Bucephalus.' Its character of being a Buddhist tope is now beyond dispute, and its date makes its connexion with Alexander's time impossible. The Bactrian coins show that Greek artists must have been employed upon them. A glance at the plates of the '*Ariana Antiqua*' will make this evident. The earlier coins are the most purely Greek in their style; native artists must have copied these, and in the course of time the art, as seen on these coins, deteriorates, till at last its original character is all but lost. As these coins bear evidence that artists were brought from Greece to Bactria, it may be safely assumed that architects also came, who introduced their own architecture. At first the buildings they erected would in all probability be purely Greek in manner, but after the removal or death of the first introducers, when the style would be copied and re-copied by the natives, it would as surely lose whatever amount of purity it originally possessed, as the art on the coins did. In the Jellalabad valley the remains show that this bastard style had come into existence, and was regularly in use. It is a mixture of Persepolitan and Greek, combined with some features derived from India.

The style introduced from Greece through Bactria has been called the 'Greek,' 'Indo-Grecian,' the 'Græco-Bactrian,' and the 'Græco-Buddhist.' As it has been suggested that a Roman or perhaps even a Byzantine connexion was kept up, and influenced the art, the word Greek becomes a doubtful one to use. That being the case, the term Indo-Classical might be adopted, as that will imply no assumption regarding the question. The peculiar buildings which Mr. Fergusson thinks were copied from the Birs Nimroud extended over the

length of India, and even beyond that country as far as Ceylon and Burmah. The Persepolitan capitals with animals over them exist as far south as Sanchi, Bharhut, Nasick, and Karli. The spread of the Indo-Classical style was limited as to space in comparison with either of these. The Punjab and Kashmir are its boundaries on the south and on the east. As yet no remains have been found in the plains south of the Jhelum or Hydaspes. The Indo-Classical remains in Kashmir, and most of those in the Punjab, belong to a class distinct from that of the Buddhist period. The temples in which it is found are Brahminical, and from that date the style may be taken as later than the other, of which it was an offshoot. It is combined with forms not to be found either in Gandhara or the Jellalabad valley; some of these are of Indian derivation, but the exceptional fact is presented to us of forms in this region having been derived from the Doric and the Ionic. Some remains of Ionic have been found in Gandhara, or the Peshawur valley, and a fragment of a small volute in plaster turned up in the late explorations at Hada, near Jellalabad; but these are exceptions. West of the Indus, so far as knowledge up to the present enables a judgment to be made, the style was Corinthian—no indication of Doric has as yet been come upon in that region. This remarkable isolation of the Doric and Ionic presents a most curious problem as to how its germs were carried through Afghanistan, and only took root on the left bank of the Indus. Apollonius of Tyana describes Taxila as if it were a Greek city, with its king able to converse in the Greek language. As Taxila was a place of importance almost in the centre of the locality under consideration, such an authority as Apollonius naturally calls for some remark. Unfortunately he is found worthless, for his descriptions of India, where they are not so vague as to escape judgment, are so unlike what is known of the country at the same date from other sources, that the work of Philostratus must be rejected as entirely fictitious. The Chinese pilgrims describe with great minuteness the legends of Buddha connected with the spots they visited, and the marvellous tales of Buddhist saints and dragons, and it is only at times a sentence is found in their accounts which bears on the architecture; but they throw no light on the question under discussion. Perhaps further explorations may add to our knowledge, and with hopes that such may be the case, the solution of the problem must be left to the future.

There is a still more puzzling question connected with the Indo-Classic style of Kashmir which may be noticed here.

Not many years ago a French naturalist, named Mouhot, was catching butterflies in the jungles of Cambodia, when he came upon the ruins of a very large temple, in an entirely neglected condition, which had remained hitherto unknown to the archaeologists of the West. The size of this place may be conceived from Mr. Fergusson's statement that it covers nearly as much ground as the great temple of Karnac in Egypt. The outer wall of the building is more than 1,000 yards in length on each side of a square, and it is certainly one of the largest and finest monuments in the world. The architecture is of a very substantial and elaborate kind. M. Mouhot was struck down by fever, and died; but a French expedition was sent out, and detailed plans and drawings have been brought home. Mr. J. Thomson, a photographer, in a most courageous way managed to take his camera to the spot, and was able to bring home an ample supply of data connected with this wonderful monument, so that its architectural character is now well known. The remarkable point connected with this temple of Nakhon Wat, as it is called, is that its style presents a close affinity with the Indo-Classical of Kashmir just referred to. As yet no satisfactory explanation as to how this style was carried from the one country to the other has been found; that it went down the Indus and passed on to Cambodia by sea is a solution that does not present itself as satisfactory: to suppose that it took the straight line through the Himalayas, or passed down the Gangee, seems equally incredible. In this case the probability may be that when the temple was determined on an architect had been sent for to Kashmir; something similar to this may have originated the Doric and Ionic on the left bank of the Indus. The arrival of an adventurer who had some slight knowledge of a style would be sufficient to account for the peculiarities of a building or two in the country of his adoption, or for any fragments of it he introduced being found afterwards. The 'History of Architecture' contains plentiful illustration of this. The appearance of Florentine inlaid ornament at Delhi and Agra about the time of Shahjehan may serve as an example; the history of it is now pretty well understood, and we know it was owing to one—or it may have been more than one—foreigner, who was employed there at the time. The art, under the name of 'munubbut,' still remains, and is practised, according to Mr. Keene, by Hindus, being still confined to almost the same limits in which it was first introduced.

General Cunningham has described the Greek influence as coming through Bactria, and deteriorating from its first intro-

duction to the condition now exhibited in the remains. Colonel Yule has expressed himself as being favourable to this view of the subject. Mr. Fergusson, on the other hand, is inclined to believe that the art impulse from the West did not cease with its first inspiration through the Greek occupation of Bactria, but that it continued down to the time when Greek art in the West was succeeded by the Roman, if not to the Byzantine period. In support of this he points to the gold coins of Trajan, Domitian, and Hadrian found by Mr. Simpson in the central cell of the Ahin Posh Tope, near Jellalabad; and to others of the Emperors Theodosius, Martian, and Leo, which were found by Mr. Masson, as evidence that a connexion of some kind had been kept up between the East and the West, at least as late as the fifth century A.D. He also thinks that the Corinthian found in the Peshawur and Jellalabad valleys bears a stronger resemblance to that of the Roman than to the Grecian order. To this he adds, that if one of the bas-reliefs of Buddhist sculpture were photographed along with an ivory of the time of Valentinian, few persons would be able to detect that they belonged to different styles of art. Although this is undoubtedly true in regard to the sculptures, it is only a general resemblance which is to be found. Mr. Fergusson admits that if they are looked into the details would betray them. Had the flow of art continued to run east down to the early centuries of the Christian era, something more definite would be expected than a general appearance of style. As an illustration, the arch figures largely among the decorative part of these sculptures. This is one of the features which assist more than anything else to give the resemblance to the art of Valentinian's time, and yet this arch is not a Roman one, but is descended from the original wooden architecture of India. There are other details which contribute their share to make up this general appearance which are purely local. The Corinthian capitals are so changed that it cannot be affirmed with certainty from what particular style they were originally derived. Still, they tend so far to prove a late date. The treatment of drapery, and in many cases the features of the figures, are, as Mr. Fergusson states, very like late Roman or Byzantine work; but whether this is the result of a continued connexion, or of the same process taking place in Bactria and Afghanistan, which took place with the art in the West, is the question on which in this case it is so difficult to arrive at a conclusion.

The discovery that Greek art had in the past reached the Indus, and even crossed that river, has led to considerable dis-



cussion regarding the origin of stone as a material of building in India, as well as the origin of Indian sculpture. Mr. Fergusson is inclined to think that it was the use of stone by the Greeks in Bactria which led to the adoption of that material by the people of India. General Cunningham has also expressed himself in favour of this idea, but Rajendralala Mitra rejects it. The suggestion is founded on what can scarcely be doubted, that the original wooden architecture began to change into a lithic form about the period when the Indo-Classic structures had come into existence in the North-west. The opinion founded on this change has been put forth as little more than a suggestion, and has not been assumed by any of the authorities named as an established fact. Our knowledge of Indian sculpture begins with the stone period of building; hence it is supposed also that the idea of this kind of work was first borrowed from the art practised in Gandhara and the Jellalabad valley. General Cunningham brings forward the existence of anthropomorphic forms at Buddha Gaya, such as centaurs, mermaids, kinnaras—a kind of hippocampus—as supporting the idea that these imaginary animals were derived from the Greek representations of them. Dr. Rajendralala Mitra points out that these mythological creatures are not unknown to Sanscrit literature, and that being the case there is no necessity for the theory. Still, supposing these forms were copied, it is rather hard to believe that there was no sculpture in India previous to the time of Asoka.

There are many other points which remain tempting the pen to proceed, but enough has now been said to convey some idea of what has been already done in this field of Indian architectural archæology. As the study of Sanscrit literature is now found to be connected with the literature of other countries, and the advanced knowledge of it is shedding a light upon other languages, so it is with Indian archæology. As its enquiries are pushed back into the far past, it is found that the conditions which are reached bear upon other races of men and other systems of the ancient world. This could not be expressed in a more striking way than by pointing out that the recent discoveries in the Peshawur and Jellalabad valleys, before alluded to in this article, have opened up a new chapter in the history of Greek art.

ART. III.—1. *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*. A Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. London: 1882.

2. *Animal Intelligence*. By GEORGE J. ROMANES, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1882.

EIGHT years ago Auguste Forel, of Geneva, published an interesting account of the ants of Switzerland, which was noticed in this Journal at the beginning of 1877. When this book appeared, Sir John Lubbock had only just commenced his systematic study of the habits of the social insects. His first series of observations on ants, bees, and wasps was printed in the Journal of the Linnæan Society in 1874, almost simultaneously with the publication of M. Forel's treatise. Since that time he has been assiduously engaged in prosecuting his investigations in this fascinating department of natural history, and the conclusions at which he has thus far arrived are now presented to the public in the interesting volume which it is the chief object of this article to bring under notice. Sir John Lubbock includes bees and wasps, as well as ants, in his campaigns of observation and experiment, but he considers that ants are most amenable to his strategy, and most fruitful in results. The chief difficulty in the case of the ant is that it works principally in the dark. The most important operations of its social life are carried on underground, or in nests enclosed within dense and opaque walls. This difficulty, however, Sir John evades by the employment of glass nests which he has himself devised. These nests are constructed of square panes of glass, connected together at their edges by slips of wood so arranged that they are kept just sufficiently far apart to leave convenient moving space for the particular kind of ant that is to be domiciled within. These transparent nests were either kept in shallow boxes made ant-tight, although not air-tight, by glass covers resting upon baize, or they were arranged upon stands surrounded by trenches of water, deep and broad enough to prevent escape. Six of these nests were placed one above the other on platforms pivoted upon a vertical rod, so that any one in the series could be turned out from the rest whilst under observation, and then turned back when not in use. The ants under this arrangement could range up and down from nest to nest; but each series of six was shut off from the rest of the world by a larger platform or parade-ground below, circumvallated by a water ditch of sufficiently wide span to catch any venture-

some ant that might chance to fall from the edges of the nests above. The space in each nest between the two panes of glass was filled with fine earth, and varied in depth from the tenth, to a quarter, of an inch. In order to meet the desire of the ants for darkness, each nest was covered up by an opaque screen, excepting when its inmates were under observation. A small door for ingress and egress was left through the wooden slip at one of the corners. Sir John has kept in captivity, in nests of this kind, about one half the thirty species of British ants, besides some foreign ones, and has generally had from thirty to forty communities simultaneously under observation during the last few years.

Some little contrivance is of course required to induce ants to enter nests of this unusual character. But this Sir John accomplishes in a very simple and easy way. The method which he adopts is described in his own words, in the following paragraph:—

‘Of course it was impossible to force the ants into these glass nests. On the other hand, when once the right way is known, it is easy to induce them to go in. When I wished to start a new nest, I dug one up and brought home the ants and earth all together. I then put them over one of my artificial nests on one of the platforms surrounded by a moat of water. Gradually the outer earth dried up, while that between the two plates of glass, being protected from evaporation, retained its moisture. Under these circumstances the ants found it more suitable to their requirements, and gradually deserted the drier mould outside, which I removed by degrees. In the earth between the plates of glass the ants tunnelled out passages and chambers varying in form according to the circumstances and species. Even between the plates of glass the earth gradually dried up, and I had to supply artificial rain from time to time. Occasionally also I gave them an altogether new nest. They seem, however, to get attached to their old homes, and I have one community which has inhabited the same glass case ever since 1874.’

Sir John Lubbock found that the employment of these transparent nests afforded him great facilities for studying the internal economy of ants and for following up the behaviour of individual insects. But, in order to accomplish this, he had to devise some plan for marking the individual that he was watching, so that he could recognise it at once amongst its companions. The course he pursued was to treat the ant to a little honey, and then to seize the opportunity, whilst it was intent upon the enjoyment of the delicious feast, of placing a distinctive dab of paint upon its back. With bees and wasps the same end was attained by snipping a minute fragment off the extremity of the wing. His observations prove that

different species of ants are marked by a great diversity of habits; and he thinks that there is also some difference of character in individuals of the same species, and that even the same individual behaves itself differently as surrounding influences are modified. The great object contemplated in the study of these lowly creatures is, of course, the discovery of the precise nature of the faculties by which their methodical lives are ordered.

Until very recently it has been considered by entomologists that the life of the ant in its mature state is a very short one. Even Forel conceived the life of the perfected female to be limited to a single year. In reference to this the value of Sir John Lubbock's method of enquiry becomes strikingly obvious. He has at the present time two queens in his nests, which have been pensioners on his bounty since 1874, which laid fertile eggs in 1881, and which seem to be still in vigorous vitality. He has also some neuters, or workers, which have lived with him since 1875. This, therefore, is one particular in which the ant has a great advantage over the wasp. Even the workers of the wasp community always terminate their lives in the autumn.

It has long been known that the workers amongst ants are imperfectly developed females, in which the powers of reproduction are not matured. It was supposed that the insects which stand in this category never produce fertile eggs, and it was on this account that they received the designation of neuters. Sir John Lubbock has, however, quite established the fact that this is not the case, and that the workers occasionally lay fertile eggs, and that whenever they *do* so the eggs are invariably hatched into males, the comparatively useless members of the industrial community. In several nests where there were no queens, eggs were produced which all hatched into males. In a nest of *Formica cinerea* fifteen eggs were thus laid in 1876, and came to maturity. The produce was all male. In 1877 twelve eggs were laid, and came to maturity. All yielded males. In a nest of *Lasius niger* in 1876, one hundred workers' eggs hatched into one hundred males. In a nest of *Polyergus rufescens*, forwarded by M. Forel in 1876, the workers laid some eggs, which all produced males. Sir John himself says:—'Indeed, in all of my queenless nests, males have been produced; and in but a single queenless nest has a worker laid eggs which have produced a female, either a queen or worker. Perhaps I ought to add that workers are abundantly produced in those of my nests which produce a queen.'

It has been generally held that the queens and ordinary

workers amongst ants are produced from different kinds of eggs. Dewitz took this view in his treatise on the 'Construction and Development of the Stings of Ants.' Sir John Lubbock, on the other hand, thinks that ants, like bees, possess the power of causing the same eggs to produce either queens or workers, by varying the food of the larva from the instant it is hatched. It is well known that bees do this, and he suggests it is highly improbable a different plan would be pursued to attain this end by insects that are otherwise so closely allied as bees and ants. He states that, although thousands of males and workers have been produced from the eggs comprised within his artificially isolated nests, he has never had a queen so produced until the present year, and he infers that it is extremely unlikely this would have been the case if the formation of the queen depended solely upon the character of the egg.

Most people are aware that ants are helpless grubs in the first stage of their existence, and that they are at that time entirely dependent for their existence upon the assiduous care of the workers of their nest. They are carried about from place to place, and fed, by their attendants. There are few observers who have not watched ants carrying their so-called eggs about. They are, in such cases, seen scurrying along with little white balls firmly grasped in their mandibles. The Dutch microscopist, Leuwenhoek, who lived towards the end of the seventeenth century, was the first who made out that these so-called eggs are really the larvæ and pupæ of the ants—the babies rather than the eggs of the community. The larvæ are small white grubs of a somewhat conical shape, and entirely destitute of legs. When they have been fed up to their full maturity, they change into the pupæ, which are in some cases enclosed within a cocoon, and in some cases left naked. The French naturalist, Latreille, first drew attention to this circumstance. No nourishment is given to the pupæ. The feeding terminates with the larval state. But both the larvæ and pupæ are continually shifted about from chamber to chamber by their attendants, apparently to secure their receiving the proper amount of warmth and moisture. Sir John Lubbock says the larvæ are sorted out according to their age and size. He has frequently seen them arranged into groups in this way, in his nests, and strongly suggesting the idea of a school divided into classes of different grades. The larval period of the ant's life lasts from a month to six or seven weeks, and, in some instances that Sir John Lubbock observed, continued through an entire winter. The pupæ remain in their

passive state from three to four weeks without any increase of size or weight, and then change into the perfect insect, which emerges from its pupal investments most commonly with the assistance of some of the nurses. The perfected insect once more takes food, but it does not increase in weight or size. It is as large when it comes out from its pupal cerements as it will ever be. Sir John Lubbock entirely confirms the statements of older naturalists, and of Gould and Forel in particular, that the pupæ have to avail themselves of the assistance of their attendants to get clear from the cocoons and wrappings of their pupal state. Attention was pointedly drawn to this curious circumstance in the review of M. Forel's book already alluded to, with the remark that this assistance is more imperatively required in the case of the males and females than in that of the workers, on account of the cumbersome size of their wings and abdominal segments. Sir John Lubbock is convinced that in many cases the insects would assuredly perish if they did not receive this help, and states that he has seen the workers in his nests carefully and tenderly unfolding the legs and smoothing out the wings of the newly emancipated males and females. It is certainly a very remarkable circumstance that in the social arrangements of these creatures this particular kind of service is provided for. The waste wrappings are carried away after the disentanglement, and heaped up outside of the nest.

The marauding expeditions of ants are easily understood if a departure is taken from this pertinacious habit of carrying larvæ and pupæ about. Such excursions are commonly spoken of as slave-making expeditions, but this is altogether an inappropriate and misleading method of describing them. The ants do not make slaves from the communities that they despoil; they only carry away the babies, and then rear them tenderly as their own, so that the little captives in reality never become aware of the spoliation which has been perpetrated. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the spoliators themselves are quite conscious of the nefarious character of their act. A very large part of the occupation of an ant's life consists in carrying something about. If the workers of a nest are watched, when they are engaged in an out-of-door excursion, it will be seen that they are always on the look-out for something to carry; and if it so chance that in their devious wanderings they enter a neighbour's house and penetrate into the nursery, it is quite impossible they should resist the temptation to take the tender nurslings up in their cradles and carry them about. But, once engaged in this congenial

occupation, nothing can be more natural than that they should carry their little burdens off to their own nests, and establish them in safety there amongst their own brood. From the instant they have got the little treasures in their mandibular grip they, in all probability, never realise the fact that these are other than their own proper charges. Any attempt that is made to rescue them from their grasp is felt to be an unjustifiable and aggressive interference with their rights, and is on that account to be resisted to the death. In their simple code of ethics, babies are things to be nursed and reared, and all babies are alike, and to be appropriated and utilised whenever and wherever they are to be had. The gentleness and constancy of their care for their little captives at once receives an intelligible explanation from this view of the matter. They never behave to them in any sense as if they were slaves, but at once adopt them as children of the house; and from that time forward the captives themselves render their captors only ready and loving service. Sir John Lubbock remarks that he has occasionally noticed the small brown ant carrying the seeds of the violet into its nest, and that he has never been able to discover the purpose for which they were so taken. It is most probable that the carriers may have been under some broad general notion that they were dealing with babies which required to be lodged and nursed. Sir John himself remarks that most ants, whether stigmatised as slavers or not, carry off larvæ whenever they get the chance.

The well-authenticated fact that ants occasionally carry the eggs of aphides into their nests, and treat them exactly as if they were the eggs of their own community, seems to give an increased probability to this view of the transaction. The acute naturalist Gould, in his 'Account of English Ants,' alluded to the presence of these objects in a nest of the *Lasius flavus*, but he mistook them for veritable ants' eggs. He states that the queen lays three different kinds of eggs, of which one kind are of a dark brown colour, and laid in March. These are, however, in reality the eggs of an aphid. Sir John Lubbock first had his attention caught by these dark aphides' eggs in February 1876, and noticed that the ants were taking great care of them, and that they carried them off hastily to the lower and safer chambers of the nest whenever this was disturbed. He brought some of the dark eggs home, and deposited them near one of his glass nests. They were seized upon by the ants and carried in; and in due course of time he had the satisfaction of seeing them hatched into aphides. If ants, in their broad character of general foragers, came across

eggs of this character, some of them would be carried into their nests, and the ants would then, in the end, have the benefit of their adventurous acquisitiveness.

The mature ants feed on insects,—which they destroy in great numbers,—honey, honey-dew, and pretty well all kinds of sweet substances and soft animal textures. The ants have, nevertheless, no power of masticating, nor indeed of eating in the technical sense. They do not chew. Their method of feeding is by crushing and tearing up with their powerful mandibles such substances as they have seized, and then lapping up with their large lips and tongue whatever nourishing juices and liquids they can appropriate from the disintegrated fragments. They do not ordinarily store up food for future use, as has been popularly conceived, at least in temperate climates, for the best of all reasons. The substances on which they feed do not admit of preservation. Dry seeds, such as grain, yield nothing that can be extracted by lapping. Colonel Sykes, in his description of an Indian ant, the *Pheidole providens*, states that this species does carry grass-seeds into its nest to be used as food, and that he has seen the ants bringing up their grain stores from the inner chamber after a thunder-storm to dry them in the sunshine. The harvesting of grain, however, seems certainly to be an exceptional rather than an ordinary proceeding, and to be adopted only by ants of warm countries. The explanation which is adopted as to the probable object of this proceeding is to the effect that they keep the grain in their nests until it germinates, and then tear it up to get at the sweet juices generated by the conversion of the starch into sugar. It is also believed by some observers that they know how to check the germination at inconvenient times by nipping off the points of the young shoots. Sir John Lubbock quotes an account of an agricultural ant of Texas by Gideon Lincecum, which describes it as carefully cultivating the ant rice, the *Aristida oligantha*, in gardens ten or twelve feet across, which are laid out in convenient situations near the entrance of the nests, and as harvesting the grain. These accounts have, at any rate, a value in directing the attention of observers to a subject that is deserving of further investigation. Sir John remarks, in alluding to these reputed instances of agricultural enterprise, that he has himself noticed that certain species of plants alone are allowed to grow upon their nests by some of the ants of Algeria.

The first formation of the nest of the ant is a subject to which Sir John Lubbock has given considerable attention, and upon which he has thrown some new light by his



method of experiment. He found that, as Huber and Forel conceived, fertile queens from another nest will certainly not be received by a young community that is destitute in the matter of a queen. They are invariably attacked and driven away or killed. In no case in which he introduced a queen into one of his nests was she accepted; but he found that if he put a queen apart from the nest, with a few workers, they did not attack her, but gradually brought other ants into their following, and finally adopted her, and started a fresh nest on their own account. This tends to support Forel's statement that the new nest is generally formed by the young female hollowing out a little cavity in the ground, stripping off her wings, and laying her eggs there; and that a few workers from a neighbouring nest, stumbling upon her casually, attach themselves to her, and so found a new colony. There seems to be no doubt that the females which issue from a nest in flight, go straight away, and never return to the parent nest. It was once conceived that the young queen produced her fresh staff of attendant workers by hatching her own eggs. But this is almost certainly a mistake.

Sir John Lubbock's investigations clearly prove that there is some kind of division of labour in the domestic economy of ants. This was instanced in one very striking and complete experiment which may advantageously be told in the experimenter's own words, on account of the excellent illustration it affords of the patient way in which his enquiries were carried on. He says:—

'In the autumn of 1875 I noticed an ant belonging to one of my nests of *Formica fusca* out feeding alone. The next day the same ant was again out by herself, and for some weeks no ant, so far as I observed, came out to the food. I did not, however, watch her with sufficient regularity. In the winter of 1876, therefore, I kept two nests under close observation, having arranged with my daughters and their governess, Miss Wendland (most conscientious observers), that one of us should look at them once an hour during the day. One of the nests contained about two hundred individuals of *Formica fusca*, the other was a nest of *Polyergus rufescens*, with the usual slaves, about four hundred in number. The mistresses themselves never came out for food, leaving all this to the slaves.

'The feeders in the case of the *Polyergus* at the beginning of the experiments' (of which the full details are given in a table) 'were registered as Nos. 5, 6, and 7. On November 22 a friend, registered as No. 8, came to the honey, and again on December 11; but with these two exceptions the whole of the supplies were carried by Nos. 5 and 6, with a little help from No. 7.

'Thinking now it might be alleged that possibly these were merely

unusually active or greedy animals, I imprisoned No. 6 when she came out to feed on the 5th. No other ant had been out to the honey for some days; and it could therefore hardly be accidental that on that very evening another ant (then registered as No. 9) came out for food. This ant then took the place of No. 6, and (No. 5 being imprisoned on January 11) took in all the supplies, again with a little help from No. 7. So matters continued till the 17th, when I imprisoned No. 9, and then again, i.e. on the 19th, another ant (No. 10) came out for the food, aided on and after the 22nd by another (No. 11). This seems to me very curious. From November 1 to January 5, with two or three casual exceptions, the whole of the supplies were carried in by three ants, one of whom, however, did comparatively little. The other two were imprisoned, and then, but not till then, a fresh ant appears on the scene. She carried in the food for a week; and then, she being imprisoned, two others undertook the task. On the other hand, in Nest 1, where the first foragers were not imprisoned, they continued during the whole time to carry in the necessary supplies.

'The facts therefore certainly seem to indicate that certain ants are told off as foragers, and that during winter, when little food is required, two or three are sufficient to provide it.'

The table referred to in this passage occupies several pages in the appendix, and gives hour by hour particulars of the numbered ants, so that any observer who desires to do so may examine the evidence from which the conclusions are drawn. The appendix at the end of the volume is of the highest possible value for this purpose, and also because its tables so aptly suggest the most available plan for the extension of the enquiry by any one who may feel inclined to take up the unexhausted threads of the investigation. The structure of the ant, it may be here observed, is especially adapted to this plan of feeding by particular foragers told off. The proventriculus, or first stomach, is fashioned into a capacious and convenient honey-bag, suitable for holding and carrying the collected supply, and has its muscular coats so arranged that small quantities from the store can be squeezed back from time to time, as the larvæ are fed, and that such portions only as are required for the nourishment of the collector itself shall be passed on through a valvular opening armed with rigid horny plates, into the alimentary canal, to be digested and assimilated in the ordinary way. The portion of the food which has passed this valve is incapable of being regurgitated. The workers feed the larvæ by placing mouth to mouth, and throwing up the liquid food from the store-bag into the mouth of the young one, which may be seen to stretch out its little brown head for the apportioned supply.

Sir John Lubbock remarks that English ants do not seem ever to be constituted into specific receptacles for any pro-

longed storage of gathered nourishment, but he alludes to M. Westmael's description of an American ant—the *Myrmecocystus mexicanus*—of which special insects of each nest are actually converted into living honey-pots. The foragers bring their contributions to these, and store them so that they may be available for future redistribution, as food supplies are required in the ordinary economy of the nest. Sir John has received specimens of a similar kind from Adelaide in Australia, and is therefore quite satisfied that M. Westmael's description is essentially exact. The abdomen of the insects in these instances becomes so immensely distended that it is converted into an enormous crop, and the individuals which are thus made into honey-pots are altogether disqualified for performing any other function in life than that of receiving and giving out honey.

The *Polyergus rufescens*, alluded to in the preceding extract, is the well-known slave-making ant which was described by Huber. It is a large insect of a reddish-brown colour, which is entirely supported by the assiduous care of its captured attendants. Sir John Lubbock received a nest of this species from M. Forel, which he succeeded in keeping for observation during four years, and he is satisfied that these ants never fed themselves, and that when the community changed its nest, which it did several times during this period of captivity, the ants of the ruling species were carried from the one to the other by the slaves. He was quite convinced that these ants would have died of starvation if they had been kept in a box by themselves, even if abundantly supplied with food. They seemed to have lost entirely the ordinary instinct of feeding themselves. He, however, kept isolated specimens alive, and in perfect health, for three months by giving them a slave for one or two hours a day to feed and clean them. He says, in reference to the mode of life of this species:—

'*Polyergus rufescens* present a striking lesson of the degrading tendency of slavery, for these ants have become entirely dependent on their slaves. Even their bodily structure has undergone a change: the mandibles have lost their teeth and have become mere nippers—deadly weapons indeed, but useless except in war. They have lost the greater part of their instincts: their art—that is, the power of building; their domestic habits—for they show no care for their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry—they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by the slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding.'

In another passage Sir John attempts to trace the degrad-

ing influence of this abrogation of the ordinary functions of self-helpful life through four somewhat allied species, which he conceives to illustrate so many successive steps in degradation. He considers that the large and powerful *Formica sanguinea* has only recently taken to slave-making, and that it has not yet been materially affected by the degrading habit. The *Polyergus*, having made further progress in the downward road, seems to have lost its knowledge of art, its natural affection for its young, and even its instinct of feeding, although it still remains a bold and powerful marauder. In another slave-making species, *Strongylognathus testaceus*, the ants are no longer able to capture their slaves in fair and open warfare, and will only fight when roused by attack. In the *Anergates*, already spoken of, the degradation may be looked upon as more nearly complete, the insect having become, under the predominance of its enervating indolence, almost extinct. These degraded ants, it will be remembered, have been described as having no workers at all of their own species, and as being entirely dependent upon the good offices of the workers of *Tetramorium caespitum*.

The *Polyergus* ants are, however, active enough in their aggressive propensities. The following passage contains Sir John Lubbock's testimony on this point:—

'*Polyergus rufescens*, the celebrated slave-making and amazon ant, has a mode of combat almost peculiar to herself. The jaws are very powerful, and pointed. If attacked—if, for instance, another ant seizes her by a leg—she at once takes her enemy's head into her jaws, which generally makes her quit her hold. If she does not, the *Polyergus* closes her mandibles, so that the points pierce the brain of her enemy, paralysing the nervous system. The victim falls in convulsions, setting free her terrible foe. In this manner a comparatively small force of *Polyergus* will fearlessly attack much larger armies of other species, and suffer themselves scarcely any loss.'

In another place he states that this species is perhaps the bravest of all the ants. If an isolated individual finds itself surrounded by enemies, it never attempts to fly, as most other ants would, but transfixes its assailants one after another, springing right and left with great agility, until it is overwhelmed by numbers.

The *Formica exsecta*, however, is perhaps a more dangerous assailant, although a less powerful insect. It is this ant which Sir John Lubbock has described as dancing about at close quarters with great agility, to avoid the strokes of its antagonists, whilst biting right and left. When fighting with larger insects it jumps on their backs, and seizes them by the

neck and antennæ ; occasionally several make a simultaneous and concerted attack, three or four engaging the attention of the enemy by pulling it about different ways, whilst one mounts upon its back, and saws off its head by the adroit application of the formidable serrated mandibles. The pertinacity with which many of the most bellicose ants cling to an enemy, when they have once closed their mandibles, is very remarkable. If an ant be merely touched with a bristle, it at once seizes it in its mandibles. In alluding to this Sir John refers to a statement made by M. Mocquerys, which is to the effect that the pertinacity is turned to account by the Indians of Brazil, who induce ants to bite the two lips of a wound when held approximated closely together, and then snip off the insects' heads. M. Mocquerys states that he has actually seen natives with wounds in course of healing with the edges held together by seven or eight ants' heads. A vivid imagination might conceive that the idea of the spring tenacula of modern surgery may have been primarily taken from this application of the ant's mandibles.

Ants appear to live in a state of perpetual hostility to other animals. Sir John, indeed, has been at some pains to show that this all but universal spirit of antagonism applies between different nests of the same species as well as between different species. He relates some very curious experiments bearing upon this. He had observed that intruders from another nest were either promptly driven away or killed. He accordingly, to test the depth of the feeling of hostility, first put half-a-dozen ants, taken from a given nest, into a bottle, and, after tying its mouth up with muslin, placed it close to the entrance of a nest. He found that the ants, which passed continually out from and in to the nest, were profoundly indifferent to the condition of their imprisoned associates. He then treated ants taken from another nest of the same species in a precisely similar way, and the muslin was forthwith torn down and the imprisoned ants killed. He next placed two bottles, of which one contained ants belonging to the nest and the other ants from a strange nest, in the same position. The result of this crucial experiment is given in the following passage:—

‘ On September 2, therefore, I put two ants from one of my nests of *Formica fusca* into a bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin as described, and laid it down close to its nest. In a second bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably. The whole day, one, two, or more ants

stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected round it, a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were more or less ants round the bottle containing the strangers; while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends. On the 9th the ants had eaten through the muslin, and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment; but as I found two ants lying dead, one in the bottle, and one just outside, I think there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected.'

The experiment was repeated on three other occasions with precisely the same result. The slave-making ant, *Polyergus rufescens*, alone was indifferent alike to strangers and friends, Sir John suggests because the warlike spirit of these ants had been destroyed by their enervated life amid their slaves. Sir John's own conclusion from these experiments is that hatred seems to be a stronger passion among ants than affection.

The tests which Sir John contrived for examining the ants' sense of companionship and friendship are amongst the most curious features of his experimental proceedings. He first placed several individuals under the influence of chloroform, and laid them in a helpless state on a frequented path, which the ants of one of his nests were traversing for supplies of honey. For a considerable time no notice was taken of any of them; but after three hours some among them, which belonged to another nest, were carried away and thrown over the edge of the ditch of the platform into the water. Four others of the chloroformed ants, which belonged to the nest, were not meddled with, and no attempt was made to help them in their disabled state. Several other experiments of a similar character all tended to the same conclusion, that insensible but still living ants are left to their fate, and not carried away by their friends to a place of safety. Sir John next tried what would happen if the ants were made inebriate with strong drink. He then found that sixteen which had been inmates of the nest were taken home, while five were thrown into the water; but fifteen which had been strangers were thrown into the water, while three were taken into the nest, but brought out again and thrown into the water as soon as the mistake was discovered. In yet other cases, Sir John immersed ants in water until they were nearly drowned, and then left them in a state of suspended animation in the track of constantly passing friends. In no single case was any notice taken of them. He also buried ants alive under a thin layer of earth in similar

positions, leaving them there for hours, and no attempt was at any time made by their friends to succour or release them.

A very exhaustive series of observations was carried out to determine the capacity of ants to distinguish the members of their own community from strangers. That some such capacity exists is obvious from the thoroughly established fact that intrusive strangers are driven out of a nest. This, of course, could not be done unless strangers were distinguished from friends. Sir John found that when strangers and acquaintances or friends were introduced together into a nest, the strangers were fiercely driven out or killed, while the friends were allowed to remain, after some slight investigation as to their claims, but without any signs of welcome or rejoicing such as Huber described. When ants were kept away from the nest for some months, and then allowed to return, they were occasionally attacked, but Sir John thinks mainly because there were then young workers in the nest to whom they had not been previously known. They were never, however, killed, or ultimately driven away. In every case, the mistake seemed to be discovered before matters had been carried to extremities. In one instance, three individuals were put back into their own nest after they had been isolated from their companions for a year and nine months, and they were all recognised as friends, and allowed to remain. The ants of the *Lasius flavus* species seemed to tolerate the presence of individuals of the same kind from different and even from remote nests.

The attempt was next made to ascertain how it is that ants manage to distinguish acquaintances and friends from strangers, and this part of the investigation necessitated the adoption of a very cunning course of enquiry; more, indeed, than can be here followed in full detail. Mr. M'Cook, the author of an account of the mound-making ants of the Alleghanies, argues that the recognition is due to scent, because upon one occasion friendly ants which had been accidentally immersed in water were not recognised, the scent having apparently been removed by the water. Sir John, however, doubts the accuracy of this conclusion. He found that ants removed from a nest in the condition of pupæ, but afterwards nursed by friends, were recognised and treated as friends when subsequently restored to the parent nest, and that of fifty-seven pupæ brought up by strangers seven only were treated hostilely when returned to their own nest, while fifteen were treated hostilely when put into a strangers' nest. Sir John considered the general tendency of his experiments went to prove that the recognition of

ant by ant is not personal or individual, and that it is not due to the use of any pass-word or pass-sign. Since they are recognised by their friends when in an intoxicated state, and also when they have been brought up from the larval condition by strangers, it is hardly possible to hold any other view. Huber had no doubt that ants have some means of communicating with each other by means of their antennæ, and M. Forel believed that the power of intercommunication by antennal language was more freely performed by some species than by others. He considered, indeed, that *Polyergus rufescens* was more generally successful in hostile encounters than the formidable and somewhat larger *Formica sanguinea*, because the individuals of that species were more prompt and quick in understanding each other by antennal signs.

Sir John has been at some pains to arrive at an opinion for himself in regard to this matter, and has, in the main, prosecuted his experiments by trying to ascertain how ants manage to communicate to each other any accidental discovery they may make of contiguous stores of food, or deposits of larvæ.

An ant, having been kept some time without food, was put upon a store of honey. Having availed herself of the opportunity and made a good meal, she wandered off towards her nest, but met some friends by the way and fed them with her honey. She then went back alone for more honey, and once again shared her supply with other acquaintances met by the way. On her third return for more honey, however, she was accompanied by five companions; and after they had carried out the same generous participation of their treasure with their friends, a considerable number of ants were soon trooping backwards and forwards between the nest and the supply. This, it appears, is what generally happens upon the chance discovery of food.

In some experiments made in 1875, Sir John put a number of pupæ into a saucer, or upon a small slip of glass, and then brought one ant to them, and allowed her to establish a connexion with a neighbouring nest by carrying one of the pupæ away along a narrow bridge, formed of a strip of paper, which could be shifted about at the far end at the will of the experimenter. The pioneer ant was then captured and shut up as soon as a number of companion ants came out from the nest to follow her track. These invariably wandered about, and returned home after wearying themselves in the search, without discovering the pupæ, if the strip of paper were so shifted as to cut off the continuous line of scent. By repeating and varying this experiment, Sir John made it tolerably clear



that ants follow each other in search of food and larvæ, and to some extent track each other's paths by means of scent. In another experiment three different depôts were established with paper bridges, in one of which no larvæ were placed, in another of which a constant supply of three individuals was kept up, and in the third of which a considerable number were deposited. An ant was then placed at the depôt with three larvæ, and another at the depôt with many, and both were allowed to establish a communication with the nest. It was on this occasion found, by close watching during between fifty and sixty hours, that the ant which had access to the glass containing numerous larvæ had brought 304 friends within that period to assist her in their removal, and that the one which had access to the depôt where the limited number of three only were kept up brought only 104 friends. Sir John Lubbock conceives this to prove that the returning ants must have had some means of indicating in what direction the best supply was to be found. Upon another occasion he noticed that an ant which returned to the nest from a depôt of larvæ without carrying one back, nevertheless brought out with her a cluster of companions evidently bent on acquisition, and he considers in this case, as she had no pupæ in her mandibles to show, she must have told her tale in some other way.

In one exceedingly treacherous adaptation of the resources of mechanical science to the purpose of puzzling the little objects of these experiments, Sir John came very near to being nonplussed himself. He constructed small moveable bridges of paper which could be reversed, end for end, whilst the insects were traversing them, and also contrived a series of perplexing turn-tables, by the operation of which he was able to twist the ants half round, whilst they were on the road between a depository of treasure and their nests, and to his inexpressible surprise he found that, when he reversed his bridges, or turned his table half round, the ants traversing them at the time turned half round too, and so still went on in the right direction to reach the place they were aiming at. After long consideration, however, under some happy inspiration, it occurred to the manager of the experiment to change the position of the candles by the light of which it was being conducted, at the same time that he moved his bridges or turn-tables, and he then found that the ants wandered hopelessly about. They had previously been guided in their course by the direction of the light. It thus seems that, at any rate, they were quite competent to take a bearing.

The most surprisingly curious of Sir John Lubbock's ex-

periences, however, were some cases in which he laid down upon a chart the wanderings of ants that he had designedly caused to lose their way. He first placed a glass cup containing larvæ four inches away from a narrow paper bridge, arranged so as to establish a communication with the nest. He then put an ant from the nest among the larvæ, and allowed her to carry one off to the nest. She was further permitted to do this three or four times in succession, traversing the intervening four inches by an almost direct route. The glass containing the larvæ was then shifted three inches to the right whilst she was in it picking up a load. Instead of making a direct course to the nest as before, she then wandered about with her load for half an hour, pursuing a most devious track that turned and twisted upon itself in all directions. The course she took was followed by the point of a black-lead pencil, so that the track might remain as permanent evidence against her. A tall pencil was also planted against the bridge all the while to serve her as a signal post. She ultimately found her way to the nest, but only after having traversed a path that would have to be looked at before its puzzling complexity could be conceived. In Sir John Lubbock's book, the tracks formed during six different experiments of this kind are pictorially represented as diagrams, which are said to be careful reductions of the tracings made by following the ants with the pencil at the time.

These most interesting experiments convincingly prove that ants make very little use indeed of their eyesight in finding their way. In some of the trials the larvæ were placed in a small cup fixed upon the tip of the pencil itself, which thus constituted a pillar, seven and a half inches high, that had to be climbed before the larvæ could be reached, so that there could be no doubt of its being forced upon the attention of the climbers. The pencil and its surmounting cup were then moved six inches aside, after five direct journeys had been made between them and the nest, and whilst the ant was still in the nest, and would therefore be actually in quest of the pencil upon its next trip. With this arrangement, the ant first went directly to the place whence the pencil had been moved, then travelled backwards and forwards, and round and round the familiar spot, next retraced its steps towards the nest, wandered hither and thither between the nest and the original position, and, after repeated searchings around the old site and a very long time spent in devious and useless wanderings, only reached the pencil and the larvæ in the end as if quite accidentally. If these very striking experiments can be

held in any sense to indicate the intelligence of the ants, it surely must be solely on the ground that they were intentionally demonstrating how long a curved line may be made to extend when it is drawn between two given fixed points. The diagram in these several cases is an inextricable maze of meandering lines.

The same inability to make any effort of sagacity to meet an unusual need was manifested scarcely less forcibly in another class of experiments, which were repeated again and again, and varied in innumerable ways. In these, after tracks for the conveyance of larvæ to the nests had been established, chasms and gaps of the most trifling character were made in the path, and it was found that the ants in no instances hit upon what seemed to be the most obvious expedients for overcoming the obstacles. Light bridges of straw were placed so that the slightest push from a mandible would have effectually closed a troublesome gap. Mounds of loose earth were piled so that it only needed the shifting of a few grains at the top to complete an otherwise inaccessible route to a depository of coveted larvæ. But in no case was the offered opportunity turned to account. The insects continued to traverse laboriously the most roundabout paths, rather than drop themselves and their burdens down a steep bit of precipitous descent not exceeding the length of their own bodies. These experiments place the long-cherished dogma of the sagacity of these most industrious little creatures in an altogether new light. (Of their industry there can, however, be no doubt. In reference to that Sir John Lubbock says :—

‘In industry ants are not surpassed even by bees and wasps. They work all day; and in warm weather, if need be, even at night too. I once watched an ant from six in the morning, and she worked without intermission till a quarter to ten at night. I had put her to a saucer containing larvæ, and in this time she carried off no less than a hundred and eighty-seven to the nest. I had another ant, which I employed in my experiments, under continuous observation several days. When I started from London in the morning, and again when I went to bed at night, I used to put her in a small bottle, but the moment she was let out she began to work again. On one occasion I was away from home for a week. On my return I took her out of the bottle, placing her on a little heap of larvæ about three feet from the nest. Under these circumstances I certainly did not expect her to return. However, though she had thus been six days in confinement, the brave little creature immediately picked up a larva, carried it off to the nest, and after half an hour’s rest returned for another.’

If any communication of information or intelligence be made between ant and ant, the antennæ must certainly be the organs

by which this is accomplished. They are obviously very sensitive and capable instruments of touch, and are used for feeling with considerable adroitness and skill. There is also good reason for believing that they perform the functions of a nose as well as of a finger. Sir John Lubbock, having tethered an individual of the *Formica ligniperda* with a thread, and allowed her to settle herself down into patient resignation to her bonds, brought the tip of a feather very near to the extremities of both of her antennæ. Neither of them moved. He then dipped the feather into essence of musk, and repeated the act. The antennæ were at once drawn quite back. The essence of lavender produced with other ants precisely the same effect. Some of the earlier observers conceived that the antennæ were also sensitive to sound. But, after the most elaborate investigation, Sir John Lubbock has come to the conclusion that ants are absolutely deaf to all sounds that are audible to human ears. He tried them with all kinds of shrill and sudden noises, when they were carrying larvæ and plodding along in their routine journeys, and could never produce the slightest pause, or start. Upon one occasion, in 1874, he erected, twelve inches away from a nest, six small pillars of wood an inch and a half high, and put some honey upon the top of one. He then placed three ants with the honey, and kept them there, removing each one into confinement as it was satiated, and substituting another individual in its place. There were, during the experiments, a great number of foragers wandering about upon the board, within easy reach of the pillar, and, if any of the feeding ants had been able to communicate with its friends by means of sounds, there would assuredly soon have been a dense crowd of ants at the honey. During four hours' watching, seven ants found their way to the honey. But the same number ran up each of the other pillars. It was, therefore, quite reasonable to conclude that the visits to the honey were exclusively due to the accidental foraging of ants wandering about close by. The ants which had reached the honey were then allowed to return among their friends on the board, and, in three-quarters of an hour, fifty-four ants had been at the honey. Upon one occasion Sir John Lubbock attempted, with the assistance of Professor Bell, to listen to the conversation of the ants in one of his nests, by means of the microphone. He heard them walking about. But he could not detect anything that could pass for audible communication. He nevertheless thinks it quite within the range of probability that ants may both produce, and hear, sounds which are beyond the reach of human ears. He dwells

with some confidence upon the fact that, in the *Lasius fuliginosus*, a finely-ribbed triangular plate is found upon the upper surface of the fourth abdominal ring, which is precisely analogous to a similar arrangement upon the abdomen of the *Mutilla europæa*, an insect allied to the ants, which it is well known does produce at will a rasping sound by means of this instrument.

The eyes of ants are well developed. These insects carry a pair of many-faceted goggles, or compound eyes, at the sides of their heads, and three ocelli, or simple eyes, mounted upon footstalks, and arranged at the top of the head in the form of a triangle. There is some doubt yet as to the exact way in which this superabundant provision of eye-power is turned to account. The compound eyes of insects are now generally understood to act by sifting asunder the rays of light issuing from different points of emission, so that a faint mosaic image of external objects is formed within the organ. Sir John Lubbock suggests that some very awkward consequences must follow if each facet in a compound eye produces its own distinct image of an object. According to Forel's estimate, each compound eye of the male of *Formica pratensis* has 1,200 facets. It assuredly would puzzle this insect very much when he went courting, if he had 1,200 images of the object of his devotion before him from which to choose. Then, again, the compound eyes form erect images of the objects to which they are directed, and if the ocelli are at all analogous to the simple eyes of more highly organised creatures, they must at the same time present inverted images of the same objects. It is difficult to conceive how such a perplexing multiplication of unlike images can be at all conducive to clearness of vision. Mr. B. T. Lowne, who has given a considerable amount of close attention to the minute anatomy of insects, escapes from this difficulty by suggesting that the simple eye is only used for communicating an indefinite impression of the intensity and direction of light. If this be the case, it was through the instrumentality of their ocelli that the ants were saved from the treacherous agency of Sir John Lubbock's turn-tables, alluded to in a preceding passage.

Sir John gives a full and exact account of some strikingly beautiful experiments upon ants with colour. He found that they were keenly conscious of differences of colour. Violet tints seem to be the most distasteful to them, and red tints the most tolerated. When different patches of bright prismatic colours were thrown upon the transparent nests in which larvæ were evenly distributed, the working ants im-

mediately carried the larvæ away from the violet light, and placed them in the red: the larvæ were also removed from purple, light-yellow, and green lights, as well as from violet, and carried to yellow light as well as to red. Some refined modifications of the experiments definitely indicated that the ants avoided the violet light on account of an actual dislike for its rays, and not merely because they had a preference for other colours.

The relations of ants to flowers are very different from those which obtain where winged insects, like bees, are concerned. The bees fly from plant to plant, and in this way carry the pollen of one individual to the flowers of another, so that two distinct plants are brought into communication by this altogether unconscious agency. It is now generally held that the beauty, scent, and sweetness of flowers are designed to secure this result, which is termed cross-fertilisation. Creeping insects, like ants, on the other hand, pass from flower to flower on the same plant, and, when allowed to do so, carry the pollen of one flower to its next-door neighbour on the same stem. Devices of the most marvellous kind appear to be lavished upon flowers to facilitate and promote the fertilising operations of bees. But almost the same amount of ingenuity seems to have been expended to prevent the ready passage of ants from flower to flower. Sir John Lubbock specifies, among the obstacles furnished for this purpose, inverted hairs most abundantly placed on the footstalks immediately beneath the flowers, the viscid secretions exuded from the points of hairs, the shutting in of the nectaries by the enlargement of the adjacent parts, the downward hanging of pendulous flowers, and the supply of an irritant milky juice where mandibles are liable to be brought into forcible operation. Water plants, which are protected from ant-visitations by the medium in which they grow, are destitute of all such excluding adjustments. Some plants on land even provide themselves with water-filled cups, attached around the stem, which as effectually prevent the visits of ants to the flowers as the ditches extemporised around Sir John Lubbock's platforms prevent the escape of his prisoners from the artificial nests. The petals of cyclamens and snowdrops have reflexed slippery margins, from which ants fall when they attempt to climb over them. Plants at the same time are, to a large extent, defended against the ravages of other insects by ants. Forel found that twenty-eight dead insects were brought per minute to one large nest which he was watching, and this gave one hundred thousand insects per day destroyed by the inhabitants of one nest alone

during the period of greatest activity. Mr. Darwin says that if the pertinacious and unresting ants were not excluded in some such way from the honey receptacles of flowers they would assuredly anticipate the bees, and leave them no honey to encourage them in their useful work of fertilisation.

Sir John Lubbock intended, in the first instance, to use bees in his experiments with the social insects, but ultimately found it more advantageous to deal with ants, because they are less excitable than bees, are less liable to accidents, and, in consequence of the absence of wings, are more easy to keep under observation. He nevertheless has included both bees and wasps in his work, and has secured some interesting results in reference to them. He was particularly anxious to ascertain whether bees would bring companions to honey placed in a somewhat out-of-the-way situation, and, what was of still greater importance as a test of intelligence and power of communication, whether they would *send* companions to out-of-the-way stores which they had themselves discovered. His conclusion from numerous direct experiments is that they do not even bring companions to honey-stores as generally as has been popularly conceived. He was exceedingly surprised to remark how little sagacity bees display in finding their way. In several instances a bee buzzed about for more than an hour in a long open bell-glass which had its mouth turned away from the window, although it flew out at once when the mouth was directed towards the light. He found that bees are utterly indifferent to each other, and altogether regardless of any suffering inflicted upon a companion; they are indifferent to their queen if she is removed from their nest; they are not recognised, or meddled with, when they wander, or are introduced as intruders, into a strange hive. Dr. Langstroth, however, who has written a treatise on 'The Honey Bee,' says that it is only when a bee brings a load of honey in that it is allowed a peaceable entrance into a strange hive. But it is clear he is not an altogether unbiassed observer, for in another place he remarks: 'There is an air of roguery about a thieving bee which to the expert is as characteristic as are the motions of a pickpocket to a skilful policeman. Its sneaking look and *nervous guilty agitation*, once seen, can never be mistaken.'

The observer, who is able to discern these signs of conscious guilt in a marauding bee, no doubt must be very expert indeed. Dr. Langstroth, on the other hand, bears unmistakeable testimony against the sagacity of bees, in another passage, where he says:—

‘No one can understand the extent of their infatuation until he has seen a confectioner’s shop assailed by myriads of hungry bees. I have seen thousands strained out from the syrup in which they have perished; thousands more alighting even upon the boiling sweets; the floor covered and the windows darkened with bees, some crawling, others flying, and others so completely besmeared as to be able neither to crawl nor fly—not one in ten able to carry home its ill-gotten spoils, and yet the air filled with new hosts of thoughtless comers.’

Sir John Lubbock significantly sums up his investigation into the capacity of bees to entertain sentiments of affection for companions and friends, by the remark that it is, no doubt, true that, if bees have got any honey upon them, they are always licked clean by their companions and friends, but that the licking is clearly performed for the honey rather than for love. In one instance, to establish this fact, he put two bees, of which the one had been drowned and the other smeared with honey, into a hive, and he found that the latter was soon licked clean, but that the former did not get even a passing touch or glance.

In the matter of the senses, the bees appear to stand very much in the same position as the ants. They are as deaf as posts to ordinary sounds, keenly sensitive to scents, and wide awake to differences of colour, preferring blue to all the rest. M. Bonnier, who has recently written a memoir on the nectaries of flowers, denies that bees manifest any preference in the matter of colour, and relates an experiment in which he placed honey upon four differently coloured cubes, sixty feet away from some hives, and in which the bees visited all in equal numbers, and removed the same amount of honey from each in equal intervals of time. But Sir John Lubbock thinks, in reference to this, that the experiment was not satisfactorily carried out. The bees were permitted to visit the cubes in such a crowd that the colours were covered up by the thick clustering of their bodies, and they were working against time, so that they might be expected to notice the colour of the cubes about as much as the passengers in an express train, turned hurriedly into a refreshment room, might be expected to observe the colour of a table-cloth. Also blue, the favourite colour of the bee, was not used in the experiment. Repeating the experiment with more delicacy and care, and with the introduction of blue, Sir John found that the bees gave a decided preference to blue over all other colours. In a hundred visits they went first to the blue colour thirty-one times, whilst they went first to five other colours forty-nine times, giving an average of something less than ten times for each.



They went first to a colourless platform nineteen times. The great importance attached to this preference of bees for blue is due to the circumstance that the evolutionists conceive all blue flowers to have been primarily green, to have been specialised gradually into blue, and to have passed through stages in which they were white, yellow, and red. Sir John Lubbock holds that the blueness of the flower and the preference of bees for this colour have to do with the cross-fertilisation upon which the perfection of flower-organisation depends. The bee carries the pollen from flower to flower, more certainly on account of the attraction exercised over it by the favourite colour.

Sir John Lubbock found that the conclusions which he arrived at in reference to bees, applied with almost equal force to wasps. He thought that, upon the whole, wasps were more clever in finding their way than bees. They had no difficulty in making their escape from an open cylinder of glass when its mouth was turned away from the window. They were always on the alert, more easily startled, and more difficult to paint with the brush than bees. He shook wasps, which had smeared their wings with honey, up in a bottle with water until they were clean, and then allowed them to dry themselves in the sun and fly away. Upon two occasions, to his great surprise, the wasps, which had been subjected to this rough process of cleansing, were the first that returned to the honey. Wasps seemed to be quite conscious of differences of colour, but to be less guided by their perceptions in regard to them than bees. The industry of the wasp is in no sense inferior to that of the bee. One wasp, that was closely watched, made ninety-four journeys in one day, between her nest and a reservoir of honey. Sir John Lubbock's account of his acquaintanceship and experience with a wasp, a *Polistes gallica*, which remained with him as an honoured guest for nine months, is of such touching interest that it well deserves the prominent place he has given it in his sketch of vespal life. He says :—

‘I took her, with her nest, in the Pyrenees, early in May. The nest consisted of about twenty cells, the majority of which contained an egg; but as yet no grubs had been hatched out, and, of course, my wasp was as yet alone in the world. I had no difficulty in inducing her to feed on my hand; but at first she was shy and nervous. She kept her sting in constant readiness; and once or twice in the train, when the railway officials came for tickets, and I was compelled to hurry her back into her bottle, she stung me slightly—I think, however, entirely from fright. Gradually she became quite used to me, and when I took her on my hand apparently expected to be fed. She even allowed me to stroke her without any appearance of fear, and for some

months I never saw her sting. When the cold weather came on she fell into a drowsy state, and I began to hope she would hibernate and survive the winter. I kept her in a dark place, but watched her carefully, and fed her if ever she seemed at all restless. She came out occasionally, and seemed as well as usual till near the end of February, when one day I observed she had nearly lost the use of her antennæ, though the rest of her body was as usual. She would take no food. Next day I tried again to feed her; but the head seemed dead, though she could still move her legs, wings, and abdomen. The following day I offered her food for the last time; but both head and thorax were dead, or paralysed. She could but move her tail—a last token, as I could almost fancy, of gratitude and affection. As far as I could judge, her death was quite painless; and she now occupies a place in the British Museum.

Mr. Romanes's book on '*Animal Intelligence*,' which is also contributed to the '*International Scientific Series*,' has appeared even more recently than Sir John Lubbock's volume. It contemplates the entire range of animated nature in its enquiries, but devotes a large share of its attention to the doings of ants, bees, and wasps. It quotes freely from the experiments of Sir John Lubbock, which have already been noticed here; but its author has also availed himself abundantly of the testimony of other observers in the same field, of whom many have advocated the claims of these insects to a somewhat high rank on the ground of intelligence. He relates many tales regarding them which are worthy of close consideration from this point of view, and which, it may be remarked, also constitute interesting reading. But to a considerable number of these one general remark applies. The language in which the narratives are presented to the reader is obviously that of the advocate rather than of the unbiassed enquirer. When an author, having to state that neuter ants lose all interest in the males of their nest after these have returned from their flight, adds 'because they well know that the proper vocation of these creatures has been fulfilled,' it is scarcely possible to overlook the fact that the statement which is made was a foregone conclusion in the observer's mind. What the neuters know, and why they act as they do, are just the points which at the present time the scientific naturalist is endeavouring to ascertain. Thus Büchner, according to Mr. Romanes, remarks that battles between ants of the same species often end with a lasting alliance, especially when there is some deficiency of workers on each side, 'because the wise little animals under such circumstances discover more quickly and better than men that they can only destroy each other by fighting, and that union is, on the other hand, a benefit for both parties.' Mr.

M<sup>c</sup>Cook, when he informs his readers that he has seen the ants of Texas yawn, the mandibles being thrown open with the peculiar and familiar muscular strain, and the tongue thrust out, adds that the limbs are at the same time stretched with the same tension that accompanies the action in human beings. The antennæ, too, have a gentle quivering and apparently involuntary motion, which resembles the movements of breathing during sleep, although, it will be remembered, ants notoriously do not breathe in the sense which is here implied of contractions and expansions of the chest. Ants, which are being shampooed by their friends, are seen to roll over on their sides and backs, with all their limbs relaxed, 'a perfect picture of surrender and ease.' The agricultural ants of Texas establish cemeteries, but are not able to deposit their deceased comrades therein, upon the occurrence of accidental death, until they have indulged themselves in a funeral parade. The ants of New Jersey have separate cemeteries for themselves and for their black slaves, thus following the example in this particular of human beings, 'who carry their distinction of race, condition, and religious caste even to the gates of the ground in which the poor body moulders into the mother dust.' Herr Vollbaum, a merchant of Elbing, saw some ants bring aphides down from a maple tree, which had been tarred round the bottom of the trunk, and stick them in the tar so as to construct a causeway of their bodies which could be crossed without soiling their own feet. After reading these passages and numerous others of a similar character which might have been adduced had there been available space, it is impossible to doubt that they reveal quite as much of the psychological idiosyncrasies of the observers as they do of the mental capacities and habits of the observed. Mrs. Hutton gives an account of some ants in Sydney, which may be here quoted from Mr. Romanes's book as an apt conclusion to these somewhat critical remarks. Having killed a number of soldier ants she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed she says:—

'I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest towards a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of

one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onwards followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid, where they now laboured on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once attacked by the body of the ants and killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.'

The difference here between the honoured graves of the mighty dead and the common graves of the malefactors is curious enough. Mrs. Hutton has, by some oversight, however, forgotten to say whether any monumental record or memorial inscription was ultimately placed over the dead heroes. Sir John Lubbock will perhaps investigate that point in his own crucial way if he ever chances to come across the soldier ants of Sydney.

There are some of the statements that occur amongst these highly-coloured narratives in Mr. Romanes's book, which, however, are worthy of careful note, because they are to some extent at variance with observations made by Sir John Lubbock. Thus Dr. Ellendorf is said to have found that some ants which he was watching did push a loose straw over a previously impassable gulf to bridge the gap. A writer in the '*Leisure Hour*,' in 1880, affirms that he saw some ants carry a piece of straw up a whitewashed wall, rest one end of it upon a buttress which had been designedly prepared, and then tilt over the upper end so that it fell upon a safe to which a good road was desired. The straw was firmly fastened at each end, after the bridge had been commodiously laid, by a mortar prepared from saliva and fine earth. Mr. Belt, again, affirms that ants, which he had covered up by fragments of clay and of stone, were set free by the combined efforts of several of their companions. In one case, however, the antennæ of the ant had been left projecting, and in others the heads remained uncovered. As these instances are given upon the authority of apparently trustworthy and well-

qualified observers, they seem to imply that some ants do exert a measure of sagacity and even manifest an amount of sympathy which are not the common attributes of their race, and which were certainly not exhibited in the individuals with which Sir John Lubbock had to deal.

Mr. Romanes gives a very complete and intelligible account of what he terms the general habits of bees, and in this refers to Mr. Darwin's explanation of the regular formation of the hexagonal cells of the honeycomb, which has generally been considered a convincing proof of the superior intelligence of bees. The matter, however, assumes a somewhat different aspect in Darwin's hands. Instead of being an intelligent plan worked out by design, Mr. Darwin says of it:—'The work of construction seems to be a sort of balance struck between many bees, all instinctively standing at the same relative distance from each other, all trying to sweep equal spheres, and then building up, or leaving ungnawed, the planes of intersection between these spheres.' This view of the case is strikingly in accordance with the general conclusions drawn from his observations and experiments by Sir John Lubbock. These by no means point to an absolute absence of intelligence. The best-informed authorities, indeed, hold that instinct itself involves a considerable operation of mind. Mr. Romanes, from this point of view, defines instinct as consisting of mental action directed towards the accomplishment of adaptative movement implying consciousness and choice, but antecedent to individual experience, without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained, and similarly performed under the same circumstances by all the individuals of a species. Reason, on the other hand, is mental action subservient to individual experience, directed by a definite and often laboriously acquired knowledge of the relation between means and ends, and not similarly performed under the same circumstances by all the individuals of a species. Gauged by this test, a very large proportion of the operations of ants, bees, and wasps belong to the instinctive class, and are transmitted and inherited characteristics. But there are, at the same time, twilight dawnings amongst them of the higher mental capacities and powers, expressed by tentative efforts to adapt themselves to new circumstances. Ants, as a whole, possess a higher intelligence, and more of these twilight glimmerings of reason, than other insects, and specifically than their winged kindred, the bees and wasps; but their proceedings are still, on the whole,

guided by the fixed and acquired habits of the race, rather than by the experiences of individuals.

The French writer, M. Delaunay, remarks that inferiority in animal races is universally associated with uniformity of character, and that with higher grades of development marked individual differences appear. Even in human life multiplicity and diversity of opinion are a sign of superiority and progress. The equal exercise of organs and faculties does not, as a fact, re-establish a physical and intellectual equality. Education and culture rather tend to bring individual differences out into stronger relief. If weighed in these scales, ants stand in very much the same position of intellectuality as that which they assume upon the other grounds already alluded to. Diversity of character comes out rather between the different species of the race than between individuals. The individuals of each species are so absolutely alike that one ant in a community can only be distinguished from the rest, as in Sir John Lubbock's proceedings, by the ignominious device of chalking it upon the back. But something like one thousand distinct species of ants have been already noted and catalogued by scientific naturalists, and of these each one has a distinctive individuality and method of existence. There are, as it were, one thousand types of ant organisation; but the number of individuals that are stamped in each of these thousand forms is simply too vast for any adequate conception of them to be grasped by the human mind. In many situations of the earth the ground itself is almost alive with their teeming hosts. The hundreds of millions of human beings that the earth contains are simply as nothing to the millions of millions of ants that are denizens of the wilderness. To these incalculable myriads it is that the law of unvaried uniformity, rather than of varying individuality, applies.

The memorable pictures of Sir John Lubbock's ants inscribing the inextricable maze, and wandering hopelessly about for half an hour at a time, to rediscover a post that has been shifted a couple of inches away, may be taken as by no means an inapt type of the nature of ant life. Mr. Belt himself, a somewhat distinguished advocate of ant intelligence, characteristically says that the imperfection of the eyesight of the *Ecitons*, an almost blind species, is on the whole an advantage rather than a disadvantage to the community, because it keeps them together when they hunt, and prevents individual ants from starting off alone after objects that, if their eyesight were better, they might discover for themselves.

The ant seems endowed, in accordance with the general law

of insect life, with a most marvellous energy of moving power. Although destitute of the insect perfection of wings for aerial flight, the great mass of the working community, which is fashioned to labour upon and in the ground, is formed of one of perhaps the most active of animated creatures. This moving power is centred in the middle section of the segmented body, and in that centre the nerve-knots, or ganglia, are placed, which rule over the movements of the limbs, according to the impressions they themselves receive and transmit. But, in addition to this, there is the proper sense-segment, or head, with its nerve-knot taking the place of a rudimentary brain, and nervously connected with the motor department. In this sense-segment, according to Sir John Lubbock's investigations, there are no ears. The eyes cannot see a drawing pencil two inches away, and are only conscious of the direction and intensity of external light, and probably also of some faint mosaic-like tracing of the forms of objects that are in almost immediate contact with their six-sided facets. Smell and touch seem to be the principal guides of the motor apparatus, and their functions are exercised by the admirably constructed feelers, or antennæ, which project at each side of the mandibled and powerfully prehensile mouths. Such being the obvious conditions of their sensory organisation, it may very safely be inferred that the structure of the brain, which is ministered to by these senses, is of a quite analogous scale of simplicity. The power of the brain in the animal organisation is for the most part proportioned to the perfection of the senses that are subservient to its operations. The ant almost certainly has what may be termed an antennal brain—that is to say, a central sensorium which is concerned with external nature chiefly, so far as it can be smelt and touched. At the first thought, it seems very wonderful indeed that so active and socially ordered a life should be worked out for the ant from such limited sense-powers. But it must be remembered that in the case of the earth-worm, as Mr. Darwin has shown, a life which is even of higher importance in nature's scheme is worked out without any specialised senses at all. Very many of the actions which have been noticed by various observers in ants, as giving indications of an individualised intelligence and sagacity, are due to the differences attributable to distinctions of species, which no doubt are connected with structural diversity. Some may not unreasonably be ascribed to a kind of tentative intelligence—the attempt of some exceptionally perfected organisation to get itself out of the well-travelled rut of its kind. But in all such instances it is really indis-

pensable that some such exhaustive and patient system of observation, and testing by arithmetically checked experiments, as Sir John Lubbock has adopted, shall be applied before any elaborate scheme of the intellectuality of ant life can be safely accepted. It is because Sir John Lubbock has only been satisfied with results which have been tested and sifted by such means that his conclusions are of so much higher value than the marvellous tales of more casual observers. Sir John's conception of ant life as a kind of twilight existence, in which the gropings of smelling and touching are quickened by hereditary transmission into energetic muscular activity, but in which it is very easy for an individual isolated from its companions to lose its way and to be unable to recover its track if that chances to be just beyond the length of the antennal nose, is assuredly nearer to the truth than the notions of the ladies who see funeral processions solemnised, to say nothing of the fancies of those other observers who have discovered that ants emulate men in adopting invidious distinctions in the ordering of their graveyards, and who have beheld a disconsolate ant endeavouring, in a paroxysm of grief, to exhume the body of a recently-interred relative. It, no doubt, is a puzzling circumstance that in such a grade of sensorial and cerebral organisation, so elaborate a system of co-operative association should have been worked out, and the puzzle is in no sense the less if there be an absence of all bonds of personal affection and sympathy, as Sir John Lubbock's observations seem to imply. But this is just the puzzle which has to be solved, and which can only be satisfactorily solved by a very large extension of the plan of exact investigation which Sir John Lubbock has pursued. No mere incidental observations by persons who are prone to conceive beforehand what it is they are to see, can by any possibility define the share which instinct and intelligence take in this difficult problem, or say how far those actions which depend upon a chain of intra-cerebral operations, and therefore of quasi-mental faculties, have been carried in ant and bee life.

As Sir John Lubbock has so abundantly proved, in this most interesting narrative of his intercourse with ants, his capacity to take a clear and unbiassed view of the facts with which he aspires to deal, and to guard himself against the fallacies that lurk in foregone conclusions, the attention of the reader may very fairly be drawn to the one little piece of speculative fancy which he has allowed himself in this charming treatise. At the conclusion of the chapter on the relations of ants to other animals, he says :—



‘But putting these slave-making ants on one side, we find in the different species of ants different conditions of life, curiously answering to the earlier stages of human progress. For instance, some species, such as *Formica fusca*, live principally on the produce of the chase; for though they feed partly on the honey-dew of aphides, they have not domesticated these insects. These ants probably retain the habits once common to all ants. They resemble the lower races of men, who subsist mainly by hunting. Like them they frequent woods and wilds, live in comparatively small communities, and the instincts of collective action are but little developed among them. They hunt singly, and their battles are single combats, like those of the Homeric heroes. Such species as *Lasius flavus* represent a distinctly higher type of social life; they show more skill in architecture, may literally be said to have domesticated certain species of aphides, and may be compared to the pastoral stage of human progress—to the races which live on the produce of their flocks and herds. Their communities are more numerous; they are much more in concert; their battles are not mere single combats, but they know how to act in combination. I am disposed to hazard the conjecture that they will gradually exterminate the mere hunting species, just as savages disappear before more advanced races. Lastly, the agricultural nations may be compared with the harvesting ants. Thus there seem to be three principal types offering a curious analogy to the three great phases—the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural stages—in the history of human development.’

This suggestive comparison is no doubt true to a certain extent, and within a certain limitation. The analogy exists, whatever it may mean. But whether the more savage races are to die out before the advancing wave of ant culture and civilisation, as Sir John seems to hope, no one can yet presume to say. The evidence at the present time undoubtedly appears to be very much in the opposite direction. It is the most bloodthirsty and pugnacious communities that seem to be in the ascendant and to carry things their own way. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, himself says that as soon as the ant communities have laid aside their aggressive proclivities and taken to a quiet life in which their daily wants are ministered to by a staff of servile attendants, they are effaced from the scheme. This does not look like the final triumph of advancing civilisation. His own words in reference to the pacific and gentle tribe of the *Anergates* are to the following effect:—

‘We may safely conclude that in distant times the ancestors of these *Anergates* lived, as so many ants do now, partly by hunting, partly on honey; that by degrees they became bold marauders, and gradually took to keeping slaves; that for a time they maintained their strength and agility, though losing by degrees their real independence, their arts, and even many of their instincts; that gradually even their bodily force dwindled away under the enervating influence to which they had subjected themselves, until they sank to their present degraded condi-

tion—weak in body and mind, few in numbers, and apparently nearly extinct, the miserable representatives of far superior ancestors, maintaining a precarious existence as contemptible parasites of their former slaves.

Our own impression certainly is that if ‘the survival of the fittest’ means anything in relation to these creatures, it is the fierce large-mandibled marauders and relentless fighters that have the best of the struggle, and that are ‘the fittest’ for the special purpose which ant life accomplishes, and therefore the most likely to survive, in the vast and many-sided economy of nature.

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ART. IV.—*Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*. 2 vols. By the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A. London: 1882.

TO speak with niggardly praise of these amusing and interesting volumes would be scarcely less churlish than to look a gift horse in the mouth. None, certainly, who take up the work will fail to mark its faults; and to many the faults may not unreasonably seem very serious. But the question is, not whether Mr. Mozley would have done well to spend more time on his task, or whether the task should not have been undertaken and finished long ago, but whether we would willingly be without these contributions to the social, the religious, and even the political history of the nineteenth century. In point of fact, Mr. Mozley has reserved for his advanced old age the work of arranging and recording recollections which embrace the lifetime of two generations; he has accomplished this work in the short space of a few months; and he has chosen rather to trust to his memory than to weary himself by ransacking the rich store of documents in his possession. But the memory which will make no blunders in traversing so vast a field, and will judge with unflinching accuracy the characters of workers in it who still survive or who have passed away, must be a wonderful memory indeed; and the remonstrances and protests called forth by some of Mr. Mozley's reminiscences prove that there may be some grounds for doubting his possession of this rare gift. We may say at once that the mistakes, or, as some would have it, the blunders, in these volumes are not few; that the portraits of some of the actors in the great drama are not exact, and that the painter does not always catch their spirit and rightly appreciate their motives. But after all the abatements which

may be made on every score, the impartial judge will assuredly close the work with a conviction that Mr. Mozley's inaccuracies nowhere affect his honesty; and that, although he might have done more and might have done it better, his book is a storehouse of facts of which future historians of the nineteenth century will be glad to avail themselves.

There is, first, the intrinsic interest of the subject. No chapter in the history of human thought is entirely unattractive; and if, some years ago, the temptation to look on the religious history of the eighteenth century as dull was widely felt, it has now well-nigh lost its power. The narrative of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton, if other testimony were wanting, has exhibited in its true colours the energetic life which preceded the more varied and widespread movements of our own day, and has vindicated for it our hearty respect. It has enabled us to see more clearly how the life of the earlier age has blended itself with that of the later, and only by insisting on the same largeness of view shall we be able to discern the direction in which the currents of modern feeling and thought are flowing. Our nearness to the period embraced in Mr. Mozley's pages may interfere with the impartiality of our judgments on some points involved in the survey; but there can be no question that the retrospect of the last sixty years is one of surpassing and altogether singular interest, and we cannot readily believe that an impression so deep answers to no substantial reality. For those who never care to look below the surface of things, or who, to speak more plainly, do not take the trouble to think at all, the retrospect may reveal little more than a maze of controversies not always profitable, and not seldom repulsive; but a more patient scrutiny will furnish ample proof that the ebbing of the tide does not really arrest the onward flowing of the waters, and that the manifold movement is distinctly and steadily in the direction of good. That the issues should differ widely from the results aimed at and striven for even by the foremost actors in the great work, follows almost of necessity; and if the issues of the controversies which have stirred this century are, as we may reasonably believe, likely to be more mighty than those of the last century, there will be nothing to surprise us in the fact that they were not anticipated by those who have been most active in bringing them about.

Few men have more strongly influenced their age than the great thinker and writer who must be regarded as the hero of Mr. Mozley's pages. This influence has been exercised on minds of very various types; and it has been felt by many

who may affect the future course of English thought in directions far from acceptable to himself. In the religious history of our time the most prominent figure is beyond doubt that of John Henry Newman. Without any such intention on his own part the fact of this prominence has been brought into the strongest light by his 'Apologia.' It could scarcely be otherwise. He had in that work to speak chiefly and almost exclusively of himself. In Mr. Mozley's volumes he appears in no dwarfed proportions; but he appears more as the centre of a group, the members of which, with but few exceptions, have attained or left behind them a name memorable for high sincerity of purpose, for singleness of heart, and for the thoroughness of their self-devotion. Nor is this tribute to be paid only to those who from first to last have accompanied and followed Dr. Newman. It belongs of equal right to those among them who at no time had much sympathy with his aims, or who may have felt that his aims were mistaken and his methods delusive. Thus viewed, the group is of striking interest. Furthest removed from us are those who represent the earlier school, whose modes of thought and expression tended to foster in Dr. Newman the hatred of the temper and spirit which he is never weary of condemning under the name of Liberalism. The 'Noetic' philosophy, arrested by Dr. Newman and his friends, had its attractions for men like Copleston and Whately; but there were others in whom were stirring the elements of a stronger opposition to any theories which might invest the Church with autocratic power as the visible city of God. Among these was Blanco White, the Spanish priest who sought in England a place of refuge from the intolerable burden of mediæval traditionalism, and whose hatred of the scholastic terminology as an instrument of oppression and a source of deadly corruption was to find expression in the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Hampden; and among these also was one whose influence was to outweigh altogether that of either Blanco White or Hampden, the great teacher who filled Arthur Stanley with a double portion of his own spirit, and fostered in many more the manly independence and fearlessness of which the coming years would show a constantly growing need. With these or near to them are men, not one of whom will be soon forgotten, men linked in personal friendship, and to whatever extent in unity of motive and aim—Keble, the humble-minded and retiring poet of the 'Christian Year;' the three brothers who added lustre to the honoured name of Wilberforce, but who in life were to follow different paths; and not a few more, Hurrell Froude, Manning,

Isaac Williams, Oakley, Faber, Ward, of whom, in spite of all changes, errors, and mistakes, Oxford and England may well be proud. All these, with the rest who may remain unnamed, may have been combatants in opposing armies; but they were also fellow-soldiers in a crusade in which all were honestly striving to further the victory of good over evil, and in which there was, for a time at least, an enthusiasm as deep as that which spurred Godfrey and Tancred, and a devotion altogether more pure and self-sacrificing. Even when closing in battle with each other they cannot be regarded as enemies; and those of them who still survive to carry on the warfare may well cherish the memories of all who have passed away to the peace in which, with the removal of the veil of sense, all strife is for ever extinguished. The man is happy who can look back on years so spent. The lapse of time and the failure of hope will, if we are to believe Gibbon, always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life; but these dark shadows do not fall across the path of those who are assured that human efforts, and the sense of responsibility, and high purposes steadily worked out, cannot go for nothing. To this serenity Mr. Mozley has attained, and the thought of the past brings to him neither pain nor depression, but only thankfulness and trust. It has added to his happiness to tell the story which carries him back over all the changes of his long career.

‘As I tell these names, and feebly recount their services, other names, and others still, pierce through the haze of many years. The constellation grows, and brightens, and surrounds me. Some have gone their way, and I have gone mine. There has been failure and shortcoming; decay of mental power and diminution of lustre, not without touch of sadder infirmity. There have been mistakes, miscalculations, and extravagances, with humbling and mortifying consequences. But in no like cause, or like number or kind of men, was there ever less to be remembered with shame. If I may estimate them by the measure of my own feelings, they are all good and true men; they are a goodly company that will never wholly part, and what they lack of present unity or other fulfilment they will hereafter enjoy.’ (Vol. ii. p. 15.)

For Mr. Mozley these old friends and friendly antagonists are altogether human still. No halo of unapproachable brightness surrounds any of them; none of them rise above heights which his criticism cannot reach; and he has told the story of their greatest achievements, their passing weaknesses, and their saddest failures, with hearty praise, with thorough sympathy, and with humour which is infinitely amusing. In spite of steady assertions, from time to time, of his right to judge of

the sayings or acts of others by such powers of reason as have been granted to him, his pages are full of a self-depreciation which seems to betray here and there a touch of irony. Readers not well versed in the literary or theological history of the last half-century may be pardoned if they are put off their guard by the humility which pleads that the present work is Mr. Mozley's first publication, and will most probably be his last. With whatever faults he may be chargeable, lack of skill in writing cannot be numbered among them. Every page of the work attests, perhaps only too clearly, that peculiar readiness acquired only by long experience, which is never at a loss in the treatment of any subject, and which can at the least make every topic pleasant to every reader, even if it be at the cost of exhibiting on their ludicrous side matters which, for the writers criticised, were terribly solemn and serious. His confessions of ignorance are made with admirable adroitness. A pleasant chapter on Frank Edgeworth, the Frank who is the young hero of his sister Maria Edgeworth's stories, and who regarded both his sister and her tales with impartial aversion, introduces a conversation in which Edgeworth, telling him that he wishes to believe but cannot, asks if the Fathers who quoted the Gospels were 'men to enquire or only anxious 'to believe.' 'What,' he adds, 'do we know about them?'

'Ah me! this struck at the root of my defence, for I knew nothing about the Fathers. Even had I known more, it would have been all book knowledge—nay, worse than that, mere "cram." ' (Vol. i. p. 45.)

When a happy retort is needed, he delights in recording his discomfiture. After hearing Samuel Wilberforce the younger naming with a friend, alternately, more than fifty species of pines and *Taxodia*, he became impatient and threw in :—

"Yet the meanest grub that preys on those trees is higher in the 'order of creation than all of them.' Wretched man that I was! Instantly the bishop looked me in the face. "So you think a bucket of Thames water a nobler object of contemplation than Windsor Forest." I collapsed, for I never executed, or even attempted, a repartee in my life: I might have said that I would rather spend a day in Windsor Forest than in the House of Commons or in Convocation, but that it did not follow I thought Windsor Forest higher than both of them in the order of creation.' (Vol. i. p. 117.)

At Colchester he finds himself laden with work in the library of Mr. Morant, overlooking the remains of Colchester Castle and the grand Norman church a few steps off.

'But I had never five minutes,' he tells us, 'of that absolute rest which my poor nature required, and which less scrupulous or more

courageous people obtain by the use of tobacco. Had I gone there provided with a few dozen sermons, or with some speaking power, I might have remained at Colchester to this day. . . . My visiting was not such a burden; indeed, Round seemed to think me rather an enthusiast in that way. Yet my first visit was a nervous one. . . . How I acquitted myself, and what good I did, I cannot say, but if I was not prepared for the pulpit, neither was I for the bedside.' (Vol. i. p. 278.)

This scantiness of natural power and of acquired learning becomes not inconvenient in dealing with the many high matters which he confesses to be much too hard for him. He understands the first invocation in the Litany of the English Prayer Book; the rest are not to him intelligible.

'When I pronounce them, I feel in a momentary maze, as if a dizziness had come on me, or as if I had slipped and were twisted round. I have had to execute a performance, and I have always done it ill. . . . To confess the honest truth, when I say the words of our invocations with the least attempt to understand them, I feel balancing myself upon the finest of edges between Tritheism on the one side, and Sabellianism, if I know what that is, on the other. I may confidently say I feel no such straitness and peril in using the Latin forms.' (Vol. ii. p. 349.)

Nor is it only here that he speaks of himself as feebly groping his way where others walked with enviable confidence.

'Sixty years ago the interpretation of Scripture was one vast mass of conventionalisms, very galling, very oppressive, yet not to be touched as you would value your peace and character. Should anyone have the temerity to express a doubt whether the words, "In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it lie," were point blank against purgatory, or whether the "works" contrasted by St. Paul with "faith" included Christian obedience in the same category as Jewish ordinances, he must be an atheist, or, still worse, a Papist in disguise. . . . Hence possibly my questionings were less reverent and more impatient than they might have been. I had to seek, and I did seek, for a clue through this sea of doubtful interpretations; but I was not much of a Biblical scholar, and still less read in the Fathers or even in our own divines. The latter are a wordy race, and one has to be a long time getting at the pith of their meaning. Some of them seem to have no other art than that of disguising the weakness of their own convictions.' (Vol. ii. p. 378.)

In like manner he is willing to admit that when, after a sojourn in Normandy, he made up his mind to join the Church of Rome, he was actuated chiefly by a desire to rid himself of a sense of tormenting and overpowering difficulties.

'I believe I was seeking rest. I was distracted and wearied with discussions above my measure, my faculties, and my attainments. I

disliked the tone of disputants, all the more because I easily fell into it myself. The Church of England was one vast arena of controversy. Ten thousand popes—the lay popes ten times more arrogant, unreasonable, and bitter than the clerical, and the female popes a hundred times worse than either—laid down the law, and demanded instant obedience.’ (Vol. ii. p. 392.)

This is all very amusing, although it fails to carry to our minds a due sense of the author’s incapacity for dealing with the points in question. It is not without a slight temptation to incredulity that we listen to Mr. Mozley when he tells us that he has attempted no account of Newman’s works, having always been a ‘bad reader’ and having now ‘less power than ever of mastering any work requiring close attention and continued thought;’ and we are tempted to put our own interpretation on his confession that the work before us is but a superficial one, ‘for I am not much of a logician, or of a metaphysician, or of a philosopher; least of all am I a theologian.’ The truth is simply this, that Mr. Mozley is before all things a journalist. Although he has not thought proper in these confessions to do more than hint obscurely at the principal occupation of his own life, it is notorious that he has been for many years one of the chief contributors to a leading newspaper, and he has no reason to be ashamed of his performances in that capacity. He also acted for some time as editor of the ‘British Critic,’ as the successor of Newman himself. These facts suggest the singular reflection that a man so whimsical in his habits, so inaccurate in his statements, and so unsettled in his opinions, should have exercised a considerable influence over the political and theological views of his contemporaries. If we were to judge of his writing by the style of the volumes now before us, we should say it is slipshod and careless, though humorous. He probably wrote better at other times and in other places. But both as a writer and a thinker he must be ranked far below his brother, Dr. James B. Mozley, the late Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. His lifelong experience as a journalist accounts for some shortcomings as well as for some of his merits as a writer. It has put him so effectually on his guard against dulness as to tempt him to undue efforts to be always bright and sparkling. Matters even of importance are rather touched lightly than handled with adequate seriousness; and Mr. Mozley is more anxious for dramatic grouping than for the clear sequence of his narratives. The same cause has led him into not a few useless digressions and exaggerations. It has exposed him to charges of inaccuracy in speaking of Archbishop Whately,



of Sir James Stephen, of the father of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and others. It has betrayed him into some inexact statements about his brother-in-law, Cardinal Newman. It is quite possible that he might have steered clear of some of these reefs and rocks had he availed himself of means at his disposal—in other words, if he had bestowed upon his task the time which beyond doubt it needed. He insists, indeed, with some earnestness, that his book consists of reminiscences, and reminiscences only.

‘I possess a great mass of letters, journals, and other documents that might have helped to make these volumes a little more interesting and more authentic. But I have now only a small remainder of my eyesight—one eye gone and not much left of the other—while my prospects of life and strength are also a small and doubtful remainder. I should soon have lost myself had I attempted to penetrate into all this buried material.’ (Vol. i. p. 9.)

We regret that he should have had this fear, or that, having it, he should not have shrunk from entering into details with regard to the Cardinal’s early life, unless he had something like a certitude of the exactness of his picture. To the outward world it is of comparatively little moment whether Dr. Newman’s mother belonged to one school of religious thought or to another; but our knowledge of the influences which moulded or may have moulded his childhood must affect our judgment of his career as a whole. For a long time he showed a marked leaning to the party which was known as the Evangelical. Later on, he was for a long time the champion of the theories of churchmanship specially insisted on by the great Caroline divines. It is therefore a matter of importance to ascertain, if we can, the channel by which he passed from one stage of his religious life to another. On this point we learn something from his ‘*Apologia* ;’ we gather something more from the reminiscences of Mr. Mozley, who regrets that in his ‘*biography*’ ‘Newman has not done justice to his early adventures and sallies into the domains of thought, politics, fancy, and taste.’ To this it is a sufficient answer that the ‘*Apologia*’ was not meant to be a biography, and that an enumeration of his accomplishments in music and poetry would have been out of place in it. But if the ‘*Apologia*’ does not in terms contradict, it gives no direct countenance to Mr. Mozley’s statement that Mrs. Newman, born of a Huguenot family, ‘was from first to last thoroughly loyal to her family traditions, and all the early teaching of her children was that modified Calvinism which retained the Assembly’s Catechism as a text, but put into young hands Watts, Baxter, Scott,

‘ Romaine, Newton, Milner—indeed, any writer who seemed to believe and feel what he wrote about.’

Calvinism, even in a modified form, is not so pleasant a creed as to leave room for dissatisfaction if anyone can be shown not to be imbued with it; and in the Assembly’s Catechism it still exhibits features so shocking that we can well understand the indignation which the imputation of it would rouse in minds for whom it has no attraction. The Catechism states, in the broadest and baldest way, the severance of mankind into the small body of the elect who must be saved in spite of themselves, and the larger body of the reprobate whose ruin even Divine power is unable to avert. We welcome, therefore, the assurance of Mr. Francis Newman that Mrs. Newman was free of all leanings to Calvinism in any shape; nor are we sorry to learn that she never introduced, either to him, or, as he believes, to any of her children, any one of the books named by Mr. Mozley. Not only is it, he declares, untrue that she taught him or them the Assembly’s Catechism, but he is not aware that he has ever seen it, while he is quite sure that in his father’s house he never heard of its name or its existence. On this subject we have in the ‘Apologia’ only the following sentence:—

‘I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had perfect knowledge of my catechism.’

We can scarcely doubt that the words ‘my catechism’ must denote the catechism which he would regard as his own so long as he remained a member of the Church of England; and this catechism, it is quite certain, could not be that of the Assembly of Westminster. But it is not so easy to understand precisely what may be meant by the absence or lack of formed religious opinions in his early youth. If we follow Mr. Mozley, we shall suppose that Dr. Newman refers to the sudden passage from death to life, from deliberate rebellion to absolute submission, from love of iniquity to love of goodness, which, according to certain schools, is the immediate result of the instantaneous conversion wrought in the elect and in these alone. ‘He expected,’ Mr. Mozley tells us, ‘to be “converted;” in due time he was “converted;” and the day and hour of his conversion he has ever remembered, and no doubt observed.’ This description scarcely tallies with the account in the ‘Apologia,’ which speaks only of a ‘great change of thought.’

‘I fell under the influences of a definite creed, and received into my

intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.'

But far from adding that the exact moment of the change has been commemorated continuously to the present time, Dr. Newman goes on to say that the feeling itself, in its Calvinistic aspect, soon passed away. The reason for its thus vanishing is obvious. He had never embraced the negative side of the Calvinistic theory of conversion. He looked upon himself as predestined to salvation; he thought of others as 'simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death,' adding that, like his beloved teacher, Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford, he rejected the latter proposition as a detestable doctrine.

The passage is significant as showing the pertinacity with which Dr. Newman has always clung to the idea of dogma as the declaration of an external visible authority, not as the statement of truth which remains unaffected whether it be declared by such an authority or not. We can therefore take these sentences along with Mr. Mozley's declaration, elsewhere made, that 'Newman was always for a thorough religious conversion, with a real sense of it; a deep sense of the necessity of doctrinal truths, and an absolute devotion to its claims.' But Mr. Mozley had spoken of conversion at the outset as an instantaneous passage from one type of character to another; and this we fail to reconcile with a later passage in which he speaks of Newman as maintaining such a change to be impossible, and as claiming for himself 'to have been substantially the same from first to last, only in progress and development; under heaven-sent guidances, impulse, and assistance.' It is quite possible that the charge of inconsistency may apply both to Mr. Mozley and to Dr. Newman. The latter, it seems, was disposed not merely to approve the notion of a Yorkshire-schoolmaster that men never change, but to formulate a theory accounting for deaths chronologically premature. Persons so removed had done, he supposed, all the good they could do or were likely to do, and they were suddenly withdrawn because they would do no more or could do no more, although the prolonged life of many who had altogether survived their work was a fact calling not less urgently for an explanation. There is, in truth, no difficulty in framing theories which account for certain sets of phenomena only; and the illustrations of such theories may exhibit no little humour. Such an illustration, we are told, Dr. Newman gave, when Mr. Mozley's servant drove him in a pony trap from Cholderton to Salisbury, eleven miles.

'The poor man, who was gardener, and always had a good deal to

say about the country and things in general, talked the whole way. The next letter from Newman ended with, "Pony went well; so did Meacher's tongue. Shoot them both. They will never be better "than they are now!"' (Vol. i. p. 209.)

An inconsistency still more marked is exhibited in the case of one of the most conspicuous figures in the early days of the Oxford movement. Richard Hurrell Froude has left behind him a reputation such as the most rigid of sacerdotalists might rejoice to attain; but it is quite possible for a Hildebrand or Becket to unite the most extravagant ecclesiastical pretensions with extreme hatred of other religious bodies which put forth like claims, and in such instances there is in truth no difference of opinion, except as to the geographical centre of power. Froude, therefore, might insist on these pretensions, and yet remain an Anglican of the Anglicans. The only question is whether he did so or did not. Mr. Mozley speaks of him as always somewhat in advance of Newman, but still as returning from his cruise in the Mediterranean in 1833 'more utterly set against Roman Catholics than he had been before. His conclusion was that they held 'the truth in unrighteousness; that they were wretched 'Tridentines everywhere and, of course, ever since the Reformation; that the conduct and behaviour of the clergy was 'such that it was impossible they could believe what they 'professed; that they were idolaters in the sense of substituting easy and good-natured divinities for the God of Truth and Holiness.' (Vol. i. p. 304.) In his 'Remains' Froude was allowed to speak unreservedly for himself. No attempt was made by his editors to soften or modify any of his utterances; and upon the whole, Mr. Mozley remarks, they were right, 'for no one ever charged, or could now charge, on 'Froude that his expressions had brought anyone to Rome, 'or could doubt that Froude himself was Anglican to the last.'

With this we need only contrast the following sentences in Dr. Newman's 'Apologia.' Froude, we are here told,

'had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition state of opinions, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome and his hatred of the Reformers. . . . He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants," and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching.'\*

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\* *Apologia*, p. 85.

It seems, indeed, strange that the portrait of Hurrell Froude drawn by Newman in the 'Apologia' should not have led Mr. Mozley to reconsider some statements which he advances with absolute confidence. It is quite possible that a tendency Romewards, or in any other direction, may exist for a time without being known to those who are affected by it; and in the same way Newman's language in 1833 may have given no signs of steps to be taken some years later; but it is quite certain that a strong leaning to, and indeed a preference for, the Roman Church, was for Hurrell Froude no reason for deserting the communion of the Church of England, and that from him Newman learnt to regard this position as legitimate.

'It is difficult,' he says, 'to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He made me look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.'\*

It is little better than a quibble to pretend that minds in such a state are not in substantial harmony with the dogmatic system of the Roman Church. The honesty of men who with such convictions retain their position in the English Church is another question which cannot be settled quite so easily perhaps as Mr. Mozley seems to think. Such conduct may be made to look very black; but, the aspect being changed, it may assume a fairer hue. Speaking of some French priests whom he met at Caen in 1843, Mr. Mozley tells us that 'they took it for granted that Newman would join their communion, and that he was only lingering in order to bring more with him in the end.'

'This,' he adds, 'they seemed to think a natural and proper proceeding; and I should doubt whether there exists a Frenchman capable of thinking otherwise. It may seem unwarrantable to attribute to a great and gallant nation a moral code which few Englishmen will be found to tolerate; but France is a military nation, and has also ever been divided into parties practically at war, and observing the old maxim that all is fair in love and in war. We Englishmen hardly know what a great blessing we enjoy in being able, upon the whole, to observe the code of honour, even while we disagree.' (Vol. ii. p. 291.)

This is one of the taunts against France and Frenchmen which Mr. Mozley throws out from time to time with discreditable rashness. Yet it appears from his grotesque account of his visit to Normandy that he was profoundly

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\* *Apologia*, p. 87.

ignorant of the language and the manners of the French people, and he seems never before to have been inside a Roman Catholic Church. It seems to us the height of fatuous impertinence to assume that 'we Englishmen' have a sense of honour to which the French cannot attain because they are 'a military nation:' and certainly that high sense of honour was not universal amongst Mr. Mozley's priestly friends and associates.

For at this very time Mr. Spencer, afterwards known more widely as Father Ignatius, was urging on his party precisely the conduct which commended itself to the priests at Caen. 'Let us remain quietly for some years till, by God's blessing, the ears of Englishmen are become accustomed to hear the name of Rome pronounced with reverence. At the end of this term you will soon see the fruits of our patience.' In truth, wherever there is compromise, we must expect to see the terms on which it rests strained from time to time at either end. That there are elements of compromise both in the articles and in the formularies of the English Church, is a fact beyond question; and the large extent to which the compromise may be lawfully, though not honourably, carried in the direction of Roman teaching, has been authoritatively laid down in the Bennett judgment. Whether the amount of liberty exercised by the Vicar of Frome would have permanently satisfied Mr. Spencer, we may well doubt; but that there are honest English gentlemen who cannot see why the terms of compromise may not be interpreted as indulgently on the side of Laud as on that of Baxter, we cannot doubt at all; and the admiration for Rome on the one side balances the admiration of nonconformity on the other.

It is unfortunate that the value of the reminiscences which form the bulk of these volumes must be tested in details affecting personal interests and feelings, and sometimes trenching on painful topics. But the necessity exists; and only by seeing how matters stand in two or three instances can we reasonably convince ourselves that careful examination may produce the same results in others. The world has already dealt somewhat freely with the relations, or the supposed relations, between Cardinal Newman and his brother Mr. Francis Newman. Such relations need, of course, the most delicate handling; and here assuredly Mr. Mozley would have done well to try his own memory by the impressions left on those of whom he was speaking. The matter is not one of intrinsic importance. The public is not greatly concerned in determining the degrees of cleverness or other qualities

in a family. But when two brothers have won for themselves a name, when in different directions they have exercised a large influence on the thought of the age, it becomes doubly imprudent to commit to paper recollections which may not be trustworthy. Mr. Mozley is anxious to make good what he regards as serious omissions in Dr. Newman's '*Apologia*,' forgetting that that work contains professedly a history not of his life, but only of his religious opinions; and for this reason he speaks of the school at Ealing, in which Newman rose almost at a bound to the head, 'where, before long, he was followed by his no less remarkable and even more precocious brother, Frank Newman. From boyhood the two brothers had taken the opposite sides on every possible question, and perhaps the fact that one of the born disputants was more than four years younger than the other accounts somewhat for their respective lines of divergence. If they argued at all on an equality, the younger must be the cleverer, the elder more mature.' On this point Dr. Newman, in his '*Apologia*,' says nothing; nor is this description warranted by any statements of Mr. Francis Newman in his '*Phases of Faith*.' It seems, in truth, to be far removed from fact. The precocity was exhibited not by the younger brother, but by the elder, who soon found himself in circumstances which forced him into a premature leadership. The brothers started from a common ground, where a general agreement left no room for anything like angry debate or painful argument, until the mind of the elder began to show that the impression of the Augustinian City of God was already deeply engraven upon it. The difference began when the elder formulated his ideas of an external infallible authority in matters of faith; but even when this was met by the counter assertion that the choice between Rome and Canterbury as such an authority was a mere geographical accident, there was nothing of that prolonged disputing on which Mr. Mozley lays stress.

The banquet to which Mr. Mozley invites his readers is both rich and varied; but we cannot say that the entertainment places us altogether at our ease. If all the personages of whom he speaks were wholly unknown to us, we might resign ourselves to the comfortable supposition that his judgments of them are to all intents and purposes just and right. But each fresh mistake abates our confidence, while it makes us feel that Mr. Mozley's reliance on his power of recollection is vastly too great. He remembers the enthusiastic praises bestowed on Arnold by Rugby boys during their Oxford residence, and the wealth of oracular sayings for which they

professed themselves indebted to him. 'Had I memory,' he adds, 'or had I kept a journal, I should now be able to reproduce hundreds of them.' But the lack of memory and the absence of a journal are serious hindrances for an historian, and such admissions do not allay our fears. With some feelings of wonder we read of Rugby as giving itself up, after Dr. Wooll's time, to 'historical and philosophical speculations,' and it is not without amusement that we come across some remarks on the relation of a public schoolboy to his head master. Mr. Mozley had been unsuccessful in his application to Arnold for the admission of his brother James, the future Divinity Professor, to Rugby. The boy was a few months too old; and Mr. Mozley was reconciled to the decision, which at first keenly disappointed him, by the fact that his brother had a hesitation in his speech, and, moreover, that there were 'some points of fatal resemblance' between him and Arnold. 'Both were independent in their opinions and quick in their tempers. It was only sixteen years after this that my brother published in the "*Christian Remembrancer*" an exceedingly able and interesting review of Arnold's "*Life and Correspondence*" by Stanley.' At the beginning of this period dangerous controversies were not much to be dreaded between the pupil and the teacher; and long before the sixteen years were ended he might be qualified not merely to write a review of his life, but to take part in his work at Rugby. With regard to the constitution of the school again, Mr. Mozley's memory must have played him false. His brother, we are told, would not have been content to be in any lower form than the highest—'that is, Arnold's own Twenty.' This phrase is explained in another passage, which tells us that

'Arnold was now conducting Rugby on the principle of selection, adaptation, and careful manipulation. He was sending away every boy not likely to do good to himself or to the school. Contenting himself with a general oversight of the rest, he chiefly devoted himself to the twenty boys most qualified to benefit by his instruction. He also innovated considerably on the old routine of books and studies. It is impossible to imagine a greater innovation than to occupy lads of sixteen and under in the unfathomable problems of Niebuhr's "*Roman History*."' (Vol. i. p. 255.)

This passage may be taken as a fair specimen of the inaccuracies into which a writer with a singular, if not a fatal, facility for painting rapidly and broadly may fall. Had he said that Arnold did not hesitate to send away a boy who was manifestly doing himself or the school harm, he would have hit the mark fairly enough. Had he looked at Stanley's '*Life of*



Arnold,' he would have seen there that the head master's form was the Sixth, and not the Twenty, which was entrusted to the charge of Mr. Bonamy Price; and had he cared to acquaint himself with the teaching of the school forty years ago, he would have found that Niebuhr's 'Roman History' was not a text-book for the Sixth, and therefore not for any other form, and that the business of the boys was to get up their lessons in Herodotus, Livy, or any other author, as best they could, and then to benefit by such instruction as their more widely-read teacher could impart to them. Lastly, had he spent a little time on the historical criticism of the last thirty years, he might have learnt that Niebuhr's 'Roman History' is not a storehouse of unfathomable problems, but little more, unfortunately, than a house of cards, very rudely shaken, if not demolished, by the unsparing scrutiny of Sir Cornwall Lewis.

Arnold, however, was a thinker as well as a teacher, a Christian as well as an historian, with very decided views on the nature of Christianity, faith, and religion, and on his duty with reference to them. It was not for him to keep silence if there were evils in Church or State which called for correction; still less could he fail to lift up his voice and cry aloud if he saw any possessed by beliefs which seemed to him to strike at the very roots of all trust in God and in the moral government of the world. Such a danger he thought that he saw in the growth of a party at Oxford which made human salvation depend on the perfection and soundness of an organisation which appeared to him a mere mechanism. These convictions he expressed with irrepressible earnestness, and with a vehemence which his opponents could not fail to regard as excessive and unwarrantable. It was his belief that all Christendom and all mankind are in the hands of God, who is dealing with each mercifully and justly, and that their condition in His sight is determined by the sincerity of their motives and the purity of their lives, and not primarily by their position in any ecclesiastical system; that Church order and Church government are, like all order and government, indispensably necessary, that they may be inestimable blessings, or may become instruments of perversion and corruption, and that they must inevitably become the latter in the proportion in which the letter is in any matter made to take the place of the spirit, and the shadow is treated as if it were the substance. Believing that this, and only this, could be the result of the new Oxford teaching, how could he do otherwise than speak out plainly and strongly? Without holding that the whole work of the Reformation was perfect, he could yet insist that,

if the new teaching should prevail, the great uprising against the ecclesiastical despotism of the Middle Ages would have gone for nothing ; and it is not easy to see why his antagonists should have been much offended by his words, when it was their secret or avowed determination that it should go for nothing. But strong words, no doubt, carry a sting, and the article which in the pages of this *Journal*\* gave utterance to all that he felt was rendered perhaps still more stinging by a title not devised by himself. If his language was too personal, this was a matter for regret ; but no evil could be more serious, and he could not meet it with any weapons which would be manifestly unsuited to such a warfare. He could not describe as insignificant a struggle which might, he feared, tax all the powers of the combatants engaged in it ; nor could he treat with contempt men whose sincerity and zeal gave to their work its dangerous and deadly impetus. But Mr. Mozley is under the impression that Arnold relied chiefly on these weapons of contempt and ridicule ; and mingling the words of some among his pupils, followers, or friends with his own, he has made Arnold responsible for them all. Hence we are told that Arnold tried to crush the movement with social contempt.

‘ Unhappily, the most distinguished of his pupils believed themselves justified in saying everything he had said, and they described Newman as an unknown person at Oxford, seen in the pulpit once a week, and having nothing to do with the world, that is “society.” In a certain sense it may be said that the Apostles and the fathers of the first three centuries were not in society, socially known and insignificant. In that sense the studiously contemptuous expressions of Arnold and some of his pupils may be true.’ (Vol. i. p. 395.)

In words still stronger we are informed that ‘when Arnold ‘discharged his torrent of abuse at Newman and his friends, ‘the worst thing he had to say of them was that they were ‘nobodies in Oxford ; almost unknown there ; not in society, ‘hardly indeed admissible, so he insinuated.’

Such statements assuredly ought not to come without a reference. The method of insinuation was one with which Arnold was not familiar ; and we are at a loss to know how Mr. Mozley measures the severity of adverse criticism. To be told that we are nobodies is scarcely so intolerable a rebuke as to be told that our theories are ‘incompatible with all sound ‘notions of law and government,’ and that we are ‘substi-

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\* April 1836, ‘The Oxford Malignants.’ Stanley, ‘Life of Arnold,’ ii. 9.

‘tuting a ceremonial for a spiritual Christianity.’ In this lay the gist of Arnold’s censure; and to suppose that it lay elsewhere is to run into a strange misconception. Mr. Mozley is surely ascribing to Arnold features foreign to his character, when he speaks of him as having a special turn for speculation and a special lack of practical aim. In the following words, at any rate, we have little more than an imaginary picture:—

‘Whether as private tutor or as head master of Rugby, Arnold was engaged in the most laborious and engrossing of all occupations, seeking occasional relief from that drudgery by enquiries into the most conjectural regions of history, or into the political or religious problems of the future. He thus lived in a world of his own, as despotic at his writing-desk as in his school, and wielding his pen as if it were a ferule.’ (Vol. ii. p. 52.)

Can Mr. Mozley have read the ‘Roman History,’ in which, so far as it traverses the regions of conjecture, Arnold takes for granted that the work has all been rightly done by another, whom he follows accordingly, while he hastens onwards himself to find his full enjoyment in recording the career of Hannibal? Can he have spent much time on the other writings of a man who might perhaps with greater truth be described as too much oppressed by the sense of present evils to see not only that there might be more than one way of escaping from many of them, but that the sense of despair is strengthened by shutting our eyes to the teachings of the past and the possibilities of the future? To Mr. Mozley all that Arnold said on the Tractarian movement involved a ‘ridiculous misconception,’ we must suppose, of Mr. Newman and his allies; but the misconceptions are not altogether on one side. Stanley’s narrative must be strangely misleading, if sundry baitings which Arnold is here said to have undergone at the hands of the Tory clergyman, Mr. Litchfield, stirred him to paroxysms of indignation.

‘His imagination peopled the world with Litchfields, and he could not hear of the slightest contravention of his opinions without imagining some lively animal of the same lively species about to spring on him. He seemed to live in a jungle, where every moving of the reeds was fearfully significant.’

Such a delusion, however, would scarcely be greater than that of Newman’s friends, if, as we are told, they ‘had accepted the character of Arnold as an amiable enthusiast, ‘drawn in by Bunsen . . . but still true to his professions of ‘dovelike sweetness and simplicity.’ There was nothing even in the article on the Oxford Malignants differing in kind from what he had said before and what he said afterwards. It

furnished no warrant for the inference that it expressed the 'indignation of a man disappointed of a mighty ambition,' and still less that it is the language of a man who denudes himself of his Christian livery on entering the anonymous arena. Nor is there any more solid groundwork for the fancy that 'some years after, from one cause or another,' there 'was a great softening in Arnold, and when he came up 'for his lectures on ancient history and was thrown into 'Newman's company at Oriel, they became good friends, and 'so parted.' Arnold delivered no lectures on ancient history. He was not Camden Professor. The phrase, 'thrown into 'another's company,' implies something like frequent intercourse. From Arnold's journal it would seem that there was but one meeting between himself and Newman, when they dined together in Oriel Hall—a meeting of which his biographer says simply that he then became 'for the first time 'personally acquainted with that remarkable man, whose 'name had been so long identified in his mind with the theological opinions of which he regarded Oxford as the centre.' There was no doubt courtesy and friendliness between the two men; there is no sign of softening towards the system of dogma which was daily acquiring greater power over the mind of Dr. Newman.

The career of Arnold stands out in marked contrast with that of Dr. Hampden. The former is throughout consistent. There is no break in the continuity of his thought, no abandonment of any definite line pursued for a time, no laying aside of any method used vigorously on some solitary or rare occasion. The other has surprised both friends and foes by what would seem to be its strange inconclusiveness. In its earlier portion and towards its close it exhibits no peculiar features; but between these two comes a period of strange philosophic activity which to many brought a foreboding of disastrous change. The time was at hand, unknown as yet probably to Hampden and even to those who were to be most active in the work, when the movement, directed by Newman and his friends, should lead to the ransacking of the almost forgotten stores of patristic literature, the 'sad rubbish' from which Gaisford hurried visitors to the library of Christchurch. But before that time came, a blow was struck against the method apart from which that patristic literature would be altogether useless. The writings of the fathers were, or were supposed to be, a storehouse of dogma; but what benefit would there be in dogma if it could not be dealt with scientifically? and of what use again would be the most elaborate

fabric so reared, if there should be reason for suspecting that its foundations rested on sand? Not much was known of the scholastic philosophy; but some of its terms were familiar sounds, and were associated with beliefs held to be of primary importance. The fact of this connexion excited but a languid interest, or perhaps no interest at all, until the University of Oxford was startled by a condemnation of this terminology from the university pulpit. The condemnation was based on the definite ground that the 'speculative logical Christianity' which survives among us at this day has been the principal 'obstacle to the union and peace of the Church of Christ.' It was formulated in the propositions that the 'vast apparatus' of technical terms which Christian theology now exhibits 'was radically vicious and wrong, and that 'whilst theologians' of the schools have thought that they were establishing 'religious truth by elaborate argumentation, they have been 'only multiplying and arranging a theological language.' The fatal mischief lay in the fact that this system converted signs into things. 'The combination and analysis of words' which the logical theology has produced have given occasion 'to the passions of men to arm themselves in defence of the 'phantoms thus called into being.' Hampden might naturally have supposed that a challenge thus deliberately given would not fail to be taken up by those to whom a dogmatic theology seemed a thing never to be dispensed with. For a time, nevertheless, no one appeared to heed it. Hampden was not a man likely to gather around him a throng either of friends or of enemies. He was, indeed, in Mr. Mozley's uncomplimentary language,

'one of the most unprepossessing of men. He was not so much repulsive as utterly unattractive. There was a certain stolidity about him that contrasted strongly with the bright, vivacious, and singularly loveable figures with whom the eyes of Oriel men were then familiarised. Even the less agreeable men had life, candour, and not a little humour. Hampden's face was inexpressive, his head was set deep in his broad shoulders, and his voice was harsh and unmodulated. Some one said of him that he stood before you like a milestone and brayed at you like a jackass. It mattered not what he talked about, it was all the same, for he made one thing as dull as another.' (Vol. i. p. 380.)

It might well have been supposed that the lectures were forgotten, when in 1834 Hampden published his pamphlet on religious dissent and the use of religious tests in the university. The challenge was now conveyed more directly. Instead of attacking the scholastic terminology only, he 'stated

‘that the creeds were but opinions, for which a man could not be answerable, and that they were expressed in obsolete phraseology.’ The pamphlet contained a distinct proposal to abolish subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles; and the orthodox timidity of Englishmen began to take alarm. They have been, it would seem, unable to learn that the Church of Rome can maintain her authority without resorting to this machinery of subscription; and the want of confidence in the potency of truth thus indicated was admitted in terms by Henry Wilberforce in a letter to the Primate. The very foundations of the faith, he argued, had been assailed by the pamphlet; and his protest, if it did nothing more, made Hampden a marked man, exposing him to obloquy on one side, and increasing his chance of promotion on the other. The promotion came on the death of Dr. Burton. Hampden was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity; and if the sacerdotal theory of the Church was to be upheld, the condemnation of the lectures became an indispensable necessity. The cry of danger to the Christian faith insured the adverse sentence of Convocation, of which probably not more than two or three members had read the lectures. For the rest a series of extracts were supposed to render superfluous the task of going through a book admitted by a general but tacit consent to be utterly unreadable. Eleven years later the floodgates of controversy were reopened, when Hampden was named for the See of Hereford. The lectures had not been listened to when they were delivered; they were not read when judgment was passed on them by Convocation, nor were they read now when an attempt was made to annul the nomination of the Crown. But the circumstances of the strife were changed.

‘Hampden had now to fight not only for his opinions, but still more for the royal prerogative. The latter was an impregnable position. Hampden did nothing, said nothing, and was unassailable. As peace there must be on the bench, and he would not submit, others must. S. Wilberforce then began to read the lectures seriously, at least as he had never done before; and the result was an apology to Hampden for all he had himself done, on the plea of ignorance.’ (Vol. i. p. 376.)

Thirty-four years after the delivery of the lectures came another recantation. Mr. Gladstone ‘had done his best for a whole generation to understand the lectures without the slightest success. As it was utterly past his power to understand them, he had been clearly wrong to condemn them on the information of others.’ The reason given was an inability to master works of an abstract character, the last

phrase which perhaps could be rightly used to designate the lectures.

It was, in truth, a strange history. There had been nothing in Hampden's earlier career to account for his devoting himself to this special task; but there was something significant in the close acquaintance subsisting between himself and the shy Spanish priest who had found a refuge in the haven of an Oriel fellowship, and for whom the throwing down and the casting aside of the scholastic terminology was nothing less than a matter of life and death. Blanco White made no secret of the disappointment which he felt at the incompleteness of Hampden's work; and the suspicion gained strength that he himself had had no small share in what had been already done. So far as we can now see, he had looked forward to the delivery of the lectures as to an event which would 'seal the doom of orthodoxy;' and Hampden's refusal to take the final plunge was for him, in Mr. Mozley's words, 'the deathblow of a long-cherished hope.' The fact that Blanco White had this share in the composition of the lectures has been warmly disputed and confidently denied; but the chain of circumstantial evidence adduced by Mr. Mozley seems amply to establish it. There is something extremely significant in the slender acquaintance which Hampden possessed with the subject before he became known to the Spanish exile, and the comparatively full knowledge which he seems to have attained subsequently, a knowledge seemingly lost again later on. It is a mere question of fact. The credit or discredit of Dr. Hampden is not the point to be dealt with, although his defence, if any defence be needed, is complete.

'Is it wrong,' Mr. Mozley asks, 'for a man charged with an important public duty, and undertaking a new and difficult task, full of peril, to avail himself of the only informant, the only man at all familiar with the subject, within reach, that informant being also an old and intimate friend? Would it have befitted the lecturer himself, his position, or the interests of the university, to neglect an opportunity ready at hand, and of a very exceptional character? There is no such folly, no such cause of utter breakdown and disgrace, as the silly pride of doing things by oneself, without assistance. Hampden never claimed that originality, which, as often as not, is the parent of error. He was a laborious and conscientious reader and thinker, whose chief anxiety seems to have been to work on a recognised foundation, and to use all the means at hand for doing his work as well as he could. What, then, are universities made for, if not to bring students together, and enable them to compare notions and render mutual services? Nor does a statesman or an orator demean himself, and practise a fraud, because he avails himself of professionals and experts.'

Mr. Mozley has in this instance fairly made good his statement. He has put together a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, and for most of it he insists that he speaks of his own personal knowledge. In one or two other cases it is not impossible that his account may be right, and the explanation of his critics wrong. Of all the prominent workers in the new Oriel or Oxford movement, Keble has been most surrounded with something of a saintly halo; and he who would question the beauty of his character would betray only his own folly. But the deep reverence of friends is sometimes unduly, although pardonably, offended, if some flaws are pointed out in what to them may seem wellnigh perfect; and, as Dr. Newman has said, Keble's name was spoken 'with reverence rather than 'admiration' sixty years ago.

'When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, "There's "Keble!" and with what awe did I look at him! Then, at another time, I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was unlike anyone else.' (Vol. i. p. 219.)

Mr. Mozley was less contented to live in this atmosphere of worship. He speaks of Keble with hearty appreciation as the sun of the little Oriel world. 'His nature, indeed his very 'appearance, was such as to move the affection of all about 'him, and he could hardly ever have the least need of those 'rebukes and contradictions that pursue ordinary people from 'infancy to manhood, indeed later still.' But the fact remained that he had grown up 'in what may be called the 'sacred seclusion of old English family life, among people 'enjoying a perfect harmony of taste and opinion.'

'Such a training,' Mr. Mozley thinks, 'had not that admixture of roughness which is necessary to fit a man for the work of this rude world. He could only live in a calm and sweet atmosphere of his own. He had not the qualities for controversy or debate, which are necessary for any kind of public life. He very soon lost his temper in discussion. It is true there were one or two in our college who really might have tried the temper of an angel; but there really was no getting on with Keble without entire agreement, that is, submission.'

This criticism is not unnaturally resented by Dr. Pusey. To Mr. Mozley's remark that Keble 'had renounced all hope 'of promotion,' he replies that Keble could not renounce what



he had never entertained. The charge of irritability in argument he meets by the retort that Mr. Mozley's mind was not fitted to appreciate either Keble or Newman, and that, without meaning any harm, he wrote off hand of Keble as he would of any man of the world. Dr. Pusey, 'of course, never witnessed 'any loss of temper in him,' and that which to Mr. Mozley seemed such was only 'the pain which it gave him to hear 'the truth contradicted.' The defence is singularly characteristic. We seldom encounter opposition from those with whom we wholly agree, and we have only to regard as the truth a number of propositions which make up virtually the bulk of our own opinions; and when these are impugned, we may without any loss of temper show signs of a pain which shall effectually arrest discussion. The number of these propositions has always a tendency to enlargement; and Mr. Mozley significantly remarks that this method of bringing controversies to an end 'was the more lamentable, in that 'some very small matters came in those days to be raised into 'tests of loyalty and orthodoxy.'

We are, in truth, apt in greater or less degree to make our own world, and it may be that men of the world are not the least unlikely to take due account of forms of thought differing indefinitely from each other. In Dr. Pusey's eyes Mr. Mozley was a man of the world, and Mr. Mozley has certainly exhibited, in a series of pictures at once amusing and instructive, the manifold aspects of religious and intellectual life at Oxford in the earlier half of the present century. Lessons not unimportant may be learnt from those portions of his narrative which most provoke a smile. The history of the Noetic party at Oriel, and of the more distinctively ecclesiastical school which followed it, may be grave and dignified enough; but there were other parties or schools which exhibited no dignity at all. Such was the little society gathered at St. Edmund Hall, which was intended 'to be a burning and shining light 'in the surrounding darkness.' The brightness was not a physical one.

'These Edmund Hall men could be known anywhere. They were either very shabby or very foppish. They all had the look of dirt, which, perhaps, was not their fault, for they had dirty complexions. How is it that goodness, poverty, and a certain amount of literary or religious ambition, produce an unpleasant effect on the skin?'

They were not, however, always birds of a feather. Some few were men of reading and of learning.

'But they did not find themselves at home, and they made their escape to another college at the first opportunity—Jacobson to wit.

Matters must have been even worse at the beginning of the century. An old family friend of mine, Mr. Wayland, together with his friend Mr. Joyce, who became a popular private tutor and used to help Lord Grenville to write elegiacs on his departed dogs, found themselves thrown together by misdirected kindness in St. Edmund Hall. I cannot say that they blessed the friends who had so ordered their career.'

Their feelings of disappointment and annoyance may well be forgiven under the conditions which Mr. Mozley goes on to describe.

'As the St. Edmund Hall men divided their time between self-contemplation, mutual amusement, and the reading of emotional works, studying no history, not even critically studying the Scriptures, and knowing no more of the world than sufficed to condemn it, they naturally, and perforce, were driven into a very dangerous corner. This was invention. Their knowledge was imaginary. So, too, was their introspection, their future, sometimes even their past. All precocity is apt to take this form. The quick ripening mind, for lack of other matter, feeds upon itself. These young men had been reared on unsubstantial and stimulating food; on pious tales, on high-wrought death-beds, on conversations as they ought to have been, on one-sided biographies. Truth of opinion, they had always been told, was incomparably more important than truth of fact. Henry Wilberforce used to relate the rather unguarded speech of a well-known archdeacon, friend of Sumner, Bishop of Winchester: "It's remarkable that all the "most spiritually-minded men I have known were in their youth "extraordinary liars."' (Vol. i. p. 245.)

It is, perhaps, not easy to say where the strict sense of truthfulness is most thoroughly fostered. Such education as these St. Edmund Hall men had, they had received probably either at home or in some insignificant school; but elsewhere Mr. Mozley seems to speak of such conditions as by no means unfavourable to the growth of the virtue which they conspicuously lacked. On the Wilberforces we are told that 'one 'result of a private education was their truthfulness.'

'A public school, and indeed any school so large as to create a social distance between the masters and the boys, is liable to suffer the growth of conventional forms of truth and conventional dispensations from absolute truth. Loyalty to the schoolfellows warps the loyalty due to the master. The world has had many a fling at Bishop Wilberforce's ingenuity and dexterity, but his veracity and faithfulness cannot be impugned. He said what he believed or felt, and was as good as his word—a fact that must be admitted by many who owe him little or nothing.'

But we can scarcely stop at this point; and in the comments which follow, Mr. Mozley is not quite consistent with

himself. For the cultivation of truthfulness, private education stands, it seems, after all, at a disadvantage.

‘It may be said that a public schoolboy, even if he cuts a knot with a good bold lie every now and then, on what custom holds to be the necessity of occasion, yet learns to manage the whole matter of truth better than he could at home or at a private tutor’s. He learns better to distinguish between truthful and false characters, true and false appearances, the genuine and the spurious in the coinage of morality, the words that mean and the words that don’t mean, the modes of action likely to bear good fruit, and the modes which only promise or pretend. Every public schoolboy can say how it was S. Wilberforce made some considerable mistakes, and how it was he acquired a reputation for sinuous ways and slippery expressions.’ (Vol. i. p. 114.)

These remarks leave the main point untouched. Promises made by man to man, exactness in conversation, and truthful judgments of others, do not exhaust the conditions which may be tests of truthfulness. In his private life Bishop Wilberforce was absolutely trustworthy, high-minded, and honourable; but he was also a theologian and a politician, and in both capacities he had to deal with circumstances which called not seldom for wary treatment, and which exposed him, we think unjustly, to the charge of slipperiness and insincerity. It is impossible to read the Bishop’s private correspondence in the biography lately published of him without arriving at the conclusion that he was even more earnest in his convictions than he was supposed to be.

At the outset of the Tractarian movement, vast numbers had already half convinced themselves that there was a well-organised conspiracy for reducing Englishmen under papal bondage. Their worst fears received an absolute confirmation when, as Mr. Mozley puts it, ‘a man retiring and modest even to a fault, who could never have seen a dozen people together without a wish to hide himself,’ made a pretty theory of what all the world does in one way ‘or another.’ In Mr. Mozley’s opinion the theory was superfluous as well as imprudent. The Bible, he asserts, is now the most universal book in the world, and where it goes there can be no reserve. This may be doubted. The multiplication of books does not change the powers of the human mind; and a vast superiority in education and learning will always enable a man to practise reserve with the common folk, if he chooses to do so. But of Isaac Williams, as the one to make the challenge, Mr. Mozley may well say:—

‘Could the man himself have been exhibited at Exeter Hall . . .

people would have seen what a simple rogue the poor child was, what an imitation Guy Fawkes, what an innocent Inquisitor. As it was, and in total ignorance of the man, the world fell, or affected to fall, into a paroxysm of terror at the infernal machinations preparing against it. The front line of the advancing foe it could venture to cope with in open fight and measure swords with. It was the awful indefinite reserve and the dark ambuscade that made ten thousand pulpits tremble to the very foot of the steps. For many years after, whenever the preacher had exhausted his memory or his imagination, and run out his circle of texts or ideas, he could easily fall back on the dark doings of Oxford. Congregations of London shopkeepers were told that Newman and Pusey inculcated and practised systematic fraud, concealment, and downright lying in a good cause—that is, in their own. When one looked round to see the impression made by the dreadful charge, the congregation either were so fast asleep, or they were taking it so easy, that they must have heard it often before, or perhaps, after all, did not think habitual lying so serious a matter.' (Vol i. p. 435.)

The alarm, however, was not simply feigned; and in spite of all that has been said and written to demonstrate its absurdity, it is felt still. Individual men may have cleared themselves of the very faintest complicity with dissimulation in any shape; but it has not been found easy or even possible to banish the fear of systems which seem to furnish congenial soil for something worse than mere evasion. The difficulties which surround the subject are exceedingly great; and to take it in hand without keeping these difficulties fully in sight is simply to betray huge folly. It is precisely this folly of which Mr. Kingsley was guilty when he made his attack on Dr. Newman in person, and so fell into a trap from which extrication was impossible. It was the method of his protest rather than the substance of his accusation that was in fault. His charge was mere water as compared with that of a writer in the 'Christian Remembrancer' ten years before. The allegations of this writer, even after a careful weighing of all that is urged in the appendix to Dr. Newman's 'Apologia,' remain, so far as we can see, substantially unaffected, and they are certainly far more serious than those which Mr. Kingsley made in his unfortunate article in 'Macmillan's Magazine.' It is a grave matter when a writer, after a careful examination of authoritative treatises on casuistry, ends by saying that, so long as Liguori's theory of truthfulness remains uncondemned, 'we must be pardoned if we believe their word, because they are Christians—because they are men of honour—because they are Englishmen; not because they are, but in spite of their being, Romanists.' Yet, on the other

hand, we cannot refuse to hear Dr. Newman when he says that the practice is founded on the words which warn us against casting pearls before swine; and that in matters of practice, apart from questions of teaching, 'great English writers simply declare that in certain extreme cases, as to 'save life, honour, or even property, a lie is allowable.'\* It is Jeremy Taylor who insists that 'to tell a lie for charity, to 'save a man's life, the life of a friend, of a husband, of a prince, 'of a useful and a public person, hath not only been done at 'all times, but commended by great and wise and good men.' Jeanie Deans was brought up in a sterner school of morality. John Inglesant, brought up in the school of the Jesuits, thought it his duty to lie for his king, even at the risk of his own life.

So, running out in all directions, penetrating the domain of poetry and art, provoking against itself reactions, of which we have not yet in all cases seen the issue, the great movement has gone on, and is indeed going on still. With its origin and progress are associated a multitude of memorable names; and of many of these Mr. Mozley has spoken with affectionate enthusiasm, of none without tender sympathy, or at the least an impartial forbearance. But who shall say that he has fully appreciated either the actors or their work? Mr. Mozley would assuredly make no such imprudent claim. Some of the most conspicuous among them live in his pages; others, scarcely less important, are barely seen within the charmed circle, and such omissions seem to point to personal characteristics in himself which Mr. Mozley would be the last to disavow. Milman and Stanley are but two out of many, whose minds have been in whatever measure shaped and braced to their work by the influences of the Oxford movement, and who are destined, as we believe, to mould in far greater measure the religious faith of Englishmen hereafter. These men Mr. Mozley has, we think, failed to understand, as Dr. Pusey holds him to have failed in understanding Newman and Keble. It may therefore be true that though he has lived through it, he has, in a certain sense, failed to understand the movement itself. He can speak of the theories, rather we should say the doctrines, of the Apostolical Succession, of priestly power, of absolution, and the rest, but nowhere, it would seem, as going to the root of the matter. Churchmanship, as understood by Hurrell Froude, by Keble, or by Newman, is nowhere compared closely with the churchmanship of the older men, of whose

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\* *Apologia*, p. 418.

general excellence he speaks with genuine and hearty admiration. The time came when, in the orderly sequence of thought, the road to which he had committed himself brought him to the great alternative, and bade him, as he thought, make choice between the Church of England and the communion of Latin Christendom; and in picturing for us the struggle through which he passed he has given expression, on various subjects of the greatest gravity, to thoughts pointing to like modes in which other minds may be working, and of which it will be well for his readers to take account. But that of the primary conviction needed for an irrevocable decision there was an unconscious, or rather a half-conscious, lack, the following sentences are a virtual confession:—

‘Why did I go so far, and why did I not go farther? Why enter upon arguments and not accept their conclusions? Why advance to stand still, and in doing so commit myself to a final retreat? The reasons of this lame and impotent conclusion lay within myself, wide apart from the great controversy in which I was but an intruder. I was never really serious, in a sober business-like fashion. I had neither the power nor the will to enter into any great argument with the resolution to accept the legitimate conclusion. Even when I was sacrificing my days, my strength, my means, my prospects, my peace and quiet, all I had, to the cause, it was an earthly contest, not a spiritual one. It occupied me, it excited me, it gratified my vanity, it identified me with what I honestly believed a very grand crusade, it offered me the hopes of contributing to great achievements. But good as the cause might be, and considerable as my part might be in it, I was never the better man for it, and, not being the better, I never was the wiser. In fact, it was to me, all or most of it, an outside affair.’

The explanation, probably, is not far to seek. All faiths rest on certain ultimate premisses; and where a man is honest and single-hearted it is by these that his course is throughout life determined. No doubt there are Roman Catholics in England, and a far larger proportion of them elsewhere, who never troubled themselves about such questions; but no man has joined the Roman Church with a mind at ease, who had not convinced himself that only by so doing he could escape from complete and irremediable ruin; and this conviction in all but its final stage was fully formed in Dr. Newman's mind for years before he made his submission. In the very striking and forcible part of the ‘*Apologia*’ which gives his ‘General Answer to Mr. Kingsley,’ he declares that as he looks on this living busy world he sees no reflection of its Creator, and is led to the conclusion that either there is no Creator, or this living society of man is in a true sense ‘discarded from His presence.’ Hence, if there be a God, and since there is a

God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity, and is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. If for any this ruin is to be arrested and a method of deliverance vouchsafed, there must be a concrete representative of things invisible, which shall have the force and the toughness necessary to be a breakwater against the deluge of unbelief and rebellion. There must be 'a power in the world, invested 'with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters.' These premisses being granted, it may, we allow, be a hard matter to resist the conclusion; but they must be granted in full. It is not enough to say that the idea of moral goodness excludes that of a mechanical obedience, and that moral action and the responsibility consequent upon it imply choice; that a bad choice involves indefinite mischief; that the Divine purpose is not therefore affected, and that the Divine work still advances to its great consummation. We are offering no arguments and pronouncing no judgment. Both would here be out of place; and there is the less need for offering them, as we have had occasion lately to deal at some length with these premisses, and with the theological fabric which rests on them, in our remarks on Dean Stanley's 'Christian Institutions.' Dean Stanley's answer to Dr. Newman's syllogism is also our own; and we are content to leave behind us the controversies which no theories of sacerdotalism have ever been able to settle. In some of his comments on the religious history of the last half-century, Mr. Mozley seems to have caught the true answer to the perplexities which he has rather shaken off than fairly unravelled. He has at least fully learnt the lesson that 'everything warns us and calls us to moderation and to 'mutual toleration;' and if his mind had been less fixed on organised ecclesiastical constitutions, he would have seen, in Dean Stanley's words, that underneath the vast mass of sentiments and usages which have accumulated round the forms of Christianity 'there is a class of principles—a religion behind 'the religion, which, however dimly expressed, has given 'them whatever vitality they possess.' In this assurance we can read more cheerfully the beautiful words with which, at the close of his 'Apologia,' speaking of all those who had with him been so united at Oxford, and so happy in their union, Dr. Newman prays 'with a hope against hope 'that they may even now be brought at length, by the power 'of the Divine will, into one fold under one shepherd.'

ART. V.—1. *Rapport fait au nom de la Commission d'enquête sur les chemins de fer et les moyens de transport, sur l'ensemble du système des voies navigables de la France.* Par M. KRANTZ, Membre de l'Assemblée Nationale. Annexe au procès-verbal de la séance du 13 juin 1874.

2. *Voies Navigables de la Belgique : recueil des renseignements.* 1880. Printed by the Belgian Government.

3. *Report on the Comparative Cost of Transport by Railway and Canal.* By FRANCIS R. CONDER, C.E. Addressed, Feb. 14, 1882, to the President of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce. London: 1882.

4. *A Treatise on Rivers and Canals, relating to the Control and Improvement of Rivers, and the Design, Construction, and Development of Canals.* By L. F. VERNON-HARCOURT, C.E. Oxford (Clarendon Press): 1882.

THE services rendered to mankind by the canal engineer have of late been signally undervalued in England. Rushing, as we are accustomed to do, over banks, through trenches and tunnels, and under the busy roads of London itself, at the speed of thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour, we give little thought to the time, a century and a half ago, when 'there were no canals, railways, artificial harbours, nor machinery, which would now be thought worthy of the name, in England, and when the public roads were little better than mere tracks across the country. The inland commerce of the island was chiefly carried by transport on the backs of pack-horses—a state of things still memorialised by the use of the word "load" as a dimension of weight, meaning a horse load.' Inland water carriage was tedious and uncertain; it was only carried on on the rivers as nature had left them, and was interrupted at one time by drought, at another by flood. The perseverance of Francis, Duke of Bridgwater, and of his friend and engineer, James Brindley, whom the duke withdrew from his occupation as a millwright, in opening a waterway for the supply of Manchester with coal from the duke's colliery, was the commencement of a great revolution in the material welfare of the country.

In the career of the lighthouse engineer there is, as we have seen on a former occasion, enough of the contest of man with the mighty forces of nature to charm the attention of the reader by the display of qualities truly heroic. The interest of the drama attaches to the tale of the erection of the Eddy-



stone or of the Bell Rock tower. Again, when we see, from the close vicinity of the iron path, a train of vehicles weighing hundreds of tons whirl by with the velocity of a tempest, or when, from some lofty hill, we count perhaps a dozen white serpent-like coils of steam, each indicating the path of a locomotive busy in the convoy of its human load, we are apt to think of the railway engineer as the great minister of modern progress. Not in England alone, but in France, in Holland, in the United States, the facilities afforded by the railway to passenger traffic have been so enormous that it is little wonder that the more ancient services rendered to manufacture and to commerce by the canals were forgotten, and that men thought that they lived in 'the age of railways.'

From this unwise neglect of one of the true arteries of internal commerce we are now somewhat suddenly awakening. France, indeed, has been before us in this respect. About the time when the question of what were the proper functions of the railway was first broached in the pages of this Journal, the French engineers and the French statesmen awoke to the fact that the road, the railway, and the canal have each its appropriate position in any well-ordered system of national communication. Taught by that minute accuracy of book-keeping which renders France the paradise of the statist, French statesmen became aware that the carriage of certain classes of goods by railway, instead of by water, involved an appreciable loss; and they recognised the fact that whoever might gain or might lose by an adherence to any but the true system of the distribution of transport, the country was, at all events, the loser to the full amount of the economy neglected.

To the practical mode in which the French Government and people have signified their acceptance of this great economical law, it is impossible to give too diligent heed. Meanwhile England has been slow to take the hint. Statistical data on the subject, such as the French make it a duty and a pride to elaborate, are almost wholly wanting among ourselves. Parliament has been contented with asking for returns which, in some cases, have been refused, while in others the cardinal points were so carefully eliminated from the replies as to render them of little or no scientific value. What at last awakened the industrial world, and that with a suddenness probably without example, was the fact that the English manufacturer, finding himself unexpectedly undersold, not only in the foreign, but even in the home market, betook himself to investigate the cause. That cause, he soon found, was that he paid in many cases twice as much for transport as

did his continental rival. In some natural indignation he demanded an account of this state of things at the hands of those who had monopolised the internal carrying trade of the country. The enquiry has been pursued, among other places, before the Select Committee on Railways which was appointed in 1881, and reappointed last session, and which has, after long debate, agreed on an important, if somewhat imperfect, report. And in the course of the enquiry as to railway charges, the capabilities, the cheapness, and the value of canal transport, and the mode in which the canals have been forcibly obstructed by the railway companies, have started into unexpected prominence.

The sympathy that we feel with such noble examples of the triumphs of genius and perseverance as are afforded by the careers of men like Brindley and Telford should not, however, blind us to the fact that science, and especially analytic science, has made great strides since their time. Self-taught and self-reliant, our early engineers contented themselves with a rude—almost an instinctive—solution of the problems with which they had to deal. We may thus feel neither shame nor hesitation in saying that the investigation of the best form and dimensions to be given to a canal, for the conduct of any special kind of traffic, has yet to be attempted. It is difficult to prove a negative; and although a search through the index to the ‘Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers’ will be found to justify the above statement as far as England is concerned, it might be thought presumptuous to speak positively without such an exhaustive acquaintance with French, German, and Italian technical literature as few persons can be quite sure of possessing. But we have the distinct evidence of fact. If such investigations have been anywhere attempted, they have borne no fruit. The cross-sections, not only of the English canals, but also of the great works now in progress in France, of the Amsterdam Ship Canal, of the Suez Canal, and of the visionary Panama Canal, all evince the same profound neglect of this preliminary enquiry. To say that the cross-sections of these canals are as ill adapted as it is possible to conceive to the work that they have to perform, may be too strong a statement; but it will be seen that it is one very difficult to qualify. Our early canal engineers, in cutting enormous ditches, the bottoms and sides of which had often to be puddled with clay in order to prevent the percolation of the water, made their slopes within the canal itself. Thus, in the North Holland Canal, which was completed in 1825, a vessel drawing 17 feet of water (which is the deepest

draught suitable for a canal of this depth) cannot approach within 42 feet 6 inches of the canal bank; and this waste of waterway extends for 57 miles. The objects of the internal slope were, no doubt, the economy in the purchase of land which at first sight appears to be effected by making the flat slopes within the canal instead of on the outer bank; the greater facility of puddling; and the avoidance of the cost of retaining walls. Against this, however, have to be urged facts known to experience, of which the significance has never yet been fully brought out.

In 1830 and 1831—we will quote the words of Sir William Fairbairn\*—the means of attaining quick speed on canals was regarded as a subject of vital importance.

‘A new principle of traction had come into operation; the flight of the swiftest bird, and the fleetness of the racehorse, were surpassed by the iron bones and muscles of the locomotive; the tales of the “Arabian Nights” were realised, and no wonder that such apparent magic should create fear and consternation in the minds of proprietors and shareholders of canal stock. A speed of four and a half miles an hour for passengers, and two and a half for goods, were all that canals could then boast of, and a new project which held out hopes of increased rapidity was seized upon with avidity.’

Under these circumstances Fairbairn was called in, first to make certain experiments, and then to build a boat, ‘constructed exclusively for lightness,’ for canal transport. And the point to which we now have especially to refer is that while, in the Mersey, the ‘Lord Dundas,’ the steamer in question, ‘drove along at the rate of ten miles an hour,’ in the narrow canal from Warrington to Runcorn the ‘speed was ‘reduced to something under six miles.’ Again, in 1838, with a boat designed by Mr. Robert Mallet for use on the Irish canals (with 40 horse-power engines and only 5 ft. 9 in. beam), built with the intention of running at a speed of eight miles per hour, and which attained a speed of ten miles an hour in the comparatively open waters of the Liffey, at the Port of Dublin, it was found impossible to obtain more than six miles per hour in canals of 40 feet and 44 feet water surface. ‘A wave was then produced, the crest of which ‘crossed the canal close in front of the boat, which never rode ‘upon it or over it.’ When the engines were worked up to full power ‘the result was a tremendous surge at the sides and ‘rear of the boat, but no distinct increase of speed.’† By

\* Life of Sir W. Fairbairn (Longmans), p. 137.

† Min. Proc. Inst. C. E., vol. xxvi. p. 30.

attaching picked and powerful horses to this boat, the true wave of translation due to the depth of the canal was obtained, viz. eight miles an hour, and the boat rode on it. Throwing off the horses, the speed was reduced to five miles an hour, and could not be restored till the water grew tranquil. But the facts elicited by these experiments which are of the most pregnant significance are, that 'in running with one of these 'small steamers in a narrow part of a canal, if an open part 'or a ballast-hole were suddenly reached, the steamer would 'shoot ahead, so as to throw down a person standing carelessly;' while Mr. R. Mallet states that—

'at the bridges, where the canal suddenly narrowed to the width of the locks, that is to say fourteen feet, and where the greatest amount of resistance might have been expected, the engines, for the second or two while the paddles were passing the spot, flew away, showing that the back-current of the water required to fill the comparative void in the wake of the boat, took away the fulcrum from the paddle-wheels, and was one of the causes of defective speed.'

The curiously weak point in the above experiments is that while so much attention was at that time being directed to the form and power of the steamboat, no corresponding enquiry was made into the other half of the problem, the section of the waterway. The speed attained in the open sea shows that two-thirds of the resistance to canal traction is due to the cross-section of the canal. That this resistance is capable of diminution by increasing the depth, and by giving vertical walls to the sides of the canals, is also apparent. Thus, although this part of the enquiry is yet virgin, and while such experiments as those of Mr. Froude on seagoing vessels have yet to be instituted as to our canals, it is tolerably plain that a very great diminution in the tractive force needed for our inland waterways will reward a legitimate investigation. Mr. Abernethy, in the discussion from which we have been citing, observed: 'There was not at present, so far as he was 'aware, a single instance of a canal specially adapted for the 'use of steam power; and it was desirable that a paper should 'be prepared on that subject, describing the best form of 'canal for the purpose, having regard to the due proportions 'between the sectional area of the canal and that of the boats, 'together with the form of bank which would best resist the 'action of the waves.' This was in 1866; but the old form of flat under-water slope, which there is reason to believe must exert a dragging action on the boat, is still maintained.

Another item of waste arises from the angle at which the tractive power is exerted on the boat. On most English

canals the proportion of the length of tow-line to the distance between the centres of the tow-path and the waterway is from three to one to four to one. From one-third to one-fourth of the whole power exerted by the horse is thus constantly at work in drawing the boat towards the tow-path. This action is neutralised by the rudder of the barge, causing swell and waste proportionate to the speed of the boat. Thus not only is this proportion of horse-power lost as traction, but it is directly applied to the destruction of the banks by wash. And the loss thus caused increases in a hitherto uninvestigated, but enormous, ratio to the speed. At six or seven miles an hour the surge raised by the rudder of a boat towed by a trotting horse is much more formidable than that caused by the bow of the boat. The greater the speed, the nearer the angle between the rudder and the keel approaches a right angle, the more direct is the retardatory action. And the non-pressure, or suck backwards, behind the rudder is much greater than that behind the bow. Thus, at very high speeds, the greater part of the horse-power is exerted in overcoming the resistance of the rudder, due to the obliquity of the pull.

This is hardly the place in which to point out how this serious item of waste and of damage may be avoided. That it may be eliminated we have no doubt, and that by simple means. The subject is all the more important as its neglect has vitiated the fundamental experiments on which our calculations as to canal traction in this country are based. And when we reflect that the mean canal cost of one-third of a penny per ton per mile for transport is very nearly double the rate of freight per ton on the 1,632 miles of river and lake navigation from Chicago to New York, it is clear that we are far from having heard the last word either as to the economy, or as to the scientific engineering, of our canals.

The physics of railway traction were investigated and debated by the founders of the railway system in 1846. The experiments of Mr. Harding then showed that no less weighty an authority than Mr. Brunel had seriously undervalued the resistance of the atmosphere. The question was unfortunately mixed up with that of the broad and narrow gauge, but was to some extent then placed within the dominion of science. The economics of railways, a subject that has assumed a most unexpected development, has been grossly neglected in England. It can hardly be said to have been touched by any acting railway engineer or manager, with the exception of Mr. Rendel, in his reports on the East Indian Railway, and the yet more complete and exhaustive tabulation adopted by

Mr. Rae and his successor, Mr. Goodchap, the Government Commissioners for the New South Wales Railways. Now that attention is again being called to the question of canals, it is the economic part of the problem which first comes to the fore. It has been ably investigated by M. Krantz, M. Gobert, and other foreign statisticians or engineers, but the report mentioned at the head of our article is the first attempt made in this country to show, first, why water carriage must be cheaper than railway carriage, and, secondly, how far theory accords with actual practice. It yet remains to investigate the physical problem of water traction, and to determine the proper form of canal for a given load and a given speed. The boat is the unit of canal traction. To meet its size the locks must be designed. To accommodate the speed selected the depth of the canal must be fixed, as the wave of translation depends solely on the depth of the waterway, and should be so produced as to harmonise with the speed of the boat. Further than this, experiments are wanting; although those which we have cited rather point in the direction of the construction of a double canal, with vertical sides, and possibly of a width only about half that of the locks, supposing the latter to be constructed to hold two barges, side by side. Experiments on traction, in which the fundamental error—at all events in any experiments for scientific purposes—of measuring the force of an oblique pull, counteracted by the action of the rudder, have also to be instituted, and attention has to be directed to the cheapest and most direct mode of canal traction. The relation of weight of machinery and corresponding displacement to speed, and the loss by slip, have to be studied for inland as they have already been for marine navigation. In a word, the physical theory of towage, which *à priori* may be regarded as the most economical means of applying power to the transport of weight, has at the present moment actually to be created. We cannot doubt that the task of making and collating the necessary experiments will be worthily accomplished, or that it will repay the experimenter, if only in the airy currency of fame, and not in the more solid medium of gold.

It may be of interest to our readers to give such a brief summary of the actual condition of the canal service in England as they would be unable otherwise to obtain without very laborious research. Indeed, it is in the works of foreign writers, M. de Franqueville in France, and the Freiherr von Weber in Germany, that the most recent attempts to form any clear idea of the inland navigation of the United Kingdom are to be found. Mr. Vernon-Harcourt's book does not touch

this branch of the subject. But before attempting this part of our task it may be at the same time interesting and instructive to cast a glance over the carefully surveyed river valleys of France; to see how she began to repair and to extend her river navigation at the very time when we began to neglect our own; to point out the clear and trenchant reasons given by French engineers and by French statesmen for paying systematic attention to canals; and to give some view of the great improvement in the means of inland communication, which is at the present moment being effected at very large expense in France.

It is known that the Foss dyke, of eleven miles in length, which in 1840 under the advice of the Messrs. Stevenson was enlarged to a width of 45 feet and a depth of 6 feet, and which connects the navigation of the Trent with that of the Witham, owes its origin (as does also the greater work of the Caer dyke) to the Romans. It is not, however, clear that it was used by those great engineers for the purposes of navigation. A canal was made through the Pontine Marshes in B.C. 162. The *Fossa marina* was constructed by Caius Marius, B.C. 51, between Arles and Fos, then a haven in the Mediterranean. The works of Claudius and later emperors at the mouth of the Tiber are well known, and Lucius Verus undertook to join the Saône with the Moselle, and to unite the Mediterranean with the German Ocean by way of the Rhone, the Saône, the Moselle, and the Rhine. It is customary to refer to the Languedoc Canal, which affords a waterway of 150 miles in length from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and which climbs by its 119 locks to a summit level of 620 feet above the sea, as the pioneer of the canals of modern Europe. This great work was first designed under Francis I. The Cardinal de Joyeuse addressed a memorial in favour of the scheme to Henry IV. Finally, in 1662, Pierre Paul Riquet presented his plans to Colbert. After a serious investigation made by commissioners named by the king and by the estates of Languedoc, among whom was Hector de Bouteroue, the constructor of the Canal de Briare, the creation of this canal was authorised by Louis XIV. by an edict dated October 7, 1666. In May, 1681, after the death of the indefatigable Riquet (in October, 1680), the work was completed by his son, Riquet de Bon Repos, and the first boat passed between Toulouse and Cette. The works of this canal are stated to have cost 36,000,000 francs. After many vicissitudes the Compagnie du Chemin de Fer du Midi leased the canal for forty years in 1858. At this time 68 per cent. of

the property was in the possession of the heirs of the constructor, and the remainder in that of the State. The traffic, which in 1853 amounted to 59,000,000 units of traffic, has sunk, in consequence of the obstruction thrown by the lessees in its course, to 24,500,000 units. The necessity of rescuing this important line of inland navigation from the fatal embrace of the railway company is strongly insisted upon by M. Krantz.

We have referred to the Canal de Briare, which is one of the first in date of modern canals. Commenced in 1604 under the intelligent impulse of King Henry IV. and of Sully, it was abandoned in consequence of technical errors committed by Crosnier, the engineer. In 1638 the works were taken in hand by Guillaume Bouteroue and Jean Guyon, and it was opened for traffic in 1642. This canal unites the basins of the Seine and of the Loire. It is 37 miles long and contains 43 locks; 12 on the ascent from the Loire and 31 on that from the Seine. It cost 13,000,000 francs, or 14,200*l.* per mile; and its traffic, consisting principally in coal, coke, wood, and building materials, is given by M. Krantz as 202,500 tons per annum over its entire length. The Canal d'Orléans with which the Canal de Briare communicates was completed by the Orleans branch of the royal family in 1686.

More venerable in its antiquity than the Canal de Briare is the Canal de Neufossé, which now joins the Lys to the Aa. It was originally cut for a length of six miles by Baldwin, Count of Flanders, as a defence against the Emperor, Henry III., who had seized upon Lille. Long afterwards, the intendant of the province of Flanders formed the idea of utilising the intrenchment, in order to open a navigable canal from the Aire to Fort Omer. Vauban drew the plan and Louvois authorised the execution in 1686, but the works were not completed till 1774. Its present length is a little over 11 miles. It cost 4,000,000 francs. The navigable network intersecting the departments of Le Nord and Le Pas de Calais, of which this line forms a part, forms an aggregate of 576 miles.

Two large quarto volumes have been printed by the Belgian Government, bearing the title, '*Voies navigables de la Belgique*,' in which the minuteness of the detail, and we may add the clearness of the arrangement and the beauty of the printing, leave nothing to desire. In addition to a work, which the size, to say nothing of the price, renders formidable to any but the most uncompromising student, a smaller work is issued from the Ministry of Public Works called the '*Guide du Batelier*.' This admirable little volume, of which we fear



that it will be long before we see an imitation in this country, contains a map showing the entire system of Belgian navigable waterways, with tables indicating those canals which belong to the State, to the provinces, to the communes, and to concessionary companies; the minimum and maximum depth of water, the widths and the lengths of each section, the situation and size of the locks, the kilometric distances, the maximum tonnage for each canal, the tariff of dues, and the general regulation of police and of navigation.

The map, which is on a scale of about five miles to the inch, indicates the chains of hills with sufficient detail to account for the direction taken by the waterways. These may be described as forming two systems; one in the form of a large tadpole, with its tail reaching from the French frontier by Thuin to Charleroi, and the head and body defined in a pear-shaped oval by a line, which, starting from Charleroi, passes by Namur, Liège, Maestricht, Bree, Turnhout, Anvers, and Brussels, to close the curve, with subsidiary lines both within and without the figure. The other system is more like a grid-iron, on the cross bar of which are situated Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, and Termond; while the bars stretch down to Furnes, Courtrai, Audenarde, and (as a conceded line) Ath, with an irregular cross line approaching closely to the frontier. The different classes of waterway, the locks and barrages, the ports and wharves, public and private; the *bureaux de perception*, and the non-navigable streams, are all denoted by clear and distinct symbols, so that the map is in truth, what it claims to be, a veritable boatman's guide. The 'Recueil des renseignements' states the total length of the navigable waterways of Belgium at 2,023 kilomètres, or a little over 1,200 miles, of which seven-eighths belong to the State. There is thus a fraction over a mile of canal to every ten square miles of the surface of Belgium, which is nearly three times the proportion that obtains in France. We may add that the total length of roads in Belgium in 1880 is returned at 1,705 leagues, which, at the rate of 4.444 kilomètres to the league, is equal to 4,698 miles, or 3.9 times the length of the canals. In France the length of roads is 36 times that of canals.

If the reader will lay side by side a railway map of France (such as that published by MM. Chaix, to accompany their excellent 'Annuaire officiel des Chemins de Fer'), and a hydrographic map of the same country (such as that annexed to the report to the Assemblée Nationale 'Sur les Chemins de Fer et les Moyens de Transport,' par M. Krantz, No. 2474), he will be struck with an extraordinary difference in the distribution

of those lines of communication which form the most salient features of the two maps. In the first, the system of lines which, radiating from Paris as a centre, stretch in every direction to the frontiers, very closely resemble the plan of the web of the geometric spider. Twelve main radial lines divide and re-divide as they extend further and further from the capital, being crossed and linked together at distances of about 70, 180, and 360 miles from Paris, by concentric lines. The whole web, consisting of lines of upwards of 15,000 miles in length, has a visible unity of design; and the object of connecting the capital with the ports and strong places on each frontier, and of linking the provincial centres with each other, as well as with Paris, has been carried out with a clearness and tenacity of purpose that have been but little arrested by the physical obstacles presented by the surface of the country.

The dominant importance of Paris, on the contrary, disappears from the chart containing the 'Réseau des Voies navigables de la France.' Physical geography here asserts its rights. The chief rivers of France, important as they are in their length and volume, are not so adapted to navigation as are many of those of the United Kingdom. The shifting sandbanks of the Seine were the cause of the formation of the Port of Le Havre not in, but below the outfall of, that river. The Rhone is too rapid, the Seine and the Saône are too shallow, for any but artificial modes of navigation. The central knot of the French inland waterways lies between Briare, Auxerre, and Nevers. Four great clefts score the surface of the country. The line of the Rhone, navigable to Lyon, is continued along the course of the Saône to Châlons-sur-Saône, and thence to Port Saône, over a distance of more than 400 miles above Arles. The summer flow of the Rhone rises from 210 metric tons per second at Lyon, to 530 at Arles. The volume of its great floods amounts to 7,000 metric tons per second at the former city, and to double that flow at the latter. The fall for this part of its course averages  $\frac{55}{100000}$ , so that the river has much of the torrential character. The Loire, which from Briare runs westward to Nantes, curving boldly to the north to wash the walls of Orleans by the way, runs north, with a slight trend to the west, from St. Etienne, by Nevers, to Briare. In its course of 600 miles it makes a descent of 460 feet from its source at Gerbier des Jones; and it pours into the sea at its lowest 300 metric tons, and in its flood more than 6,000 metric tons, of water per second.

The Yonne, navigable from Auxerre, joins the Seine at Montereau, and the united stream receives the affluent of the

Marne, properly the mother stream of the Seine, a little above, and the Oise below, Paris. From Aube (or from Auxerre) the distance to Rouen, where the navigation of the Seine becomes maritime, is 266 miles. At Paris its summer flow of 50 metric tons per second, three times that of the Thames, rises to 2,000 metric tons in flood, or five times the volume of a Thames flood. This great water line is conspicuous, not only for the general persistence of its strike from Auxerre to Le Havre, but also for the lines of affluents from the north, crossing and linking with the line of the Somme, and stretching to join that of the Rhine.

The River Somme, canalised from Chauny to St. Valéry-sur-Somme, forms the base of a trapezium of country, furrowed and netted together with canals, that extend through Belgium to Holland. In this part of the world the canal proper had its cradle; and the contrast between the physical aspect of the flat lowlands, so advantageously served by waterways, and the river valleys to which we have referred, becomes obvious even from a glance at the map.

In addition to these four great groups of waterways, formed by nature, and improved by human industry, the artificial lines of canal joining the Mediterranean with the Bay of Biscay, and linking together Nantes, L'Orient, and Brest, and the little group of short canals around La Rochelle, arrest the attention. The entire inland navigation of France has been arranged, in the admirable reports made to the National Assembly by M. Krantz, in seven categories. These are, the basin of the Seine, that of the Rhone, that of the Loire, of the Garonne, of the Gulf of Gascony, of the district of La Manche, and of the Charente. In brief, the actual waterways of France amount to an aggregate length of 7,069 miles, not including any maritime navigation, such as that of the Seine below Rouen. The cost of this fine system has been 43,608,516*l.*, or 6,230*l.* per mile. 1,813 additional miles have been authorised, and are in course of execution by the State, the cost of which, together with that of the improvements required on the existing lines, will at least be an equal sum. France will shortly be possessed of 8,880 miles of inland waterway, provided at a cost of from 80,000,000*l.* to 100,000,000*l.*

If we now turn to the map of the waterways of England, we shall be unable easily to recognise either the marks of engineering sagacity displayed by the railway map of France, or the self-assertion of the natural physical districts, as denoted by the river courses. We must rather regard the inland navigation system of England as intended to link together the four great

estuaries of the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Humber, than as directly following the river courses. In effecting these main lines of junction which, with their branches and ramifications, form a total of 2,919 miles of canal, added to 1,414 miles of river navigation, Brindley, Smeaton, Telford, and their pupils and followers, patiently and humbly sought those districts where streams and brooks indicated the points of easiest passage from one river valley to another. The engineers who laid out the earliest railways followed close in the footsteps of the canal engineers. In designing the course of the railway from London to Birmingham, the pioneer of English railways south of the Trent, Mr. Robert Stephenson, held as closely to the line of the Grand Junction Canal, drawn by Telford, as the opposition of the great landowners would allow. After the extraordinary success attained by the London and Birmingham Railway, which, in 1843, paid 10 per cent. on its shares of 100*l.* each (which were then worth 245*l.* each in the market), the rush of speculation sought only to discover towns between which no railway communication existed, in order to supply the defect, without the slightest reference to public convenience or to general system. In 1845 projects for 20,687 miles of railway, requiring a capital of 350,000,000*l.*, were actually introduced to Parliament, and Acts of Parliament for 3,573 miles, with a capital of 130,000,000*l.*, received the royal assent. In consequence of this hand-over-head method of procedure, while the canal map of England rather resembles a piece of imperfect and coarse weaving, with many gaps, than the web of the geometric spider, the railway map can only be compared to one of those blankets of cobweb which, by some of the less mathematically-minded *arachnidæ*, are felted together in the corners of neglected churches or mansions.

The materials do not exist for giving in a few words those characteristic features, as to the chief English rivers, which are so accessible and so instructive in the case of the French waters. This want of elementary knowledge has been brought into relief by the publication, within the last four years, of two books on the water supply of England—one by the late Professor Ansted, and the other by Mr. de Rance, of the Geological Survey. Written, as their titles show, principally for the sake of throwing light on the question of the water supply of towns, these works afford concurrent negative evidence of the want of any proper English observations on the summer and winter flow, fall, and other hydrological peculiarities of the English rivers.

The most valuable work known to us on the inland waterways of the United Kingdom is the 'Historical Account of the Navigable Rivers, Canals, and Railways of England, by J. Priestley,' published at Wakefield in 1831, and accompanied by a large scale map, on which the canals are inserted from actual survey. As this work, although fifty years old, dates from the era at which the railway was beginning to show its capabilities, there is little in the way of new projects of canals to add to the list which may be compiled from Priestley's data. The author has not taken the trouble to furnish his readers with a conspectus. Nor does the hydrological question receive much illustration in his accounts, which are mainly abstracted from the various Acts of Parliament, of which he gives the sequence, authorising each scheme.

In 1870 a 'return relating to inland navigation and canal companies in England and Wales' was printed by order of the House of Commons. It contains details as to seventy-four canals, with an aggregate length of 2,446 miles. From Priestley's map and memoir, for England and Wales alone, we have abstracted 171 rivers, navigations, and canals. The total length of the two latter items amounts to 4,332 miles. The total length of all the rivers included in the list is 3,524 miles, of which 1,703 miles are included in the navigable parts; but there is no account showing what further portion of their length may be navigable, the information collected by Mr. Priestley not extending beyond the range of parliamentary powers to impose tolls for the maintenance of the rivers. Even of the seventy-four companies that furnished returns in 1870, some of them, as for example the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company, declined to supply information as to their tonnage and revenue, on the plea that 'this navigation is a private undertaking.' Thus the contrast between the completeness and accuracy of the information as to transport, with which the House of Commons has rested content, and that laid before the French Chambers, is as striking, not to say as disgraceful, as is our utter neglect of the collection of purely scientific data.

From the rough and disjointed sources of information above indicated, the results obtained may be thus stated in a few words. The last official account of the inland waterways of England—namely, that furnished by the House of Commons report of 1870—gives imperfect details as to seventy-four rivers and canals, of an aggregate length of 2,446 miles, in England and Wales alone. M. de Franqueville, in his admirable work '*Du Régime des Travaux Publics en Angleterre*,' published

in 1875, enumerates 117 English canals and navigations, with a total length of 3,264 miles; sixty-three Scottish, with a length of 182 miles; and fifteen Irish, with a length of 689 miles; making a total length of regulated inland navigation for the United Kingdom of 4,135 miles. Von Weber's account of English canals, in his '*Die Wasserstrassen Nord-Europa's*,' although elaborate, contains numerous errors, both in the tables and in the map. He gives details of widths and of depths as to a few canals which are not to be found in other authorities. The article on Canals in the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*' (ninth edition) says that 'it is believed that there are above 4,700 miles of inland waterways in this country.' Knight's practical '*Dictionary of Mechanics*' says, 'In England there are 2,800 miles of canals;' and Mr. L. F. Vernon-Harcourt, in '*Rivers and Canals*,' repeats this statement, adding 2,500 miles of navigable rivers. No authorities are cited for any of these vague and erroneous statements. From Priestley's map and memoirs we collect, as before stated, for England and Wales alone, 171 canals and navigations, utilising sixty-three rivers, and extending to an aggregate length of 4,332 miles. Of Scottish canals we find twelve, of an aggregate length of 354 miles. And the canals of Ireland, according to a map and list published in 1877, are seventeen in number (not including branches), and 775 miles in length. Thus for the United Kingdom we have an aggregate length of 5,461 miles of inland navigation. This does not include the navigation of estuaries and free rivers, as, for example, the twenty-six miles of the Cleddw to Haverfordwest. On the other hand, no information is as yet collected as to the abandonment of lines of inland waterway owing to the destructive action of the railway companies. Thus the Wey and Arun navigation, eighteen miles in length, has been discanalised, the locks pulled down, and the bricks sold, without, as far as we are aware, public attention having been in any way directed to the subject. The condition of the Kennet and Avon Canal, belonging to the Great Western Railway Company, was a few years ago such as to menace a similar fate, which has only been averted by a considerable outlay.

On the 7,069 miles of French canals, according to the report of M. Krantz, the transports effected amounted, in 1874, to 2,132,957,000 units of traffic, or kilometric tons. This is equal to 126,000 tons per mile. In 1868, according to the '*Etude historique et statistique sur les Voies de Communication de la France*, par M. Félix Lucas,' published in 1873, the navigation dues produced 3,503,000 francs for

1,690,000,000 kilometric tons. This charge, which may be taken to cover cost of maintenance and interest of money on the canals, is equivalent to 0·0325*d.* per ton per mile. In 1847, under the *régime* of the old tariffs, the dues amounted to 9,931,000 francs for 1,198,000,000 tons kilometric. Since 1847, therefore, by comparing the two reports, it would seem that the French canal dues have been reduced by three-fourths, and that the canal traffic has nearly doubled. The chief disadvantages of the minute statistics, of which the French are justly proud, is the long time that generally elapses before their outcome is thoroughly known. The date to which the figures of M. Krantz apply is not stated in his report. But there can be no doubt that the actual movement on the French canals is very much greater than the average above cited.

Of the transports on the canals of the United Kingdom no official return exists. The return of April 1870 required information as to gross tonnage conveyed and revenue received in each of the following years, viz. 1828, 1838, 1848, 1858, and 1868. But as Parliament omitted to ask for what distance the tonnage was transported, the information, even if complete, would have been comparatively useless. In point of fact, it is altogether incomplete. On fifty-three out of the seventy-four lines which made returns, amounting to a length of about 1,860 miles, the gross tonnage in the year 1868 amounted to a little over 23,000,000 tons, and the receipts of the companies to nearly 800,000*l.* But very little reliance is to be placed on incomplete returns. In 1857, for the last time, Parliament endeavoured directly to ascertain the mean return on the share property of canal proprietors. According to the returns then obtained, the ordinary capital of the companies amounted to 13,455,000*l.*, and the preference capital to 460,000*l.*; on the whole of which the mean dividend was about 3½ per cent.

In 1860 the dues on all the French canals administered by the State were reduced, and they were again reduced in 1867. The chief obstacle to navigation which then remained arose from the strange variation in the dimensions of the locks, and in the different depths of water maintained on different lines of waterway. In any great system of inland navigation the shallowest canal, and the shortest and narrowest locks, must limit the size of the vessels, and, in such case, any excess of dimension in portions of the system involves only unnecessary expenditure of capital, and constant waste of water. The French Commission, therefore, regarded it as a matter of the first importance to fix normal dimensions for locks, and a

normal depth for the waterway. They finally recommended the adoption of the following dimensions:—The length of every new lock is to be 40 mètres, the width 5·20 mètres, the least depth of the canal to be two mètres. A portion of the large expenditure now in course on the French canals is devoted to the alteration of locks and channels to the above dimensions.

On the English canals the capricious want of system betrayed by the variation in the dimensions of the locks is not less striking than that lamented by the French reporter. As to the least depth of any of our canals not a single word is to be found, either in the report of 1870, or in the latest work on the subject, the '*Rivers and Canals*' of Mr. Vernon-Harcourt. Mr. Beardmore \* says that, as a rule, the inland canals of this country may be taken as having a top width of about 45 feet, and a depth not exceeding 5 feet, and generally not more than 4 feet. The smaller class of canals have a cross-section of about 108 square feet; the larger, of 150 square feet. The midship section of the ordinary canal boat is 20 square feet. A rectification of the cross-section, introducing dwarf retaining walls, would allow of the increase of the smaller canals to the waterway of the larger, and of the larger to above 200 square feet. The effect would at once be perceived in the diminished resistance to towing. The largest locks in use on our inland waterways are the new locks on the Aire and Calder navigation, which are 212 feet long by 19, and by 22 feet in width. The fall of these locks is about 7 feet. On the river Weaver Mr. Leader Williams has constructed locks 200 feet long, and 40 feet wide, and capable of holding at one time a tug and three barges, containing from 480 to 500 tons of cargo. In this case the depth of water is 12 feet, and the width 90 feet at top, and 54 feet at bottom. At Sharpness Point entrance is given to the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal by a lock 165 feet long, 37 feet wide, and 18 feet deep over the upper sill. At Gloucester there is a lock from this canal into the Severn 100 feet long, and 24 feet wide. The depth of the canal is 18 feet, and the width at bottom 13 feet, and at top 86 feet 6 inches. On the other hand the Derwent navigation, to obtain control over which the North Eastern Company, not having the legal power to purchase it,† found 40,000*l.* to enable three of their *employés* to buy it, in their own names, of Lord Fitzwilliam, has five locks of 45 feet by 15, with about 6 feet fall. The length of 80 feet, and the width of 15, may be taken as ap-

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\* Min. Proc. Inst. C. E., vol. xxvi. p. 35.

† Report No. 2618, 1872.



proximately the mean dimensions of the English locks. On the Bridgwater Canal the length is 84 feet, and the width 15 feet. On the Grand Junction Canal the length is 87 feet 6 inches, the width 15 feet. But on the Grand Union, which is a prolongation of the same line of navigation from the basin of the Thames to that of the Trent, the locks are only 78 feet long, and 7 feet 2 inches wide. Allowing that the Grand Junction locks take a pair of boats at once, while the Grand Union locks will only take a single boat, this false economy in the construction of the Grand Union Canal occasions a loss of 15 per cent. of water in each lockage on the 136 locks on the Grand Junction Canal for every boat that passes from the Thames to the Trent. This is, in fact, equivalent to imposing, for the benefit of no one, a tax of very nearly 15 per cent. on the whole cost of the through traffic on the Grand Junction Canal.

It is incredible to find how points of economy, small in themselves, but amounting to a vast total in the course of the year, have been overlooked by the constructors of our canals. That the lock should fit the boat is a very simple requirement. We have seen how it is neglected in the case of the Grand Junction and Grand Union Canals. If we look a little further at the want of correspondence in this portion of our navigable network, we find the Grand Junction Canal interosculating with the Oxford Canal with locks of 70 feet, with the Coventry Canal with locks of 72 feet, and this again with the Birmingham Canal with locks of 80 feet, and the Trent navigation with locks of 90 feet in length. Everywhere the difference between the minimum and the maximum dimensions of the locks on the same system of canal measures an amount of direct and unnecessary waste. It is not the waste of water alone that is costly, but the limitation of the cargo. As between a 70 and a 90 feet lock there is the difference of  $28\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in possible tonnage. But the actual cost of towage of a 90-ton boat would hardly be appreciably more than that of a 70-ton boat.

Even as it is, the duty obtained from the horse in canal traction approaches more nearly to its theoretic value than can elsewhere be observed. On the Forth and Clyde Canal the cost of horse towing in 1848 is stated by Mr. Bateman at about  $\frac{1}{12}$ th of a penny per ton per mile, for boats carrying 80 tons of cargo, and drawn by one horse. This, however, is a ship canal, 9 feet 6 inches deep, while the boats only draw from 5 feet 6 inches to 6 feet of water. On the Louvain and Charleroi Canal, also of large section, the charge for towing

averages 0·093*d.* per ton per mile. On the Charleroi Canal, which is of small section and where the boats carry only 70 tons each, the charge for towing is higher, amounting to 0·125*d.* per ton per mile. Dr. Meizen, a German authority, cited by M. Gobert,\* arrives at an estimate, for a large volume of traffic, of from 0·065*d.* to 0·079*d.* per ton per mile for horse towing, including the return of empty boats.

It is thus on evidence—as will be more particularly seen by reference to Mr. Conder's report, which, published by the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, has been reprinted and extensively circulated by different bodies of traders interested in cheap transport—that in France, in Germany, in Belgium, and in England, the round price of one-third of a penny per ton per mile will pay for transport on canals of adequate section and volume of traffic, and that this price includes not only a fair interest on the capital, but provision for a sinking fund, which, within a determinable time, will render these inland waterways the property of the nation, to be used free of all charge, except the trifling amount necessary for maintenance of the works and attendance on the locks. On a traffic of 600,000 tons per mile per annum this charge does not exceed 0·022*d.* per ton per mile. It is important to compare the price of water carriage with the lowest net cost of conveyance by railway.

In 1867 the French railways transported, *en petite vitesse*, 5,815,000,000 units, or kilometric tons. The revenue of 356,000,000 francs gives the receipt of 6·10 centimes per unit of traffic. In the same year, besides paying interest on shares and bonds, the companies distributed as dividend 104,000,000 francs. By sacrificing this entire dividend, in order to diminish the cost of transport *en petite vitesse*, this price would be reduced to 0·665*d.* per ton per mile. Dividing the transport into three classes, M. Krantz further estimates the cheapest of them at 0·542*d.* per ton per mile; and admits that the division is not so certain as the average cost. The coal traffic from the province of Hainault to Paris is charged at 0·558*d.* by the Northern Railway of France, which is perilously near M. Krantz's economic minimum. But the English trunk lines carry coal to London, for an average distance of 167 miles, for the average freight of 0·476*d.* per ton per mile; and that notwithstanding the fact that the amount requisite for interest on

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\* Canal Navigation in Belgium, in the 'Revue universelle des Mines,' 1881, vols. ix. and x.

equal volumes of traffic is 33 per cent. more for the English than for the French railways.

Without wearying our readers with any further arithmetical detail we may say that the closest calculation of the cost price of conveyance on the railways of the United Kingdom which has been found hitherto practicable gives, for the year 1878, the cost of a little more than one-fifth of a penny (0·2076*d.*) per mile for every ton of loaded train. This price compares favourably with the corresponding item, where it has elsewhere been definitively ascertained. It is almost exactly that of the working of the *ancien réseau* of the Orleans Railway in 1872, and, as a rule, is intermediate between the cost of Continental lines, and those of the East Indian and Pennsylvania railways. At this price, supposing all the wagons to be full, and the traffic to be conducted on the most favourable conditions, the cost of conveying a ton of coal amounts to an average of 0·472*d.* per mile, allowing for the return of the empty wagons. This, however, is for the tabulated working expenses alone. If we take them as equal to 52 per cent. of revenue, as was the case in 1879, it will require the price of 0·908*d.* per ton per mile to pay 4½ per cent. interest on capital. In other words, the work which is done for a third of a penny by canal will cost nine-tenths of a penny on a railway; the former price covering 5 per cent. interest on capital, and a sinking fund, the latter covering only 4½ per cent. interest, and no sinking fund.

We may now happily escape from that province of fractions of pence through which it has been necessary to pursue a steadfast, if, unfortunately, a somewhat tedious path, in order to base general conclusions on the ground of arithmetical certitude. The fact is undeniable that coals, metals, and other objects of which the value is small in proportion to the weight, can be carried by well-appointed canals at a third of the price at which they can be remuneratively carried by railways. On the other hand, there is the great consideration of speed. What the public service demands is, that freighters and manufacturers should be allowed to choose for themselves, in all cases, whether to employ a swift and costly, or a cheap and slow, method of transport. The question is perhaps not quite so broad in its definition as may at first be thought. The difference in speed between a mineral train running at 15 miles an hour and a barge towed by a horse at 2½ miles per hour is as six to one. In other words, we may count in days by railway as against weeks by canal. But this comparison is not quite accurate. The speed maintained while the boat

or the train is in motion is a very imperfect measure of the time consumed between the despatch of the goods by the carriers at one terminus and their delivery at another. Mr. Michael Reynolds, who has published three or four very practical books on the working of railways, took the trouble to ascertain the time thus actually consumed by certain mineral trains on the Brighton line, and found that it gave a net rate of transport of under five miles an hour from terminus to terminus. The constantly increasing encumbrance of the stations and sidings by the mineral traffic on the mixed lines is a very serious cause of delay; and there can be no doubt as to the much greater freedom with which such objects as coals can be both collected and distributed on a canal than on a railway.

It must be interesting alike to the manufacturer, the merchant, the carrier, and the proprietor of railway and canal stock, to realise at what cost to the country the forcible abstraction of the heavy traffic proper to the canals by the railway companies has been effected. We will endeavour to give a summary view of this great national waste, without much detail in the way of figures; and we cannot do better than cite the words of a journal which is acknowledged as 'well known for its clear and trenchant articles on questions affecting transit, the "*Builder*,"' that if the facts now in course of exposition do 'not stimulate the shareholders in the lines which are so steadily depreciating to look like men of business at what directors call their policy, it will be of little use to go to the trouble and expense of publishing any accounts at all.'

The first consideration, the full significance of which has been indicated by Mr. Krantz, is the large sum which has been expended by railway companies, not always with the most absolute respect for their legal powers, in obtaining control over canals. How large that sum may be it is indeed difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. The Great Western Railway Company (according to the evidence of Mr. Lloyd, engineer of the Warwick and Birmingham and Warwick and Napton canals, before the Select Committee on Railways in 1881) have practically a million of money invested in canals. The London and North-Western Railway Company are now owners or controllers of 473 miles of canal, the cost of 392 miles of which was returned to Parliament in 1870 at 2,760,000*l*. The total capital thus invested by this company, whether by way of definite purchase or in the more insidious form of guarantee of income, can hardly fall far short of

3,400,000*l.* It is probable that we shall not be far from the truth if we put the original cost of the canals and navigations now owned by the railway companies at between eleven and twelve millions sterling. For possession the companies must have paid, in meal or in malt, something like the par value before the traffic was arrested. The calculation that, by purchasing two-fifths of the canals, the railway companies would be able to close the whole system, if a cynical, might have proved a successful, policy in a Continental country, as in the case of the purchase of the Canal du Midi by the Compagnie du Chemin de Fer du Midi. But, happily, our coast communication, which it is impossible to bribe or to destroy, affords an element in the problem which the railway managers have overlooked. It is not only as between distant points—as, for instance, Newcastle and London—that an absolute limit is imposed on railway charges by steam competition by sea, but the whole inland traffic sympathises with the check thus given. By obtaining command over the Birmingham Canal the London and North-Western Railway Company put a stop to the water-borne transport of coal from the Staffordshire and other inland coalfields to London absolutely. But they are not able in consequence to raise their own rates for either Durham or Derbyshire coal to a paying figure, as the price at which Newcastle coal is delivered in the Thames by sea-borne colliers is such as to keep down that of inferior coal in a definite proportion. Thus, although there is not, strictly speaking, sea competition from Clay Cross to London for transport of coal, yet the stoppage of the canals has not here proved an advantage to the railways. It is true that they no longer have the side-by-side rivalry of a much cheaper route. But the obstruction of that route does not enable them to carry coal for less than three times the cost by canal; and with Newcastle coal selling in the Thames at a price determined by the figure of a cheap sea freight, no coal merchant can sell Clay Cross coal in London at a price that would cover a remunerative freight for its transport by railway.

This vast cost, therefore, the amount of which we endeavour now for the first time to indicate, has been incurred by the English railways pretty much *en pure perte*. So long as the sea is open, although it is in the power of the railway companies to ruin the canals, and to tax the districts formerly supplied by their channels of commerce to a ruinous amount, it is not within their power to benefit their shareholders by the expenditure incurred for this short-sighted purpose.

The English canals, as previously stated, can be most

advantageously divided into groups, of which the first four link together the important estuaries of the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Humber. The first of these groups, which also effects a communication between the Thames and the Mersey, comprises 648 miles of inland waterway. Of this, 196 miles is river navigation; 248 miles of canal are in the hands of six independent companies; and 204 miles are under the control of railway companies. The river navigation is maintained by means of tolls and dues authorised by Parliament. The cost of the canals of this group is low, not much above 5,000*l.* per mile. The proprietors of the Great Western and the London and North-Western Railways, 3,815 miles in their aggregate length, are the owners of most of the 204 miles by the obstruction of which the canal traffic of this valuable system of inland waterways has been struck with a creeping paralysis.

Between the Thames and the Humber extends a network of 537 miles of inland waterway. A hundred and forty-four miles of this is river navigation, and of the remaining 393 miles of canal and canalised rivers 175 miles are in the hands of railway companies, and 218 miles are still in the possession of six independent companies. The cost of these 393 miles has been nearly double, mile for mile, of that of the former group, being close upon 10,000*l.* per mile. The Great Northern and the Midland Railways are the great opponents of canal traffic in this part of England.

Between the Severn and the Mersey extends a large network of 832 miles of waterway. Of this, 233 miles consist of navigable rivers. There are 110 miles of canal, owned by six independent companies; and no less than 489 miles are in the hands of several railway companies. The average cost of the canals of this group has been hard upon 9,000*l.* per mile. The Midland Railway Company is the chief adverse interest in this district; but in their attempts to snatch traffic from one another the various competing railway lines for the most part maintain a common hostility to the canals in their neighbourhoods.

The fourth of these great groups, connecting the Severn with the Humber, contains 680 miles of inland waterway. Two hundred and sixty-five miles of this are river navigation; 361 miles of canal are under the control of railway companies, and there are only 54 miles of canal left in the hands of two independent companies. The Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railways are the natural railway carriers of the district, although the numerous

branches and junctions of the London and North-Western and the Midland, under the control of the Cheshire Lines Committee, manage to share the traffic between them, without any great financial benefit to the public. The statistical returns made to Parliament by this group of canals are extremely imperfect, and the estimated average cost of 8,000*l.* per mile must only be regarded as approximate.

In this part of the country the usual policy of obstructing the canals *in toto* has been to some extent departed from by the railway companies, and that to their manifest advantage, if not to that of the public. Thus the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, according to the evidence of Mr. Lloyd, derived a net revenue of nearly 50,000*l.* in the year 1880, from the 170 miles of canal which they hold. The Leeds and Liverpool Canal, held by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, pays 18 per cent. on its original capital. The Bridgewater Canal Company, according to the evidence of Mr. Peter Spence,\* has bought up the interests of the carriers, and entered into an arrangement, or as it is termed a 'conference,' with the London and North-Western Railway Company, and the Cheshire Lines Committee, to keep up prices for transport between Liverpool and Manchester. The result is that on this line, which was the very cradle of the railway system—

'a wagon and horses,' says Mr. Spence, 'by road service could carry goods for 25 per cent. less than the present charges of the companies. On the nearly level road between Liverpool and Manchester a man, two horses, and a wagon could, in three days, take four tons of goods from Manchester to Liverpool, and bring four tons back, at a cost of 15*s.* per day, or 45*s.* in all. As the station to station rate of the companies is 7*s.* 6*d.* per ton, the charge for carrying four tons to Liverpool and bringing four tons back is 60*s.*' †

Twenty years ago, 'under a spurt of competition,' the rate was reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.* per ton. The distance between Manchester and the sea is given by the author of a little pamphlet lately published at Manchester, under the title, the 'Proposed Manchester Ship Canal,' which is full of valuable statistical information, at 35 miles. This is equivalent to a charge for canal transport of a little under one shilling, for work for which the existing conference, or as Mr. Spence calls it 'ring,' actually charge the Manchester merchants eight times the canal price. Is it to be wondered at that Man-

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\* 226, 1881, p. 475.

† 226, 1881, p. 473.

chester is determined, by one means or another, to relieve herself from this monstrous imposition?

The fifth group of inland waterways is to be found in the district of the Fens. It is true that the drainage of a large tract of low-lying country has been the first object of the engineer in this part of the world; and that, as before indicated, from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. But the concurrent functions of the canal, as providing the means both of irrigation and of navigation, as well as of drainage, have not been neglected. The Fen system proper consists of 431 miles of canal or canalised rivers; 111 miles of which are in the hands of the Great Northern and Great Eastern Railway Companies.

The remaining canals and river navigations of England are so widely scattered, and, as a rule, of so little individual magnitude, that they may be grouped together, if not topographically, yet for the sake of statistical convenience. Their lengths amount to about 628 miles, the cost of which, as well as that of the preceding group, may be approximately averaged at 4,000*l.* per mile. Thus, exclusive of estuaries, creeks, and entirely free navigation from different points of the coast, the inland navigation of England reaches an aggregate of 4,332 miles, 2,918 miles of which consist of canals strictly so called. Of these, 1,530 miles, or more than 40 per cent., are in the hands of their enemies the railway companies.

From the data of which the general outcome has been thus summarily indicated, it is possible to extract a very significant contrast between the facilities which are, at the present moment, afforded to our inland manufacture and commerce by the railway companies (while strangling the canals), and those which would be enjoyed, to the manifest benefit of the nation at large, as well as of manufacturers, freighters, and railway and canal proprietors, if the view now so intelligently acted on in France, of allowing road, railway, and canal each to perform their proper functions in accommodating the traffic which they are severally best calculated to carry, were allowed due weight in this country. It cannot be too strenuously urged that any interference with this instinctive gravitation of each kind of commerce towards its natural channel is a handicapping of the English producer in his efforts to supply not only the foreign, but also the home market.

The four great estuaries, of which we have spoken as linked together by our canals and river navigations, are also connected by seven great railways, of an aggregate length of nearly 7,400 miles, on which has been expended the large sum of nearly



350,000,000*l.* The canals and rivers which ought to dis-embarrass this vast system of its heavy and non-remunerative traffic (non-remunerative, except when conveyed by water), afford the supplementary length of 2,700 miles, the cost of which, as closely as it can be ascertained, may be taken at 15,000,000*l.*

The mineral traffic carried by these railways amounted, in the year 1878, to the sum of 7,340,000*l.* This figure may no doubt include some cases of remunerative freight, where competition is absent. Such, at all events, is the case on the North-Eastern Railway (which is not one of the seven), where, as one of the witnesses before the Railway Committee bitterly complained, coal freight, at the rate of 1½*d.* per ton per mile, is charged to those customers who have no choice but to pay it. On the other hand, there is no doubt a large amount of low-priced traffic—such, for instance, as manure—which is not included in the term minerals, so that the sum above stated is not likely to be in excess. Since 1871 the increase in this non-remunerative traffic on the lines in question has been a little over 50 per cent., while the increase in length of line open has been 25 per cent., and the increase in cost per mile has been very nearly 10 per cent., making a total increase of more than 30 per cent. on the capital.

Without going into the vexed question of the difference between the gross mineral revenue and the cost of earning it, or the so-called net revenue (a question which sinks into entire insignificance by the side of that as to the proportion between such net revenue and the great outlay of capital made in order to obtain it), we can have no hesitation in admitting that the cost of conveying the greater part of this traffic by canal would be at most but one-third of the cost of its remunerative transport by railway. Let us suppose that by the simple process of the removal of forcible obstruction, and the imposition of equal tariffs for equal duties done by the railways, this traffic were allowed to betake itself to its natural channel of water conveyance. And then, assuming that the canal proprietors, like other men, would endeavour to ‘make hay while the sun shines,’ let us allow that, instead of one-third, they would charge for this traffic one-half, the cost at which it is now carried by the railways—cost, that is to say, not to themselves, but to the freighters.

The result of such a displacement would be a net profit of 1,360,000*l.* a year, yielding a dividend of 9 per cent., to the canal companies. And as the ownership of these lines is to a considerable extent in the hands of the railway companies, the

immediate result would be to more than double the value of this portion of their property—in fact, it would be the changing of its nature from an expensive liability to a very valuable asset. As far as they are canal proprietors the railway companies would thus immediately, and in the first instance, benefit by the change.

Next, and to a much larger extent, would these companies benefit by the improved conditions under which they would carry on that portion of the traffic which can afford to pay for speed in transit. The extent to which the rails of those lines which convey a mingled passenger, goods, and mineral traffic are encumbered by the last is but little regarded. The rough statement that more than half the lines and stations of these railways are occupied by the mineral traffic will, no doubt, evoke a very prompt disclaimer. But what are the facts? On the London and North-Western Railway, in 1875, the mineral trains (16 up trains and 19 empties), earning 21·3 per cent. of the gross revenue of the company, occupied 43 per cent. of the 24 hours, for running time alone, to say nothing of the occupation of sidings and stations. On the Great Northern Railway thirty-three mineral trains, earning 18·6 per cent. of the gross revenue of this line, occupied the ways, sidings, and station yards for 56 per cent. of the working day. With the constant anxiety caused by providing for the safety of the public where different rates of speed are maintained over the same pair of rails, are mingled many sources of excessive cost. Thus, comparing the passenger and goods lines which carry no minerals, or but a small proportion of this kind of traffic, with those which carry 20 or 30 per cent. of mineral traffic, the difference in the working expenses amounts to about one-half per cent. of revenue for every one per cent. of gross revenue earned by the mineral traffic. In 1878, on four lines which earned an average 5 per cent. of total revenue from minerals, the maintenance of way, locomotion, and repairs, amounted to 22 per cent. of revenue. In the same year, on eight lines which earned 22·5 per cent. of the revenue by the carriage of minerals, these same three items of expenditure amounted to nearly 29 per cent. of revenue. And yet the cost of fuel on these lines was little more than half what it was on the other.

By relieving the companies of the main cause of tension, of risk, and of excessive cost of working, the lines would at once be set free for the development of their proper traffic. The natural increment of this traffic would thus, within a few years, replace by remunerative business the gap at first caused in the gross revenue. This is not matter of opinion. It is simply

a statement of what must take place if the progress of the next ten or twenty years follows the same rate as that of the past. On the seven lines in question the increase of the passenger traffic alone, from 1871 to 1880, has been 48 per cent. The increase of the working expenses has been 56 per cent.; a disproportion mainly due to the heavy increase before mentioned of the mineral traffic. The shareholders have been for the last nine years steadily increasing the magnitude of their venture, by the simple process of putting more and more money into it. They have acted as would a landed proprietor who increased the size of his estate by purchasing adjoining property, without first ascertaining whether the purchase was in itself a paying one. It has turned out to be the reverse. Although the gross revenue has increased by a little more than a corresponding amount (the increase of capital being 30 per cent. and that of gross revenue 32 per cent.), the net revenue has only increased by 13 per cent. The upshot of this operation is, that while in 1871 these companies on the average earned 5·56 per cent. net on their gross capital, in 1880 they only earned 4·67 per cent. net on their gross capital. Thus while they have put, so to speak, 93,000,000*l.* sterling more into their property, the depreciation in value of the enlarged estate has amounted to very nearly 70,000,000*l.* If matters go on for the next fifty or sixty years as they have done for the last nine (without glancing back at the 10 per cent. dividend of 1844), this great group of lines will, like the Belgian railways, be unable to pay working expenses with their present rates of tariff, and that without earning a single halfpenny for the shareholders.

It is by no inexorable law of general rise of prices or falling off of traffic that this disastrous effect has been produced. The great depreciation in the value of this immense property is due, first to the neglect of scientific investigation of the mechanical laws which regulate transport by the railway managers; and secondly, which is indeed much the same thing, to their obstinate refusal to render accounts in such form as has been found so advantageous on the French, the Indian, and, principally, the New South Wales railways. That this is the case may be shown by a glance at the statistics either of the non-mineral trunk lines of the country, or of those of the well-ordered railways of France.

The little group, composed of the Metropolitan, the South-Eastern, the London and South-Western, and the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railways, labours under some great disadvantages as compared with the great group of

which we have just spoken. Their short comparative length renders the cost of Metropolitan stations excessive, per mile of line, as compared with the northern lines. And coal, the food of the locomotive, costs nearly twice as much per ton for these lines as for those which run through the great coal basins. But their advance in value, measured by the only true test, that of the proportion of net earnings to capital, has been no less than 40 per cent., while the decline of the other lines has been 11·7 per cent., in nine years. In 1871 (the Metropolitan only since 1874) their net earnings averaged 3·66 per cent.; in 1880 they averaged 5·15 per cent. There seems no adequate reason why, if they will scrupulously eschew the non-remunerative traffic (of which they carry at present about 5 per cent.), these lines should not in the course of time become a 10 per cent. property.

Not that their advance would be more rapid than that of the longer lines, if the latter were once free from the incubus of traffic carried for non-remunerative rates. The natural increment of the passenger and goods traffic on the seven northern and western lines has for the last nine years been between 2½ and 3 per cent. per annum. The working charges, if the lines restricted themselves to this kind of traffic, would probably be reduced to, at the outside, 44 per cent. of revenue. Year after year, on these data, would accrue a steady increase of above two shillings in the dividend on 100*l.* stock. Thus in ten years the mean earning power would rise from 4·60 to 5·66 per cent., and the value of the property would be increased from 350,000,000*l.* (taking a par value) to 400,000,000*l.*, without a call for any contribution of capital from the shareholders.

The experience of the French railways is so conclusive on this point, that we may understand why English railway managers and directors are so reluctant to discuss the subject, and why, indeed, they allow themselves to make statements with reference to it which are wholly irreconcilable with fact. It will save space if we throw the facts as to the real movement of the value of French and English railways, at specified dates, from the commencement of the working of the system into the form of a table.

*Table of Net Earnings on Capital.*

							Per cent.
1841	On all French railways	.	.	.	.	.	3·11
1851	"    "	.	.	.	.	.	4·68
1854	"    "	.	.	.	.	.	6·58
1860	On all English railways	.	.	.	.	.	4·19
1867	"    French    "	.	.	.	.	.	5·1
"	"    English    "	.	.	.	.	.	3·9

		Per cent.
1877	On all French	5.56
"	" English	4.28
1871	On seven mineral English trunks	5.56
"	On four non-mineral	3.66
1880	On seven mineral	4.67
"	On four non-mineral	5.15
1843	On London and Birmingham Railway (no minerals)	10.00
1828	On Oxford Canal	34.00
1838	On Coventry Canal	46.00
1840	On Trent and Mersey Canal	30.00
1845	On Birmingham Canal	128.00

The effect produced on these important lines of internal communication by the obstructive policy of the railway companies has been little short of ruinous. The important lines of waterway joining the Thames to the Trent and the Mersey have been blocked by the acquisition of the Ashby de la Zouch Canal by the Midland, and of the Birmingham Canal by the London and North Western Railway Companies. In consequence the revenue of the Oxford Canal has fallen from 89,000*l.* to 24,700*l.*, that of the Coventry Canal from 35,000*l.* to 9,700*l.* The Birmingham Canal no longer earns its guaranteed dividend, while the Thames itself, in spite of the outlay of 100,000*l.* by the Conservators within the last twenty years, in improving the channel of the river above Staines, has only about one-tenth part of the traffic over that portion of its course which it bore in 1860. Everywhere throughout the country, where the railway policy has come into play, is to be read the same tale of ruin for our inland navigation. And this has been going on at a time when river navigation, beyond the grasp of the railway companies, has made a rapid and beneficent increase without parallel in our annals.

We have no space left in which to give an account of some of those great works which are now in progress in France or have been lately executed in Holland, or to show how the labours of the hydraulic engineer may be divided under the heads of maritime or ship canals, improvements or canalisations of rivers, the construction of lateral canals, and the formation of the humble but most valuable means of inland transport—the canal proper. But it would be unjust to the English manufacturer—and, after all, he is the person primarily interested in the question of cheap transport—to omit pointing out what signal success has attended on the improvement of some of our own rivers, at the very time when we were allowing the piratical seizure of our canals.

In the middle of the last century the Clyde was fordable on

foot more than twelve miles below Glasgow, and was only eighteen inches deep at the Broomielaw. In 1773 Mr. Goldborne commenced a system of works for the deepening of the channel; and Mr. Rennie, at the beginning of the century, Mr. James Walker in 1840, and Mr. James Deas, the present engineer to the Clyde trustees, have energetically pursued the same object. Under the latter engineer nearly twenty-four million cubic yards (an amount of excavation equal to that required for the construction of 345 miles of ordinary railway) have been dredged from the bed of the river. At the present time the available channel from Glasgow to Port Glasgow, at high water, is twenty-four feet deep, the high water now reaching a level a few inches higher than it did in 1758. In 1801 the population of Glasgow was 77,385. There were four acres of harbour and 382 yards of quay-wall, and the annual revenue of the Clyde trust was 77,385*l*. In 1881 the length of quays had grown to 10,544 yards. There were 153 acres of harbour; the revenue of the Clyde trust was 248,061*l*.; the tonnage entered 3,057,533 tons; and the population was 668,859 souls. The pamphlet which we have before cited, from which we take the foregoing figures, illustrates the effect thus produced by free water carriage in stimulating the industry of the Clyde valley, by an extract to the following effect from the 'Builder:—

'Some of the principal trades of England are being transferred to Glasgow or to Paisley, owing to the superior cheapness in transport, both of raw materials and of finished goods, afforded by the Clyde. Pig iron has long shown this influence. Heavy iron castings from Shropshire, and steel rails from Sheffield, followed. Now the shoe trade is leaving Staffordshire and Northampton for the valley of the Clyde, and, finally, the cotton-thread trade is leaving Lancashire for Paisley.'

The writer of the pamphlet further states that—

'as an illustration of the effect of transit charges on the heavy trades, it is stated in the annual report (1881) of the directors of Messrs. Charles Cammell & Co., Limited, that the high charges of the railway companies have rendered necessary an important change in the conditions under which the steel-rail industry is carried on. The directors say that they have become convinced that the rail-works must be alongside the blast-furnaces, and that these must be hard by the sea, and must be in the locality where the ore is found. They will therefore remove their works from Sheffield to the coast of Cumberland.'

While the valley of the Clyde presents the most remarkable proof of what water carriage can do for industry, it is not the only instance of the kind of recent occurrence in England. At Newcastle, in 1842, there was a shoal depth, at low water,

of only two feet, and the high water, only rising fourteen feet six inches at spring tide, was from seven to ten inches lower than the sea. The work of regulating the channel of the Tyne, commenced by Mr. Brookes in 1843, has been carried out mainly by training and by dredging. Between 1860 and 1881 more than forty millions of cubic yards have been removed from the bed of the river, piers have been carried out to protect the entrance of the Tyne from the North Sea, and, as a result, there is now nowhere less than twenty feet of water between Newcastle and Shields. Mr. Vernon-Harcourt, whose work is mainly abstracted from the 'Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' quotes a 'Description of the River Tyne Improvements,' by P. J. Messent, C.E., which gives these and other particulars. The tonnage clearing from the Tyne ports, according to the author of the pamphlet already cited, has risen from 3,196,781 tons in 1861 to 5,908,886 tons in 1881. The gross revenue of the Tyne commissioners has risen, in these twenty years, from 74,985*l.* to 261,186*l.*, and the population from 227,926 to 500,000. Thus from 1861 to 1881, while the shipping of Liverpool has increased by 59 per cent., that of the Tyne has increased by 85 per cent., and that of the Clyde by 103 per cent. The revenue of the Clyde Trust has increased by 125 per cent., and that of the Tyne commissioners by 248 per cent. The River Tees is another example of the great improvement in navigation recently effected by the engineers. It should be remembered, however, that in all these cases man has been the *minister et interpres* of nature. The improvements of the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Tees are only cases resembling, on a colossal scale, what is being effected by the conservators of the Thames. The tidal level at high water has been unaffected, except in so far as the gradual enlargement of the channel has caused it somewhat to rise by admitting a daily increasing volume of water. Rivers never sleep; they are constantly either improving or deteriorating their channel. The art of the engineer is to assist them to do the former by their own forces. No argument can hence be drawn in favour of any attempt to admit the sea to the interior of the country, by a wholly artificial channel, at a great depth below the surface of the district; and it is to be regretted when attention is turned from schemes sanctioned at once by science and by experience to new projects of which it can only be said that, though unprecedented, they are not impossible. Even the latter remark, as our readers are aware, has not restrained the energy of some canal projectors.

We have said little of the book on 'Rivers and Canals' by

Mr. Vernon-Harcourt, because it throws no light whatever on the condition of canal navigation, being chiefly concerned with the principles of construction. As to these, while the book may be welcome to those to whom the 'Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers' are inaccessible, the student will perhaps find its chief use to be the references given to the full discussions of the main topics treated in the 'Proceedings.' Where he has left this safe guide Mr. Harcourt has not always been as careful as he should have been, as where he says (p. 192): 'It is interesting to note that as early as the year 1250 Johannes Schoener made a globe, still in existence in the public library at Nuremberg, with a line drawn across the Isthmus of Panama, as if to indicate that, in his opinion, there should be a means of communication at that place between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.' Again, no serious writer should print, without comment, such an assertion as that 'the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama presents fewer difficulties than the Suez Canal.' The illustrations of the book, which are very good, are very liberally borrowed, 'with kind permission,' from the 'Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers.'

It is difficult, within the limits properly assigned to these pages, to do anything like justice to a subject which is at the same time so important and so much neglected as that of the inland navigation of the United Kingdom. It is a matter as to which we are now paying a heavy penalty for having allowed the overruling of admitted principles of public policy by private Acts of Parliament. As to that, the report of the Committee on Railway Rates and Taxes speaks with no hesitation, and the report of M. Krantz as to the effect of the like error of the French Legislature with regard to the canals of the south of France, is very instructive. The question, in fact, is more and more assuming the simple form whether productive industry shall be banished from our inland counties or no. If the railway companies made a paying profit on the traffic they have subtracted from the canals, public policy would demand that they should not be allowed to continue to make that profit at the expense of the manufacturer—that is to say, at the expense of the country. As it is, we hope that we have left little room for doubt that the railway proprietors of the United Kingdom will be among the persons most directly benefited by the protection of the canals from the grasp of the railway companies, and by thus allowing the immense inland traffic of this country to seek its natural channels of transport.



ART. VI.—*Shelley and Mary.* A Collection of Letters and Documents of a Biographical Character, in the possession of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, for private circulation only. 3 vols. 8vo. 1882.

THE biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley has been repeatedly attempted, but never written. The memorials we possess of a most interesting life are disjointed and imperfect. No one has had the skill or the opportunity to weave them into a lifelike portrait of a man remarkable not only for the lustre of his poetical genius, but for the singular charm of his character and the strange and tragical incidents of his existence. The notes appended by Mrs. Shelley to her edition of his poems and essays are valuable, but she was herself a personage in the drama of his life, who deserves to figure in the place nearest her husband. Mr. Hogg had access to some of the Shelley papers, and he was selected to write the life because he had been one of Shelley's earliest friends; but the vulgarity and egotism with which he executed a portion of his task were intolerable, and it was broken off at the very period when the life of the poet became most interesting. Mr. Garnett's 'Relics of Shelley' are marked by a higher feeling of the subject. Mr. Rossetti's edition of Shelley's poems, with notes, is more characteristic of the ingenuity of the editor than of the genius of the poet. Mr. Buxton Forman has collected with scrupulous and conscientious care, from various sources, in his great classical edition of the poems and prose works of Shelley, every detail that can throw light on the purity of the text and the circumstances under which they were composed. Lady Shelley herself, the daughter-in-law of the poet and the faithful guardian of his relics and his fame, published in 1859 a small volume entitled 'Shelley Memorials, from Authentic Sources,' which has gone through several editions, and is, thus far, the most ample disclosure of the Shelley papers and correspondence. But the record is still incomplete, partly because some of the most important materials to be derived from the family archives have not been made public, and partly from the extreme complexity of Shelley's character and from the exceptional incidents which marked his short but eventful life. It is not our intention on the present occasion to add anything to what has already been written in this Journal on his poetical genius, or to anticipate what we hope to say on a future occasion of his prose writings; for in our judgment Shelley's prose compositions are, in beauty of style and vigour of thought,

only one degree less remarkable than his poetry. Our present object is to endeavour to present to our readers a more faithful picture of the character of the man—a character which, in his lifetime, was totally misunderstood, and which even now is slowly working its way through the mists of time to its meridian lustre. We have been incited and encouraged to attempt this task because we have had access, through the indulgence of the Shelley family, to papers and documents not previously published or divulged, which enable us to add some important facts and original documents to the record of a life at once so interesting and so imperfectly known. The volumes, whose title we have prefixed to these pages, have been prepared for the press by Lady Shelley, with the object of preserving from destruction the precious records in her possession. They comprise all the letters and other documents of a biographical character at present in the hands of Shelley's representatives. The collection extends to 1243 pages, and it is probable that even these memorials may hereafter be enlarged. A good many of these papers have already been published, especially the letters from Italy, in the works to which we have referred. Some of them are of too private and confidential a nature to be placed before the public. But we are persuaded that the selection we feel ourselves justified in making from the remainder, with the permission of those who are most deeply interested in the subject, will not only gratify the ever-extending circle of admirers of Shelley's genius, but will raise and ennoble the estimate of his disposition and character.

But the task is a difficult one, and can only, within these limits, be very imperfectly performed; for the character of Shelley is a psychological phenomenon, presenting the most unwonted discrepancies and contrasts. He had all the sensitiveness and excitability, but not the irritability, of genius; impetuous and fiery at the sight of wrong and the tyranny of what he deemed to be injustice or error, he was in all the relations of life the gentlest and most unselfish of human beings. In his early childhood his father's house at Field Place rang with his gaiety and his pleasantries; he was adored by his sisters, one of whom, Elizabeth, did not long survive the dreadful catastrophe of his fate; but this house of gaiety and genius was overshadowed by the gloom and precision of his parents, utterly unconscious of the extraordinary gifts of the race to which they had given birth. School life, as it existed in the Eton of those days, was repugnant to Shelley: he cared not for its sports; he detested its constituted or assumed authority. The spirit of rebellion and defiance was

strong within him, and made him live the life of a solitary and an outlaw. At college this spirit broke forth with wilder intensity, not in the pranks or *escapades* common to youth, but in a frenzy of thought which gave birth to 'Queen Mab' and the atheistical paper that caused his expulsion from the University. That paper, which Mr. Forman has reprinted, is, barring its offensive title, no more than the agnostics of the present day assert in every page of their works, namely, that the existence of the Divine Being cannot be mathematically demonstrated by proofs drawn from the senses and the understanding. Shelley was deluded by the fallacy that because a truth cannot be mathematically demonstrated by the understanding it is no truth at all, and that the reverse of it becomes the more probable alternative.

In justice to Shelley it should be remembered that in his later years he disclaimed all recollection of 'Queen Mab' and its outrageous notes; that he said he supposed it was villanous trash, like the fantastic romances of his boyhood; and that it was republished without his consent and against his will. He was, in fact, anxious to suppress it. Mr. Buxton Forman has, however, placed it among the 'Juvenilia' at the end of his edition, and in Shelley's history it cannot be omitted; but it is no real service to the memory of a great man to reproduce and perpetuate the feeble and foolish productions of his earliest years. Nor, indeed, do we think it just or desirable to collect all the crumbs and fragments of incomplete works, struck off in the heat of composition, but afterwards rejected by the author himself. Everyone who writes, and especially who writes poetry as Shelley did, in woods and waters and a thousand wild moods of inspiration, leaves a great deal behind him which he would never have given to the world, and which had better be forgotten.

It is impossible to trace the source of the anti-religious opinions that Shelley adopted with so much vehemence, but they were undoubtedly inflamed by his aversion to the tenets of the Calvinistic creed, which he held to be absolutely inconsistent with the justice and benevolence of God, and by his abhorrence of the crimes of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution committed for ages in the name of a pure and holy faith. He hated priestcraft; he hated oppression; and he repelled religious oppression more than any other form of tyranny. Yet his life was spent in speculations of a highly religious character. His philosophy was intensely spiritual. He utterly rejected the materialism of the French school:—

'For birth and life and death and that strange state  
 Before the naked soul has found its home  
 All tend to perfect happiness, and urge  
 The restless wheels of being on their way,  
 Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,  
 Bicker and burn to reach their destined goal.'

These are the ideas of Plato, which he incorporated with his own, and of a greater than Plato. Shelley's 'Essay on Christianity,' though written from his own point of view, contains passages which might be delivered from a Christian pulpit; for no man ever recognised more fully the divine truths that humility, self-sacrifice for the good of others, obedience to the laws of justice and humanity, and a clear calm vision of the mystery of birth and death are the first conditions of manly and virtuous life and thought. It happened during the short interview which took place between Leigh Hunt and Shelley just before he was lost to his friends for ever, that they visited the cathedral of Pisa together. This was probably the last time he entered a Christian church. The music and the beauty of the edifice powerfully affected him, and he exclaimed to his companion, 'What a divine religion that would be which should be founded not on faith, but on charity!' \* That was the form religion assumed in the mind of Shelley. St. Paul had said before him, 'The greatest of these is charity.'

As Shelley had repudiated much of the faith, so too he, in some important passages of his life, acted in violation of the established morality of his time and his country, not, however, as men violate moral laws, whose rectitude and authority they acknowledge, but because he had imbibed and adopted a different theory of moral obligation to which he adhered. Mrs. Shelley was guilty of no exaggeration when she said, in her note to 'Alastor,' that 'in all he did, he, at the time of doing it, believed himself justified to his own conscience.' When he erred it was by a distortion not of moral purpose, but of moral judgment; not by passion, but by conviction. Conscience itself is no infallible guide to those who erect their own standard of right and wrong. This conception of morality was the fatal mistake of his life. It led to the most tremendous consequences—to the breach of sacred ties—to the

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\* Leigh Hunt, in his Autobiography, says that *he* made this remark to Shelley, not Shelley to him. But we have reason to think that his memory deceived him, and that the words and the sentiment were Shelley's.

defiance of social order—to illicit intercourse—to more than one suicide—to several distracted lives, until death after death closed the tragedy. Yet even this was not lawlessness or libertinism, but the result of a misguided philosophy and a mistaken rule of life. Shelley was no libertine. The profligacy of another great poet, which he witnessed at Venice, shocked and disgusted him. He detested obscenity as the plague-spot of literature. He abhorred seduction as one of the greatest of crimes. When Harriet Westbrook, a girl at school, flung herself or was flung by others into his arms, with very little love or reason on either side, he immediately married her, though he was but a boy himself, because he knew that any other course would be fatal to her reputation, and that the woman suffered far more from such actions than the man. How unhappily that marriage turned out is well known, though the circumstances which led to its fatal dissolution have been less clearly recorded. But no sooner was Shelley free to contract other ties than he married Mary Godwin, and the eight years of his life which followed were spent in the closest and most complete union of two minds and hearts joined in perfect sympathy and constant devotion.

The correspondence which took place in 1820 between Shelley and Southey has recently been published as an appendix to the letters that passed between the Laureate and Miss Caroline Bowles. Southey intended this publication; he expressly says so (p. 76); and he gave Miss Bowles leave to copy the letters for this purpose. We are sorry for it. Whatever may be thought of Shelley's conduct in life, there is a respectful ingenuousness in his address to Southey which might have disarmed a less rancorous partisan; but Southey's answers are remarkable for that arrogant ferocity with which he too often spoke of poets who were more than his equals or his rivals. Where are the works of Southey, and where are the works of Shelley now in the estimation of the world?

On some matters of fact Southey was misinformed; on others he has spoken out more plainly than anyone else. It is untrue that Shelley 'attempted to make proselytes to his 'atheistical opinions in a girls' boarding school,' and that 'one 'of the girls was expelled for the zeal with which she entered 'into his views.' Harriet Westbrook was not expelled at all, nor had she then any peculiar views on such subjects. But Southey said what was true when he stated that 'Shelley's first speculative and literary associate (Hogg) did attempt to seduce this 'poor girl on their way back from Scotland.' It is also true that 'Harriet's melancholy end was the result not of sensibility

‘on the score of her husband’s desertion, but of shame resulting from her own subsequent conduct.’ So far Shelley is indebted to Southey for a species of vindication; but nothing can justify the bitter intolerance of Southey’s invective. He holds the language of a Spanish inquisitor to a heretic. Shelley replied in more Christian terms, ‘Judge not, that ye be not judged.’

Mr. Browning, in the introduction prefixed by him several years ago to certain alleged letters by Shelley, which were afterwards found to be forgeries and withdrawn from circulation, expressed, in language not less true than eloquent, his sense of Shelley’s youthful deviations from the high road of duty, common sense, and propriety, which all occurred before he was two-and-twenty, and we must be allowed to borrow from him two very just and striking sentences:—

‘In this respect was the experience of Shelley peculiarly unfortunate—that the disbelief in him as a man even preceded the disbelief in him as a writer; the misconstruction of his moral nature preparing the way for the misappreciation of his intellectual labours.’

And again:—

‘It would be hard indeed upon this young Titan of genius, murmuring, in divine music, his human ignorances, through his very thirst of knowledge, and his rebellions in mere aspiration to law, if the melody itself substantiated the error, and the tragic cutting short of life perpetuated into sins such faults as, under happier circumstances, would have been left behind by the consent of the most arrogant moralist, forgotten on the lowest steps of youth.’

Shelley himself regarded with pain, though without bitterness, for of that he was incapable, the harsh construction which had been put upon his youthful writings, and the calumnies which had been circulated as to his mode of life. In a letter to his friend Peacock (published by Mrs. Shelley) he says, in 1819:—

‘I am regarded by all who know or hear of me, except, I think, on the whole, five individuals, as a rare prodigy of crime and pollution, whose look even might infect. This is a large computation, and I don’t think I could mention more than three. Such is the spirit of the English abroad as well as at home. . . . Few compensate, indeed, for all the rest, and if I were *alone* I should laugh; or if I were rich enough to do all things, which I shall never be. Pity me for my absence from all those social enjoyments which England might afford me, and which I know so well how to appreciate. Still, I shall return some fine morning out of pure weakness of heart.’

And in another touching letter:—

‘I most devoutly wish I were living near London. My inclinations

point to Hampstead; but I do not know whether I should not make up my mind to something more completely suburban. What are mountains, trees, heaths, or even the glorious and ever beautiful sky, with such sunsets as I have seen at Hampstead, to friends? Social enjoyment, in some form or other, is the alpha and the omega of existence. All that I see in Italy—and from my tower window I now see the magnificent peaks of the Apennine half enclosing the plain—is nothing: it dwindles into smoke in the mind when I think of some familiar forms of scenery, little perhaps in themselves, over which old remembrances have thrown a delightful colour. How we prize what we despised when present! So the ghosts of our dead associations rise and haunt us, in revenge for our having let them starve and abandoned them to perish.'

Shelley was naturally a social being. Nothing could be more unlike and remote from his disposition than the fierce egotism of Byron, who quarrelled with the world and fled from it, to indulge in solitary life all the baser passions of his nature. Shelley, on the contrary, lived in Italy with his wife the life of an anchorite, abstemious, self-denying, generous to a fault, consumed with the desire, sometimes injudiciously directed, to do good to his fellow-creatures, and aiding to the fullest extent of his power all within his reach. He never lived alone; he could not live alone; and his social disposition made him indulgent and serviceable to persons with whom he contracted an intimacy, although (with the exception of Mary Shelley) they were immeasurably inferior to himself, not only in genius but in heart. It has been supposed that Shelley was a highly imaginative visionary, who passed his life in a poetical dreamland and in philosophical speculations, which brought him to the verge of insanity and unfitted him for society and for the ordinary duties of life. Nothing can be more untrue. Like all men of genius he was eccentric, and the more eccentric as he rebelled against many of the conventional observances of society. Perhaps the greatest, if not the happiest, hours of his life were those he spent in his boat or in the woods, where for the most part he conceived and roughly executed the works which make his name imperishable. But the moment there was anything to be *done*, especially if it was an act of kindness or public utility, he applied himself to it with all the precision of a man of business. A man of the world, as it is called, he never was, and his judgment of the motives and conduct of other men was unformed and often erroneous. But his advice to the young engineer whom he helped with funds to construct a steanboat, his letters to Godwin, and the course he recommended to others in difficult circumstances were eminently practical and useful.

His health, which was never good, disqualified him for active life, though he thought he might have succeeded in it. He never looked to poetry or to literary fame as a sufficient and all-absorbing object. There are not unfrequent traces in his correspondence that he thought man had other work to perform on earth than writing verses, even of the noblest strain. Once he suggested to Peacock that it might be possible for him to obtain employment in India.

Unlike most of the poets who live upon the creation of their own brain and the exercise of their art, Shelley was an indefatigable *worker*, and he devoted far more of his life and time to the works of others than to his own. Like his own Prince Athanase :—

‘He had a gentle yet aspiring mind,  
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed,  
And such a glorious consolation find  
In others’ joy, when all their own is dead !’

An insatiable thirst for knowledge and a passionate love of all the highest forms of thought, literature, and even science, even more than for pure art, filled his existence. He had made himself master of six languages, besides his own to which he possessed the mistress-key, and with the whole range of literature he was familiar, from Æschylus to Calderon, from Thucydides and Tacitus to Gibbon and Sismondi, but more with the ancient than with modern writers. Here and there he notes with regret some field of enquiry (as, for instance, that of English history) comparatively unexplored. His days were spent in reading, and when evening came he still read on—but then he read aloud to his wife, who shared his enthusiasm and his studies. The record of the books they read together in each year is amazing. In the first five months of their connexion, Shelley at twenty-two and Mary at seventeen, they mastered no less than sixty volumes. Yet, in spite of his precocity and its prodigious range, Shelley’s literary life only extended from his eighteenth to his thirtieth year. We know but one other instance of a poet of similar acquirements; he is happily still amongst us; but his years more than outnumber fourfold the years of Shelley’s literary activity.

It was characteristic of Shelley, though this he shared with Coleridge, that he combined the finest imaginative power and sensibility with a strong logical faculty and a love of close philosophical reasoning. His prose essays on philosophical subjects, though for the most part fragmentary, are as consummate examples of style and thought as his lyrics—nothing in them is redundant, nothing obscure. And when the hour of



inspiration failed, he translated—he translated Plato in language that Plato would not have disowned. Take, for example, the conclusion of the speech of Agathon in the translation of the ‘Symposium.’ There is nothing in the English language of a more buoyant eloquence. Compared with the translation of the same passage by Mr. Jowett, it is as diamond to paste. Shelley would fain have turned the same power of reasoning and eloquence from metaphysics and criticism to politics; for the most earnest of all his desires was to protest against the evil which, as he thought, overruled the governments of the world and to advance the reign of justice and liberty among men.

But here his inexperience of the world, the times in which he lived, and the influences under which he fell, betrayed him into all the errors which could perplex an enthusiast. To be born in 1792 and to enter upon life in 1810 was to be a witness of the wildest revolution, of the most desolating wars, and ultimately of the most oppressive reaction which had ever afflicted Europe. No wonder that Shelley imbibed that revolutionary miasma which had intoxicated Southey and Wordsworth. On such a mind and at such a time the writings of Rousseau had an influence which it is scarcely possible for our own generation to conceive. The regeneration of the world was at hand. There were to be a new heaven and a new earth. These bewildering lights were reflected on the boyish mind of Shelley by the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft and the pedantic rigorism of Godwin, who, without a spark of poetry in his own nature, was doomed to overshadow the existence of a great poet.

As Shelley approached manhood, and in the remainder of his short space of life, England lay bound under the darkest spells of Tory government and religious intolerance. There was enough, and more than enough, in those years to provoke the fiercest remonstrances and the gloomiest forebodings. No doubt much of the language of the advanced Liberals of that day was extravagant, and their theories were wild; it was not given to them to foresee that the cause of moderate reform and gradual progress would triumph in the end over the evils they denounced. But sixty years ago a Radical was a traitor, an apostate, and an outlaw. In some respects these men lived before their time; in other respects they mistook its course.

The changes which the world has witnessed in the last half-century are at least as great as any they anticipated. They have been brought about not by revolution or by force (which indeed Shelley abhorred), but by peace, by the spread of

knowledge, by the reform of the law, by enlarged tolerance of opinion, and by the marvellous material applications of science. But these large steps of progress towards a better future of the world, which Shelley saw as in a dream, and which he exaggerated because they appeared to him arrayed in visionary radiance, had their prophets and their martyrs, who were in some degree the precursors of another age. Some such intuition burst on Shelley when he exclaimed to the West Wind rushing in a tempest over the Arno:—

‘Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

‘Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!  
And by the incantation of this verse

‘Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

‘The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh! wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?’

But such expressions of a belief in the influence of his own mind and writings are extremely rare in Shelley. He perceived that his own times understood him not, and he had no clear perception of his relation to the times to come.

It has been said by Mr. Carlyle that unconsciousness is one of the characteristics of transcendent genius, and if this paradox were true, Carlyle’s own exorbitant opinion of himself condemns him. But the life of Shelley might be quoted in support of it. Entirely devoid of affectation, with no vanity, and no desire to parade his works before the world, he does not conceal his disappointment at the singular absence of success which attended his efforts. The limited notoriety he had acquired was due to his follies and his misfortunes, for his works all fell stillborn from the press; and there is abundant evidence that he had himself formed no conception of their incomparable excellence and future fame. Byron, Moore, Southey, and Scott were the poets of the day, whose name was on every lip and who were scudding before the breeze of popularity and success. When the ‘Prometheus’ and the ‘Cenci’ could with difficulty find a publisher, and their circulation was limited to a few copies struck off in Italy or in Paris, Shelley simply observes that Byron and Moore are much better poets than himself, although in the ‘Cenci’ he had endeavoured to write in a more simple and popular form; but he did not ‘think much of it.’ That was his own verdict on the most powerful tragedy

that had been written in the English language since the days of Elizabeth. It is true that when Byron read the 'Doge of Venice' to him at Ravenna, he remarked, in a letter to Leigh Hunt, that if the 'Foscari' was a tragedy, his own work was not one.

The only poem of his own of which he ever spoke in terms of confidence is the 'Adonais.' The praise of that immortal work was welcome to him, for he thought it was deserved, and he was curious to learn what was said of it. To Mr. Ollier, his publisher, he wrote: 'The Adonais, in spite of its mysticism, is the least imperfect of my compositions, and, as the image of my regret and compassion for poor Keats, I wish it to be so.' And again: 'I am especially curious to hear the fate of Adonais. I confess I should be surprised if *that* poem were born to immortality of oblivion.' He also thought well of the 'Prometheus Unbound,' though he did not expect it would find more than twenty readers. Yet even at that time he wrote to the Gisbornes, 'The decision of the cause, whether or not I am a poet, is removed from the present time to the hour when our posterity shall assemble; but the court is a very severe one, and I fear that the verdict will be "Guilty—death."'

The extreme modesty of Shelley was perfectly genuine. He condescended without the least pretension to men immeasurably beneath him: he writes about the miserable productions of Captain Medwin and the feeble verses of Leigh Hunt as if they ranked with his own. He resented the furious attacks made on him by our 'Quarterly' contemporary—not because they criticised his poetry, and failed to discern the splendour of a genius which was to be a glory of our language and of the world, but because he regarded them as the expression of personal injustice and malice, and because they calumniated his manner of life. The article on 'Alastor' was at first attributed to Southey (whom Shelley had known and liked), but that proved untrue. It was then imputed to Milman, and Shelley denounced it as the work of an angry priest. Milman, with admirable magnanimity, never repelled the charge, though, in fact, few men were more keenly alive to Shelley's genius. We now learn, after all, that this much-contested article was the work of Mr. Coleridge—not the poet, but his nephew, whom we have all known in calmer times as the venerable, amiable, and accomplished Sir John Taylor Coleridge, a Judge and a Privy Councillor! But these incidents had but a passing effect on Shelley. He was more anxious for the success of others, as, for example, Leigh Hunt, than for his own, and far more intent on the contemplation of

nature, of his own thoughts, and of the great writers of old, than on his own fame. In the library at Ferrara Shelley saw and compared two manuscripts in the handwriting of Ariosto and Tasso: of the latter (who was his favourite) he says: 'It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return 'by the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet.' The words appear to us to be still more appropriate to him who wrote them.

It is scarcely necessary for us to remark that our own opinions differ as widely as possible from many of the opinions which Shelley had, as we think, the misfortune to entertain and to express. It is hardly conceivable to us that to any man of intellect Nature should be so eloquent and Heaven so speechless; that he should have revelled in the philosophy of Plato without reaching its highest conclusions; that he should have practised many of the Christian virtues without acknowledging the supreme beauty and authority of the Christian law; that he should have pursued phantoms which he took for ideal virtue and truth, and missed the reality. But his character and his genius claim a large measure of tolerance and sympathy. He differed as much from the ordinary standard of mankind as if there had been in him the soul of some superior order of beings. The thought of death was ever present to him; it pervades all he wrote, from the first invocation of his earliest poem—

'How wonderful is Death,  
Death and his brother Sleep'—

down to the closing strains of life. His own death, sudden, mysterious, in the bosom of the ocean he loved, broke the spell that bound him. It was the watchword of liberty to a powerful spirit in a feeble frame, and he passed from darkness to the fulness of a purer light.

But enough of these general considerations, which are suggested to us by a closer acquaintance with the memorials of Shelley's life now before us, for they have considerably modified and raised our own opinion, not of the poet, but of the man. We shall now confine ourselves more closely to these records, passing over his earliest youth, which has been fully related by others.

Shelley was expelled from Oxford on Lady Day, 1811; his father, deeply irritated, forbade him to return to Field Place; he took lodgings in Poland Street, London, where he lived in

great pecuniary embarrassment. His sisters saved their pocket-money, and sent secretly to their brother the fruits of their economy, and, as they dared not meet him, it was conveyed to him by their schoolfellow, a handsome girl named Harriet Westbrook. This led to his acquaintance with her family, which was much below his own in rank and position. There seems to be little doubt that the Westbrooks encouraged the intimacy, more especially Eliza Westbrook, a sister much older than Harriet and than Shelley himself. She had her own views and purposes in promoting this connexion. Shelley, who was just recovering from the disappointment of his early attachment to his cousin, Harriet Grove, offered, by a generous impulse, to marry the second Harriet, because she complained that her father insisted on sending her back to school. The plan of the elopement was known to Eliza Westbrook, who ought to have been her sister's guardian. Their mother was alive, but she seems to have taken no steps in the matter, and we strongly suspect that the Westbrook family were privy to the elopement, which promised to place their daughter in a rank of life far above her own. No attempt was made to restrain the young lady or to follow the fugitives, which would not have been difficult.

The following letter from Shelley's cousin Charles Grove to Lady Shelley gives a precise account of this occurrence:—

‘Grey’s Lodge, Torquay, Feb. 24, 1860.

‘My dear Lady Shelley,—Bysshe’s first acquaintance with Harriet Westbrook was in January 1811. I was his companion on his first visit to her to take a present from his sister Mary, who was at school with her. His acquaintance with her was improved in consequence of his coming to London within two months, having been expelled from Oxford. Then, if not before that, Miss Westbrook had entered into correspondence with Bysshe in consequence of his having published a romance (*Zastrozzi*).

‘In consequence of his father’s refusal to receive him at Field Place at that time, my eldest brother, Thomas, and his first wife, invited Bysshe to their house in Radnorshire, Cwm Elan. From thence, in the month of July or August, Bysshe wrote to me to say that circumstances had led Harriet Westbrook to throw herself upon his protection, and that whereas his own happiness was altogether blighted in having lost the hope of being united to my sister (Harriet Grove), their engagement having been dissolved in the summer of 1810, he considered the only thing worth living for was self-sacrifice for the happiness of others. He expressed his resolution as being taken, and that he was about to leave Cwm Elan in consequence. After his signature he added this P.S. :—

“Hear it not, Percy, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.”

'Bysshe did not elope immediately on leaving Cwm Elan, but went to Captain Pilford, his uncle in Sussex. From his house it was that he came to my brother John in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in October 1811. Here he arranged his plan unknown to my brother, but not unknown to me. Bysshe went to a small coffee-house in Mount Street, whence he wrote a letter to Harriet mentioning the time he would be ready with a hackney coach the next morning. Bysshe and I went together the next morning to Mount Street, where we were soon joined by Miss H. W. We drove to the place in the city from whence the Northern Mails started, I think it was the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street. There we remained the whole day till the hour of departure, which was about 8 P.M., when I saw them into the Edinburgh Mail and took leave of them.

'Yours, &c.,

'CHARLES GROVE.'

Shelley was nineteen and his wife sixteen when this occurred. It should be added that, as some doubt was cast on the validity of the marriage which took place on their arrival in Scotland, Shelley married his wife a second time in England, and this not long before their final separation. This was done to prevent the possibility of any doubt of the legitimacy of an expected heir, who was, in fact, born some months afterwards.

This rash marriage was the first fatal step in the disasters of Shelley's life. It was aggravated by the circumstance that, on their return to England soon afterwards, Eliza Westbrook met them at York, and quartered herself upon them with a tenacity which Shelley never had the strength to shake off, although he soon found out that he had great reason to detest this unwelcome appendage. Many men have suffered things untold from their mothers-in-law, who accordingly have an indifferent reputation; but it was the fate of Shelley to be sacrificed and devoured by his sisters-in-law. Eliza Westbrook, and afterwards Jane Clairmont, the daughter of Godwin's second wife by her first marriage, were the curses of his existence. Jane Clairmont, however, was in no way related in blood to Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

We shall not repeat what has been said by Mr. Hogg and others of the next three years of Shelley's life. Sir Timothy had so far relaxed that he allowed his son 200*l.* a year, and on this small income the boy and girl pair, with their *constrictor*, wandered to Ireland, to the Lakes, to Wales—a desultory, uncertain mode of life, of which small record remains. The autumn of 1813 found them temporarily settled at a house called High Elms, near Bracknell, where Hogg visited them. But their relations had then become extremely painful. It is stated in the 'Memorials:—'Towards the close of 1813

‘estrangements, which for some time had been slowly growing between Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, came to a crisis. Separation ensued, and Mrs. Shelley returned to her father’s house. Here she gave birth to her second child—a son, who died in 1826.’ More has not been said, and a natural reluctance is felt to touch on the weakness of an unhappy woman who was more sinned against, by some of her nearest connexions, than sinning. But the causes of this estrangement date from a much earlier period than has been supposed. Mr. Peacock’s statement (in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’) that ‘there was no estrangement, no shadow of a thought of separation, till Shelley became acquainted, not long after the second marriage (March 24, 1814), with the lady who was subsequently his second wife,’ is not only unfounded, but it is the reverse of the truth. Harriet Shelley had for some time past acquired habits the most repugnant to Shelley’s abstemious vegetarian diet, and in this, to say the least of it, she had not been checked by her sister, and other circumstances had occurred which prove how little they were united. We believe it to be much nearer the truth to say that the separation of Shelley and his wife had virtually taken place before his intimacy with Godwin’s daughter began. He had known Godwin since 1812, but Mary Godwin was then a child of fourteen, and Shelley had taken no notice of her. It was not until June or July 1814 that these two fiery natures discovered and disclosed their mutual attachment. On July 28 they left England together; but there is evidence to show that even this step was scarcely premeditated, and that a few days before Mary Godwin believed and acknowledged their union to be impossible. Harriet Shelley returned, or had already returned, to her father’s house. Shelley made over to her a part of his income, and she retained all that she received from her own family. She was, therefore, not exposed to any pecuniary embarrassments, except those caused by her own imprudence. Ianthe, the eldest child of Shelley, remained with her, and in the course of the autumn, as above mentioned, she gave birth to a son, who, if he had lived, would have inherited the Shelley title and estates. We are not aware that there exists any record of strong feeling on her part against Shelley caused by this breach of duty—perhaps it was not unexpected by her.

But the most singular trait in this strange history is that Shelley himself regarded his elopement as no breach at all of at least friendly relations with his wife; for within a fortnight he wrote her the following letter from Troyes, whilst he was on the road to Switzerland with Mary.

' Troyes, 120 miles from Paris, on the way to Switzerland,  
' August 13, 1814.

' My dearest Harriet,—I write to you from this detestable town; I write to show that I do not forget you; I write to urge you to come to Switzerland, where you will at last find one firm and constant friend, to whom your interests will be always dear—by whom your feelings will never wilfully be injured. From none can you expect this but me—all else are either unfeeling or selfish, or have beloved friends of their own, as Mrs. B——, to whom their attention and affection is confined.

' I will write at length from Neufchatel, or you direct your letters "au Bureau de la Poste, Neufchatel," until you hear again. We have journeyed from Paris on foot, with a mule to carry our baggage; and Mary, who has not been sufficiently well to walk, fears the fatigue of walking. We passed through a fertile country, neither interesting from the character of the inhabitants nor the beauty of the scenery. We came 120 miles in four days; the last two days we passed over the country that was the seat of war. I cannot describe to you the frightful desolation of this scene; village after village entirely ruined and burned, the white ruins towering in innumerable forms of destruction among the beautiful trees. The inhabitants were famished; families once independent now beg their bread in this wretched country; no provisions; no accommodation; filth, misery, and famine everywhere. (You will see nothing of this on your route to Geneva.) I must remark to you that, dreadful as these calamities are, I can scarcely pity the inhabitants; they are the most unamiable, inhospitable, and unaccommodating of the human race. We go by some carriage from this town to Neufchatel, because I have strained my leg, and am unable to walk. I hope to be recovered by that time; but on our last day's journey I was perfectly unable to walk. Mary resigned the mule to me. Our walk has been, excepting this, sufficiently agreeable; we have met none of the robbers they prophesied at Paris. You shall know our adventures more detailed if I do not hear at Neufchatel that I am soon to have the pleasure of communicating to you in person, and of welcoming you to some sweet retreat I will procure for you among the mountains. I have written to Peacock to superintend money affairs; he is expensive, inconsiderate, and cold, but surely not utterly perfidious and unfriendly and unmindful of our kindness to him; besides, interest will secure his attention to these things. I wish you to bring with you the two deeds which Tahourdin has to prepare for you, as also a copy of the settlement. Do not part with any of your money. But what shall be done about the books? You can consult on the spot. With love to my sweet little *Ianthe*, ever most affectionately yours,  
' S.

' I write in great haste; we depart directly.'

It is difficult to conceive anything more wild and impracticable—the more so as Shelley himself, travelling with another woman who was not his wife, invites his wife in terms of endearment to join him in Switzerland, which he had not reached



and where he was not going to stay. It is the scheme of a reckless child. If it were not for the serious character and the deplorable consequences which this *scappatura*, as Mrs. Shelley somewhere calls it, subsequently assumed, the narrative would read more like a fairy tale of babes wandering in a wood—a ‘*Mährchen ohne Ende*’—than a passage in the lives of contemporary men and women. For we have the whole record before us. It was the practice of Shelley and Mary to keep a short journal of the occurrences of each day. This record begins on the very day of their elopement. It was continued to the end of their lives. Few human existences can be traced so minutely—where they were, what they did, what they read, whom they saw, now and then what they felt and thought—it is all there in an unbroken indissoluble union, sometimes entered by one hand, sometimes by the other, but always in one journal book. The first page records the starting point of this new life. They fled from London at four in the morning, reached Dover at four in the afternoon, embarked in an open boat at six, and crossed the Channel in the night.

‘The wind was violent and contrary. If we could not reach Calais, the sailors proposed making Boulogne. They promised only two hours’ sail from the shore, yet hour after hour passed, and we were still far distant when the moon sank in the red and stormy horizon, and the fast flashing lightning became pale in the breaking day. We were proceeding slowly against the wind, when suddenly a thunder squall struck the sail and the waves rushed into the boat; even the sailors believed that our situation was perilous. The wind had now changed, and we drove, before a wind that came in violent gusts, directly to Calais.

‘Mary did not know our danger; she was resting between my knees, that were unable to support her; she did not speak or look, but I felt that she was there. I had time in that moment to reflect and even to reason upon death; it was rather a thing of discomfort and of disappointment than of horror to me. We should never be separated, but in death we might not feel or know our union as now. I hope, but my hopes are not unmixed with fear for what will befall this inestimable spirit when we appear to die.

‘The morning broke; the lightning died away; the violence of the wind abated; we arrived at Calais whilst Mary still slept; we drove upon the sands; suddenly the broad sun rose over France.’\*

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\* The journal from which this extract is taken was afterwards in part rewritten by Mary Shelley and published under the title ‘*A History of Six Weeks’ Tour through a Part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland.*’ It was also prefixed by her to the second volume of the ‘*Essays and Letters*’ published in 1840. But there is no reference in this published narrative to the peculiar circumstances

Never certainly was an elopement described with such reflections or in such terms. Jane Clairmont accompanied them in their flight. How she fared in the voyage does not appear. She is usually mentioned in the journals by the more euphonious name of Clare.

Soon, however, the highflown language of love, poetry, and romance subsides into pure comedy. They reach Paris on August 2; Shelley finds out that he has no money, and sells his watch and chain for eight napoleons and five francs; at length a remittance of 60*l.* arrives, and they resolve to proceed on foot to Switzerland.

'Monday, August 8.—(Mary.) Jane and Shelley go to the ass merchant; we buy an ass. Day spent in preparations for departure. We set out for Charenton in the evening, carrying the ass, who was weak and unfit for labour. We arrived at Charenton late. One horrible spasm.

'Tuesday, August 9.—(Shelley.) We sell our ass and purchase a mule, in which we much resemble him who never made a bargain but always lost half. . . . We arrive without adventures, but not without feelings of pride and pleasure, at Guignes, a town nine leagues from Charenton.'

So they go on, through villages and towns devastated by the Cossacks, to Provins, Nogent, and Troyes. There, Shelley having sprained his foot, they resolve to continue the journey *en voiture*, and the letter we have just quoted was written to his wife. Mule and saddle are sold with a loss of fifteen napoleons, and a carriage bought for five napoleons, and a mule hired to take it to Neufchatel. Thence to Soleure and Lucerne. The Lake of Lucerne enchants them.

'August 23.—We land at Bessen (?). We sleep at Brunnen. Before we sleep, however, we look out of window.

'Wednesday, August 24.—We consult on our situation. We cannot procure a house; we are in despair; the filth of the apartment is terrible to Mary; she cannot bear it all the winter. . . . At last we find a lodging in an ugly house they call the Château for one louis per month, which we take; it consists of two rooms. Mary and Shelley walk to the shore of the lake and read the description of the siege of Jerusalem in Tacitus.

'Thursday, August 25.—We read Abbé Baruel's "*Histoire de "Jacobinisme*." Shelley and Jane make purchases. We pack up our things and take possession of our house, which we have engaged for six months. We arrange our apartment and write part of Shelley's romance.

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under which the journey was made, and many striking passages are omitted. Our extracts are from the original journal kept at the time.

'*Friday, August 26.*—Write the romance till three o'clock. Propose crossing Mount St. Gothard. Determine at last to return to England; only wait to set off till the washerwoman brings home our linen. The little Frenchman arrives with tubs and plums and scissors and salt. The linen is not dry; we are compelled to wait till to-morrow.'

They proceeded by boat, ever Shelley's favourite mode of conveyance, down the Reuss and the Rhine, sometimes sleeping in the boat, whirled onwards by the current and meeting with sundry discomforts till they reach Holland, and land at Gravesend, without a penny to pay the captain, on September 13. The whole expedition lasted forty-seven days.

On the following day Shelley calls on Harriet, his wife, 'who is certainly a very odd creature;' engages lodgings; and reads the 'Excursion' to Mary, in which they are much disappointed. The details of this gipsy life, very shortly given in the journal book, are inexpressibly queer and diverting. They read incessantly, frequently aloud: 'Thalaba,' Lewis's 'Monk,' Godwin's 'Political Justice,' Anacreon, 'Madoc,' 'Rasselas,' 'The Empire of the Nairs,' and a dozen other books are rapidly devoured; and indeed, this passion for copious and omnivorous reading never abandons either Shelley or Mary for the rest of their lives. For amusement they 'sail 'little boats' on the lake of Naugis (wherever that may be), 'set off little fire-boats and let off fireworks,' and make plans for converting and liberating two heiresses, and running off to the west of Ireland. In the midst of these puerilities, Shelley fires off a magnanimous sentiment which might have been a warning and a forecast of his future.

'*Friday, October 14.*—Jane's insensibility and incapacity for the slightest degree of friendship. The feelings occasioned by this discovery prevent me (Shelley) from maintaining any measure in security. . . . Beware of giving way to trivial sympathies. Content yourself with one great affection—with a single mighty hope: let the rest of mankind be the subjects of your benevolence, your justice, and, as human beings, of your sensibility; but as you value many hours of peace, never suffer more than one even to approach the hallowed circle. Nothing should shake the great spirit which is not sufficiently mighty to destroy it. . . . The most exalted philosophy, the truest virtue, consists in an habitual contempt of self; a subduing of all angry feelings; a sacrifice of pride and selfishness. When you attempt to benefit either an individual or a community, abstain from imputing it as an error that they despise or overlook your virtue.'

Never was there a stranger combination of lofty sentiments, of poetry and philosophy, of genius and literary acquirements, with a simplicity worthy of Moscs Primrose at the fair, and of pastimes which might have amused an infant. For, during

all this autumn of 1814, Shelley was in a position of extreme embarrassment. Godwin, indignant at the flight of his daughters, refused to see or correspond with them. Shelley's relations with Harriet are not unfriendly; he frequently calls on her. 'WE,' says Mary, 'think of calling on her.' A good-humoured letter arrives from Harriet, but meanwhile she was incurring debts for which Shelley was of course liable, and on October 20 Harriet leaves her father's house to go we know not whither. Desperate attempts are made to raise money to meet their daily wants and pay these debts. Shelley resorts to money-lenders and post-obits at a ruinous charge; he is tracked by bailiffs, and obliged to fly to a place of concealment; Mary and he can only meet by appointment in St. Paul's or Staple Inn; they correspond, and Shelley, in the midst of terms of endearment and distress, advises her to read Cicero's 'Paradoxa,' 'one particularly concerning Regulus.' In the midst of all this indescribable confusion Harriet Shelley, about December 1, gives birth to a son and heir. On the following day Shelley calls on Harriet, 'who treats him with 'insulting selfishness:' no wonder. Meanwhile Godwin's affairs were, as usual, in a wretched plight; and although he had refused to communicate with Shelley except through an attorney, Shelley contrives to raise 90*l.*, which is sent to his relief.

These degrading troubles fortunately soon came to an end. In consequence of the death of Sir Bysshe Shelley, in January, 1815, Sir Timothy succeeded to the baronetcy and the estates, and, yielding to the pressure of advice, he consented to allow his son 1,000*l.* a year. For the simple wants and habits of the poet this income was an ample one; but to supply his boundless munificence to others and the exactions of those who preyed upon his kindness, ten times the amount would not have sufficed. Towards the close of his life, Shelley estimated that he had charged the family estates, which were entailed on him, with debt to the amount of 22,500*l.*; for this sum he had received far less in cash, and a great part of what he did receive was spent in assisting Godwin and other persons. As, however, he died before his father, the post-obits never became due. Shelley, in the course of this winter, walked a hospital in the hope of learning enough of surgery to enable him to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. But he was himself in a deplorable state of health, threatened with symptoms of pulmonary consumption and subject to paroxysms of pain.

The spring and summer of 1815 passed more calmly. On February 20, Mary gave birth to a little girl, a seven months'

child, which lived but a few days. On April 10, Shelley 'passes the morning with Harriet, who is in a surprisingly 'good humour;' and on April 21 and 22 Shelley 'goes to 'Harriet to procure his son, who is to appear in one of the 'courts:' but he 'has been much teased by Harriet.' Was there ever such a situation? However, Shelley and Mary read enormously: Ariosto, Gibbon, Corinne, Fontenelle, Wordsworth, Spenser, Ovid, Sallust, Livy, Seneca, Hesiod, Herodotus, Thucydides, Homer, the New Testament, appear in the long list of works devoured or perused. In May, to their infinite relief, Jane Clairmont leaves them and retires to a cottage in the country. 'After so much discontent, such 'violent scenes, such a turmoil of passion and hatred,' she says, 'you will hardly believe how enraptured I am with this 'dear little quiet spot.' But that truce was to be of short duration. Shelley and Mary made a tour along the Devonshire coast and a visit to Clifton, after which he rented a house on Bishopgate Heath, in Windsor Forest. In those woodlands he composed 'Alastor,' the first poem he gave openly to the world.

Soon fresh evils from similar causes were about to arise, by which Shelley was doomed to suffer for the faults of others. During Jane Clairmont's absence from Mary to that retreat which she had described in glowing language, she made the acquaintance of, and formed a connexion with, Lord Byron quite unknown to any of her family, we are not told how or when.\* But a few dates tell the story. Lady Byron withdrew from her husband in the middle of January 1816. Lord Byron left England on April 25, 1816. The child, afterwards called Allegra, the offspring of Lord Byron and Jane Clairmont, was born on January 12, 1817. We need say no more. But already, on May 6, 1816, Jane Clairmont was at Paris on her way to join Lord Byron, and on May 13 she arrived at Geneva. 'Yielding,' as she says, 'to her pressing solicitations,' Shelley and Mary accompanied her. This was the occasion of the visit of the Shelleys to Switzerland, during the residence of Byron at the Campagn Diodati. It is therefore clear that on this occasion it was Jane Clairmont who took the Shelleys abroad, and not the Shelleys who took

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\* There is no evidence at all that this connexion of Byron and Jane Clairmont existed before Lady Byron quitted her husband, but it is not impossible that it may have been one of the causes of that mysterious occurrence. Certainly the connexion did exist immediately afterwards.

Jane Clairmont. Godwin remonstrated with them and opposed the journey, knowing nothing of Jane Clairmont's peculiar position and motives. Previous to this visit, we believe that Shelley was slightly if at all acquainted with Byron; Moore says that they had never met. The details of their intercourse at Geneva, and of their voyage round the lake, where they narrowly escaped shipwreck, have frequently been published. Moore has recorded in just and graceful language, in his life of Byron (iii. 271), the nature and the causes of their sympathy and of their differences. The incidents of their later lives, both so early and so abruptly ended, brought them into much closer intimacy, but it could hardly be called friendship. Shelley always mistrusted Byron's 'Protean' character. On August 29 the Shelleys left Geneva, and reached England on September 8. Jane Clairmont returned with them, and there is reason to suppose that, in spite of the position in which she found herself, her temporary connexion with Byron had been followed by aversion on his part, which it must be confessed her character was likely to inspire in such a man as Byron was. At any rate she and her child were thrown upon the Shelleys only. On their return they went first to Bath, and shortly afterwards to Marlow, which was to be their residence in the following year.

But ere that year came more than one terrible catastrophe crossed their stormy path. Mr. Kegan Paul, in his life of Godwin (vol. ii. p. 239), has described in becoming language the character and the fate of Fanny Godwin, as she was called, though she was in fact the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft by Gilbert Imlay, and therefore the half-sister of Mary. She is described as an amiable and accomplished young woman of twenty-two, but she had imbibed an enthusiastic admiration for the writings and principles of her mother (who died in her infancy), and she inherited a morbid depression which at times approached insanity. Mrs. Godwin, her step-mother, was a person who rendered life intolerable to those who shared it with her. On October 3 Fanny wrote to Mary a letter which was collected and business-like, though it related chiefly to family quarrels and perplexities; another letter was received from her on the 8th; an alarming one on the 9th. On that day she had swallowed laudanum and terminated her existence. Shelley rushed down to Swansea as fast as post-horses could carry him; but before he arrived all was over.

Nor was this the last or the worst of these dreadful incidents. We shall borrow the language of Mr. Kegan Paul to describe what followed:—

'On Saturday, November 9, Harriet Shelley drowned herself in the *Serpentine*.\* . . . Whatever view may be taken of the breach between husband and wife, it is absolutely certain that Harriet's suicide was not directly caused by her husband's treatment. However his desertion of her contributed or did not contribute to the life she afterwards led, the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her, though he had at first sheltered her and her children. This was done by order of her sister, who would not allow Harriet access to the bedside of her dying father.'

Whatever may have been the frailties of this unhappy girl (for she was scarcely twenty at the time of her death), it is impossible not to feel the deepest compassion for a woman deprived of the protection and control on which she had a right to rely. And what Shelley called 'the weight of the horror of 'this event' hung over the remainder of his own existence. Lady Shelley has said in her own *Memorials* :

'Harriet's death has sometimes been ascribed to Shelley. This is entirely false. There was no immediate connexion whatever between her tragic end and any conduct on the part of her husband. It is true, however, that it was a permanent source of the deepest sorrow to him : for never during all his after life did the dark shade depart which had fallen on his gentle and sensitive nature from the self-sought grave of the companion of his early youth.' (P. 62.)

The violent breach of those domestic ties, against which Mary Wollstonecraft and Godwin had raised their voices, was avenged by frightful catastrophes, falling alike on the guilty and the guiltless. Wrong worked out its fatal consequences, though by a circuitous path. But some extenuating circumstances are at least established. The estrangement and virtual separation of Shelley and his wife preceded by some time his intimacy with Mary Godwin, and that estrangement was not without cause. When Shelley renewed his marriage in March 1814, he had certainly no design to cast off his wife under the doubtful validity of the previous Scotch marriage, or to allow the legitimacy of his heir to be questioned. Nearly two years and a half elapsed between the separation and the death of Harriet, during which time Shelley contributed liberally to her support, corresponded with her, and visited her. Her allowance was raised to 200*l.* a year. There is reason to fear that, exposed to many temptations, she did not resist them. She unwisely left her father's house, and when she returned to

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\* We think Mr. Kegan Paul has mistaken the date of this deplorable event. He says himself that the body was not found until *December 9*, a month later, which is incredible. It is certain that the Shelleys first heard the fact on *December 16*, not before.

see her father, who was ill, Eliza Westbrook, that sister who had been the chief cause of her errors, dismissed her from the door, and drove her to desperation. We shall not quote the terms in which Shelley expresses his opinion of this conduct; but his burning indignation against the 'abhorred and unnatural family' of the Westbrooks leads him to overlook whatever share he had in the original causes of the calamity. His friends, Hookham, Longdill, and Leigh Hunt, supported him by their approval. Perhaps the sense that he had recovered his freedom had something to do with his state of mind. Certain it is that within three weeks he was lawfully married to Mary Godwin at St. Mildred's Church in Bread Street, and that he struggled with the greatest energy to obtain possession of his children, Ianthe and Charles Shelley. Mary was eager to receive them as her own. But, as is well known, the paternal claim of Shelley to his offspring was resisted by their grandfather, Westbrook, and rejected by Lord Eldon on petition, on the ground not of Shelley's misconduct to his wife, but of the opinions expressed in his writings. It is clear that Mr. Westbrook, the father, was not dying, as was alleged, in December 1816, since he lived to prosecute the suit in the following year. The custody of the children was afterwards transferred to their aunt, Eliza Westbrook, and they were eventually placed under the care of Dr. Hume. Shelley never saw them again after his departure for Italy. The boy, Charles Shelley, died in 1826; the girl, Ianthe, lived to be married to a gentleman named Esdaile, and has left a son, who is now Shelley's only grandchild.

We shall not dwell on the painful proceedings in the Court of Chancery, which embittered Shelley's mind more than any of his previous misfortunes, though, indeed, he says in a letter to his friend, 'Yet one thing happened in the autumn that affected me far more deeply. The circumstances that attended this event are of a nature of such awful and appalling horror, that I dare hardly advert to them even in thought.' The principal object of this communication was, however, to apprise Lord Byron of the birth of a most beautiful girl. This was Allegra, as she was afterwards called; and the existence of this child, born under such mysterious circumstances, was destined to exert a considerable influence over Shelley's life, for, as he said, it was his destiny to be mixed up with the faults and perplexities of others, as well as with his own.

The Shelleys spent the greater part of the year 1817 at Marlow in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote 'Laon and



'Cynthia,' 'Prince Athanase,' and the greater part of 'Rosalind and Helen,' and in the spring of 1818 they started for Italy. The details of their life at Marlow, and the greater part of the letters written by Shelley during his residence in Italy, have already been published in Lady Shelley's excellent 'Memorials' and in Mr. Buxton Forman's collection of his prose works. To these we shall not refer, but we may be able to add some particulars of interest from original sources.

The care of the little infant born in January 1817 had devolved upon the Shelleys, and it was essential that the secret of its birth should be carefully kept, both for the sake of its mother and of Lord Byron. The truth was unknown even to Godwin.

In the beautiful lines in 'Julian and Maddalo,' in which Shelley described his meeting with Allegra two years later in Venice, he said :—

'With me  
She was a special favourite: I had nursed  
Her fine and feeble limbs, when she came first  
To this bleak world;'

and, in fact, this poor 'sinless child of sin' had at its birth no other nurse and protector. The infant was singularly beautiful, and in the absence of any other name the Shelleys called her 'Alba,' afterwards to be changed, probably by Lord Byron's desire, to Allegra. But Byron was abroad. A mystery hung over the birth of the child. Its mother could not acknowledge it, and, as she continued to reside with the Shelleys, the danger of detection was considerable. Shelley dealt with these embarrassing circumstances with great consideration for all parties, and he applied to Lord Byron to determine what was to be done. He was extremely anxious that the child should join her father, and this was one of the two causes that mainly decided the Shelleys to leave England and go to Italy. The first and most important was the state of Shelley's health, which was deplorable. In September 1817 he wrote :—

'My health is in a miserable state, so that some care will be required to prevent it speedily terminating in death. Such an event it is my interest and duty to prevent, nor am I indifferent to the pleasure of this scene of things. They recommend Italy as a certain cure remedy for my disease.'

And about the same time to his wife (he was then staying with Leigh Hunt at Lisson Grove):—

'Now, dearest, let me talk to you. I think we ought to go to Italy. I think my health might receive a renovation there, for want of which

perhaps I should never entirely overcome that state of diseased action which is so painful to my beloved. I think Alba ought to be with her father. This is a thing of incredible importance to the happiness perhaps of many human beings. It might be managed without our going there. Yes, but not without an expense which would in fact suffice to settle us comfortably in a spot where I might be regaining that health which you consider so valuable. It is valuable to you, my own dearest. I see too plainly that you will never be quite happy till I am well. Of myself I do not speak, for I feel only for you.

'First, this money. I am sure that if I ask Horace Smith he will lend me 200*l.* or even 250*l.* more. I did not like to do it from delicacy, and a wish to take only just enough; but I am quite certain that he would lend me the money.'

We quote this last sentence because it should be known that Horace Smith was the most generous, the most discriminating, and the most active of Shelley's friends—ever ready to help him with his advice and with his purse in all his difficulties, which were usually caused or aggravated by the other persons who enjoyed his friendship. Shelley's pecuniary difficulties at this time arose from the liabilities he had incurred to the creditors of his first wife, who pressed severely on him the settlement of their claims, though he had no previous knowledge of their existence and no opportunity of verifying their exactness. He was in some danger of arrest, and was obliged to have recourse to means of raising money which the better judgment of his wife condemned.

However, in the following spring the die was cast. On March 9, 1818, *the children were christened* (Mrs. Shelley had then two, William and little Clara, just six months old; probably Allegra was christened at the same time), and, accompanied by Clare and Allegra, they crossed to Calais, and proceeded by Reims and Langres to Milan, Shelley reading Schlegel to them aloud on the road.

Lord Byron was aware of their journey and of the purpose of it, as regarded himself and the child, but he declined an invitation to meet them; and we infer from Shelley's subsequent communications that he desired that Allegra should be sent to him at Venice, with the stipulation that from the instant of its departure all further intercourse was to cease between Clare and her child. To this suggestion Shelley replied in a letter of great tenderness and eloquence, in which he contended that no woman should be asked to separate herself from her child without the prospect of seeing it again, and that she would be despised if she did so.

Perhaps Shelley had in some measure misunderstood Byron's intentions, but Byron refused to correspond with Clare, and

Shelley was in the unenviable position of a mediator between two persons whose love had turned to hatred. At the end of April, Allegra was sent to Venice under the care of a Swiss nurse, named Elise, who had previously had the care of the Shelley children. The Shelleys spent the summer at the Bagni di Lucca, having made the acquaintance at Leghorn of Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, who became intimate with them. Mrs. Gisborne was a Swiss lady who had known Mary Wollstonecraft herself twenty years before. In August, however, it was decided that Shelley should go to Venice, taking Miss Clairmont with him, for the purpose of seeing Lord Byron and making some arrangement about the child. Mrs. Shelley remained at Lucca, but followed her husband to Este, by his desire, a week later. They had no sooner arrived there than Clara (the baby) fell dangerously ill, and died as soon as they reached Venice. The entry in Mrs. Shelley's journal is curious :—

'*Thursday, September 24.*—This is the journal of misfortunes.

'Shelley writes: he reads "*Œdipus Tyrannus*" to me. On Tuesday, September 22, he goes to Venice. On Thursday I go to Padua with Clare; meet Shelley there. We go to Venice with my poor Clara, who dies the moment we get there. Mr. Hoppner (he was the consul) comes and takes us away from the inn to his house.

'*Friday, September 25.*—Remain at the Hoppners'. Shelley calls on Lord Byron. He reads the fourth Canto of "*Childe Harold*."

'*Saturday, September 26.*—An idle day. Go to the Lido, and see Albe (Byron) there.

'*Sunday, September 27.*—Read fourth Canto of "*Childe Harold*." It rains. Go to the Doge's palace, Ponte dei Sospiri, &c. See some fine pictures at the Academy. Call at Lord Byron's and see the Farmasetta.'

The letter from Shelley to his wife (August 23), in which he describes his arrival in Venice, has been published in part by Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Forman (vol. iv. p. 32 of his edition). But the part relating to the essential object of his visit is omitted. This was to effect an interview between Clare and Allegra. Byron received the request in a kindly spirit, showed anxiety to satisfy the Shelleys and Clare, and at last agreed that she should take the child to Padua for a week, believing Mrs. Shelley and the other children to be there. This was the reason Shelley had desired his wife to join them. Eventually the child remained at Venice under the care of Mrs. Hoppner, who was very kind to her; but the climate of Venice was extremely injurious, and the life Lord Byron was leading there rendered him quite unfit to protect poor Allegra. At a later period Lord Byron placed her in a convent in the South

of Italy, when he went to Ravenna, where Shelley saw her again and for the last time, as we shall presently have to relate. It is, however, due to Lord Byron to mention that in 1820 Shelley and his wife expressed their conviction that Byron's conduct to Allegra had been 'most irreproachable.' He carried into execution the plan he had formed of placing her in a convent in the Romagna, where he thought she would be taken care of and educated, and this was done with the Shelleys' approval. Clare, the mother of the child, was averse to it, and thought the situation of the convent unhealthy. She was tormented by melancholy forebodings of the result, which were in the end but too soon justified.

Shelley and his wife proceeded to Naples in December 1818, passing rapidly through Rome, to which however they returned in the spring; but their sojourn there terminated in another melancholy event, the death of their boy William, which took place on June 7. They were now childless. The blow struck Mary Shelley with inexpressible anguish. It seemed as if disease and death were to snatch from them every object of affection.

'Let us hear,' she wrote to Miss Curran, 'if you please, anything you may have done about the tomb, near which I shall lie one day, and care not, for my own sake, how soon. I never shall recover that blow. I feel it now more than in Rome; the thought never leaves me for a single moment; everything on earth has lost its interest to me. You see, I told you I could only write to you on one subject; how can I, since, do all I can (and I endeavour very sincerely), I can think of no other?'

Yet this was not the last or the worst of the catastrophes which struck and scarred her agitated life. Of that tomb Shelley wrote: 'This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here.' Within four years Shelley's own ashes were to be placed beside it. Those wounds, though never entirely healed, were in some measure assuaged by the birth, on November 12 of the same year, of another child, a boy, who survived his father, and happily still survives to bear his name and the rank which Shelley himself transmitted but did not enjoy. The details of Shelley's life at Pisa and Lerici are comparatively well known from the publication of numerous letters written between the year 1819 and his death. To these we shall not revert. Our space warns us that we must confine ourselves to two or three less known passages.

None of Shelley's poems have excited more curiosity than that entitled 'Epipsychidion,' addressed to 'the noble and 'unfortunate Lady Emilia V——, now imprisoned in the convent of ——.' Shelley himself treated it as a mystery. He ordered it to be printed 'to the number of one hundred copies only, and published simply for the esoteric few; those who 'are capable of feeling rightly with respect to a composition of 'so abstruse a nature certainly do not arrive at that number.' But the language is in parts so passionate that it has been supposed that Shelley was desperately enamoured of the subject of the poem. That is an entire misconception. The poem is the outburst and full blossom of his Platonic visions, directed to a beautiful object that interested him. Captain Medwin has given us an account of Emilia Viviani, whom he once saw, which is probably less mendacious than most of his anecdotes. It will be found at the end of the second volume of Mr. Forman's edition of his poems. But this young lady had interested Mary Shelley as much as Shelley himself, and many of the letters which we have before us, written in very beautiful Italian, are addressed with true Southern enthusiasm to 'Mia Maria adorata.' To Shelley she says: 'Chiamatemi 'pure sempre vostra Sorella, che un nome sì dolce mi è caro 'oltre modo; io ancora vi chiamerò sempre mio diletto Fratello e vi considererò come se tale foste in effetto.' The society of such accomplished persons as Shelley and his wife was, of course, extremely welcome to an enthusiastic girl who had been immured in a convent for several years. She looked upon Shelley as a sort of pagan god. Mrs. Shelley saw her daily in December 1820, and wrote the following account of her to Leigh Hunt:—

'It is grievous to see this beautiful girl wearing out the best years of her life in an odious convent, where both mind and body are sick from want of the appropriate exercise for each. I think she has great talent, if not genius; or, if not an internal fountain, how could she have acquired the mastery she has of her own language which she writes so beautifully, or those ideas which lift her so far above the rest of the Italians? She has not studied much, and now hopeless from a 'five years' confinement everything disgusts her, and she looks with hatred and distaste even on the alleviations of her situation. Her only hope is in a marriage which her parents tell her is concluded, although she has never seen the person intended for her. Nor do I think the change of situation will be much for the better, for he is a younger brother, and will live in the house with his mother, who they say is *molto seccante*. Yet she may then be able to walk out among the fields, vineyards, and woods of her country, and see the mountains and the sky, and not be as now, a dozen steps to the right and then back

to the left another dozen, which is the longest walk her convent garden affords, and that, you may be sure, she is very seldom tempted to take.'

But here closes the romance. The intimacy lasted for some time, not without solid advantages to the young lady, but at last it ended thus. Mrs. Shelley relates the *dénouement* in a letter to Mrs. Gisborne of March 7, 1822:—

'Emilia married Biondi: we hear she leads him and his mother (to use a vulgarism) a devil of a life. The conclusion of our friendship (*à la Italiana*) puts me in mind of a nursery rhyme which runs thus:—

"As I was going down Cranbourne Lane,  
Cranbourne Lane was dirty,  
And there I met a pretty maid  
Who dropt to me a curtsy.  
I gave her cakes, I gave her wine,  
I gave her sugar-candy;  
But oh! the little naughty girl,  
She asked me for some brandy."

Now turn Cranbourne Lane into Pisan acquaintances, which I am sure are dirty enough, and "brandy" into that wherewithal to buy brandy (and that no small sum *però*), and you have the whole story of Shelley's Italian Platonics.'

Shelley's own sentiments on the same subject were thus expressed to John Gisborne:—

'The Epipsychidion I cannot look at; the person it celebrates was a cloud instead of a Juno; and poor Ixion starts from the Centaur that was the fruit of his own embrace.'

Happily the poem remains, and we agree with Trelawny in ranking it amongst the finest productions of Shelley's genius, which irradiated even this phantom, this morning mist, with a golden splendour.

Another incident which has not, we think, been recorded, deserves a passing notice, the more so as it was a sort of premonition of Shelley's fate. In a letter to Henry Reveley of April 17, 1821, which has been published by Mrs. Shelley, and appears as No. 17 in Mr. Forman's collection, Shelley says, 'Our ducking last night has added fire instead of quenching the nautical ardour which produced it;' but it does not appear what the accident was.\* The following account of it, by Henry Reveley himself, shows that it might have had very serious consequences:—

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\* The same incident is alluded to in a letter from Williams to Medwin, published in Trelawny's 'Recollections.'

'Shelley came to me at Leghorn in an unusually excited state, and said that he was tired of walking fourteen miles backwards and forwards, and that he must have a boat of some sort, but that he had very little money to spare. I went immediately and bought a flat-bottomed boat, about ten feet long, for a few pauls. He then requested me to get a keel put, and also a small mast and sail; as soon as the boat was ready he settled to start that same evening by moonlight for Pisa by the canal. Williams was with him, and they had bought some small stores which they wanted to take home to their wives and children. As soon as she heard of their determination, my mother (Mrs. Gisborne) said they should not go unless they took Henry (myself) with them. I knew the country, spoke Italian like a native, and, in case of accident, she could rely on my rather remarkable powers as a swimmer. It was well I went, for, about halfway, Williams stood up in the frail boat to do something, and unfortunately laid hold of the mast to steady himself, and over we went. That canal is broad and deep; so, finding no bottom, I sent Williams on shore, as he could swim a little, and then caught hold of Shelley, and told him to be calm and quiet, and I would take him on shore. His answer was, "All right; never more comfortable in my life; do what you will with me." But as soon as I set him down on the shore he fell flat down on his face in a faint. I left him to Williams, and plunged into the water to secure the boat, and hauled it on shore. By this time Shelley was recovered, and we started off across country towards a "casale" which I perceived in the distance by moonlight. With much ado I made the contadini understand that we were shipwrecked mariners. So the women were knocked up and set to blow the fires, which they did with a will. They lent us dry warm clothes, and brought out plenty of good homely food. Poor Shelley was in ecstasies of delight after his ducking; Williams and I did not care for it. After breakfast Shelley and Williams walked off to Pisa, and I took the boat back to Leghorn and had her repaired. Shelley afterwards kept this same boat at Pisa, and one day when I was there he said, "Let us take a voyage in her down the river, and so by sea to "Leghorn," a voyage which we performed with ease and comfort, notwithstanding the diminutive size and frail nature of the boat; but we were only two, for Williams did not go on that occasion.'

In August 1821, Shelley paid a visit to Lord Byron at Ravenna, partly with a view to the removal of Byron to Tuscany, partly to enquire after Allegra. A portion of his letter to Mary Shelley, written on his arrival at Ravenna, has been published.\* But it contains other matters of interest. He found Byron very well and delighted to see his friend. The *liaison* with Countess Guiccioli had completely reversed his mode of life and restored him to health. We remember a French marquise who used to boast in speaking of her lover, 'Je l'ai ramené à la vertu;' and certainly Madame de

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\* Essays and Letters, vol. ii. p. 303.

Guiccioli might have said as much of Byron; she had restored him to as much of goodness as he was capable of. Shelley declares that 'he would speedily have perished but for this attachment, which has reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself from carelessness rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is now quite well and immersed in politics and literature.'

'We talked a great deal of poetry and such matters last night, and, as usual, differed, I think, more than ever. He affects to patronise a system of criticism fit for the production of mediocrity; and although all his fine poems and passages have been produced in defiance of this system, yet I recognise the pernicious effects of it in his "Doge of Venice," and it will cramp and limit his future efforts, however great they may be, unless he gets rid of it.

'Allegra, he says, is grown very beautiful, but he complains that her temper is violent and imperious. He has no intention of leaving her in Italy; indeed, the thing is too improper in itself not to carry condemnation along with it.'

But in these conversations an unpleasant circumstance transpired. It is referred to in Mrs. Shelley's extracts from the same letter, and it was made the basis of calumnies against Shelley in the '*Literary Gazette*.' Mr. Buxton Forman also notices it.\* It is therefore desirable that the facts should be stated. Lord Byron told Shelley that Elise, the Swiss nurse, who was sent to Venice by Mrs. Shelley in charge of Allegra, had persuaded the Hoppners of the truth of a most monstrous and incredible story, that Jane Clairmont was Shelley's mistress; that she had given birth to a child, whom Shelley had torn from her and sent to the Foundling Hospital; and that in consequence of this enormity the Hoppners had declined all further communication with the Shelleys, and advised Lord Byron to do the same. If such a report as this could be circulated and believed, we think Lord Byron (who did not believe it) was right in making it known to those whom it most nearly affected. The result was a most indignant denial and protest on the part of Shelley and of his wife. Mary Shelley's letter to Mrs. Hoppner is a masterpiece of indignant rebuke, in which she expressed her amazement that any friend of theirs should have credited such an atrocious fabrication, or should have doubted the entire trust and union subsisting between Shelley and herself. She knew all the facts, and emphatically denied that there was the slightest foundation for the Hoppners' story. Lord Byron saw this letter which

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\* Prose Works, vol. iv. p. 213.



was given him to be forwarded to Mrs. Hoppner. We are not acquainted with that lady's answer to this appeal. But letters exist which were written in April 1822 by Elise Foggi, both to Mrs. Shelley and to Mrs. Hoppner, in which she positively denies that she had ever made any of the statements imputed to her, or had ever seen anything at all blameable in the conduct of Miss Clairmont. As we shall here take leave of this personage, we may add that she had been living for some time past in an Italian family, and afterwards went as a governess to Vienna. She continued to manifest the liveliest affection for her child, and in this the Shelleys shared her solicitude. The following account of Allegra was written by Shelley to his wife from Ravenna:—

‘One thing of great consequence, however, and which cannot be thought of too soon, is Allegra, and what is to be done with her. On my arrival, and before the Swiss scheme had been abandoned, I had succeeded in persuading Lord Byron to take her with him, and had given him such information as to the interior construction of convents as to shake his faith in the purity of these receptacles. This was all settled, and now, in the change of his plans to Tuscany, I wish to hold him to the same determination of taking her with him. But how can I do this if I have nothing in Tuscany to propose better than Bazincarello? His own house is manifestly unfit, and, although no longer a theatre of Venetian excesses, is composed entirely of dissolute men-servants, who will do her nothing but mischief. So, then, any family, an English or Swiss establishment, any refuge in short, except the Convent of St. Anna, where Allegra might be placed. Do you think Mrs. Mason could be prevailed upon to *propose* to take charge of her? I fear not. Think of this against I come. If you can now see or write to Emilia, ask her if she knows anyone who would be fit for this purpose. But the circumstance that most presses is to find a maid to attend her from Ravenna to Pisa, and to take charge of her until some better place than his own house shall be found for her, some person less odious and unfit, if possible, than the Italian woman whom he seems to have fallen upon.

‘I went the other day to see Allegra at her convent, and stayed with her about three hours. She is grown tall and slight for her age, and her face is somewhat altered. Her traits have become more delicate, and she is much paler, probably from the effect of improper food. She yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, which has not yet deserted her, has a very peculiar effect in a child. She is under very strict discipline, as may be observed from the immediate obedience she accords to the will of her attendants. This seems contrary to her nature, but I do not think it has been obtained at the expense of much severity. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of

black silk with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children there. She seemed a thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain, which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her. She showed me her little bed and the chair where she sat at dinner, and the *carozzina* in which she and her favourite companions drew each other along a walk in the garden. I had brought her a basket of sweetmeats, and before eating any of them she gave her companions and all the nuns a portion. This is not much like the old Allegra. I asked her what I should say from her to her mama, and she said,

“Che mi manda un bacio e un bel vestituro.”

“E come vuoi il vestituro sia fatto?”

“Tutto di seta e d'oro,” was her reply.

Her predominant foible seems the love of distinction and vanity, and this is a plant which produces good or evil according to the gardener's skill. I then asked her what I should say to papa.

“Che venga farmi un visitino e che porta seco la *manmina*,” a message which you may conjecture I was too discreet to deliver. Before I went away she made me run all over the convent like a mad thing. The nuns, who were half in bed, were ordered to hide themselves, and on returning Allegra began ringing the bell which calls the nuns to assemble. The tocsin of the convent sounded, and it required all the efforts of the Prioress to prevent the spouses of God to render themselves, dressed or undressed, to the accustomed signal. Nobody scolds her for these *scappature*, so I suppose she is well treated as far as temper is concerned. Her intellect is not much cultivated. She knows certain *orazioni* by heart, and talks and *dreams* of Paradise, and angels, and all sorts of things, and has a prodigious list of saints, and is always talking of the Bambino. This will do her no harm, but the idea of bringing up so sweet a creature in the midst of such trash till sixteen!

But the existence of this bright child of guilt and passion was already hastening to its close. The mortal doom which hung over almost all the actors in these strange scenes smote that delicate and hapless being, like the rest. In one of the first letters written by Mrs. Shelley to Mrs. Gisborne from the Casa Magni at Lerici (June 2, 1822), she says:—

‘About a month ago Clare came to visit us at Pisa, and went with the Williamses to find a house in the Gulf of Spezzia, when, during her absence, the disastrous news came of the death of Allegra. She died of a typhus fever which had been raging in the Romagna; but no one wrote to say it was there. She had no friends except the nuns of the convent, who were kind to her, I believe; but you know Italians. If half the convent had died of the plague, they would never have written to have had her removed, and so the poor child fell

a sacrifice. Lord Byron felt the loss at first bitterly; he also felt remorse, for he felt that he had acted against everybody's counsels and wishes, and death had stamped with truth the many and often urged prophecies of Clare, that the air of the Romagna, joined to the ignorance of the Italians, would prove fatal to her. Shelley wished to conceal the fatal news from her as long as possible; so when she returned from Spezzia he resolved to remove thither without delay, and with so little delay that he packed me off with Clare and Percy the very next day. She wished to return to Florence, but he persuaded her to accompany me; the next day he packed up our goods and chattels, for a furnished house was not to be found in this part of the world; and, like a torrent hurrying everything in its course, he persuaded the Williamses to do the same. They came here, but one house was to be found for us all: it is beautifully situated on the sea-shore, but such a place as this is! The poverty of the people is beyond anything, yet they do not appear unhappy, but go on in dirty content or contented dirt, while we find it hard work to purvey a few miles round for a few catables. After the first day or two Clare insisted on returning to Florence, so Shelley was obliged to disclose the truth. You may judge of what was her first burst of grief and despair; however, she reconciled herself to her fate sooner than we expected: and although, of course, until she form new ties, she will always grieve, yet she is now tranquil—more tranquil than when prophesying her disaster; she was for ever forming plans for getting her child from a place she judged but too rightly would be fatal to her. She has now returned to Florence, and I do not know whether she will join us again.'

Our limits warn us that we must close these remarks, although there are other graphic and interesting passages in the correspondence which entice us. We have said nothing of the letters of Godwin to which full justice has been done by Mr. Kegan Paul, in his life of that individual. It is evident that Shelley had long ago discovered the insatiable character of his father-in-law, who combined lofty pretensions to philosophy and disinterestedness with a singular absence of worldly wisdom and self-respect; yet Shelley never ceased to tax himself and his friends for the relief of Godwin's necessities. We have said nothing of Leigh Hunt's 'Odyssey,' which brought him at last to Italy within three weeks of Shelley's death, after three ineffectual attempts to make the voyage. To him again Shelley's munificence was inexhaustible, and Leigh Hunt continued to draw upon his representatives long after Shelley's death. Nor is it necessary for us here to revert to the melancholy details of that catastrophe, which have been minutely related by Trelawny and others. The part Trelawny took at that crisis is creditable to him, but in point of fact his acquaintance with Shelley was recent and slight. He knew but little of the true character of the poet,

and it is to be regretted that in the second edition of his 'Records of Byron and Shelley' (published in 1878) he introduced a good deal of additional matter, which betrayed the influence of another person. Trelawny was then nearly ninety years old.

It is impossible to read these details of Shelley's life without arriving at the conviction that monstrous injustice was done to him by the public opinion of his country and the world. His anti-religious opinions and his defiance of custom and law in one signal instance, at an early period of his life, were held to mark him out as a man capable of any moral offences; whereas, even amongst his contemporaries who were followed and adored, there were some whose faith was quite as insecure, and whose practice was far more lax than his own. For to his own conception of duty and honour Shelley was a stern and constant adherent. But whatever be the shade cast over his own life by his early aberrations, and in some measure atoned for by his numerous misfortunes and his early death (for the whole drama closed in his thirtieth year), the genius and the devotion of his wife, Mary Shelley, assign to her no mean place by his side. The writings and the example of a mother whom she had been taught to venerate had perverted the moral judgment of her girlhood, but from the moment she took her place by Shelley she left no duty unperformed, as a daughter, a wife, and a mother. Her natural talents were such that at eighteen she wrote 'Frankenstein,' and gave a lasting life to the creation of her fancy. The ardour of her studies in all languages was only surpassed by that of Shelley himself; and if in after life she produced no work comparable to her first effort, it was because she had become the satellite of a brighter planet. So intimate a union between two beings of decided character and genius is a rare phenomenon, especially when they are condemned by circumstances to a secluded and solitary life. Mary Shelley, indeed, did not deny that she had a woman's love of dress, that she willingly danced, and had a taste for the world, from which Shelley fled like a spirit. There was nothing masculine or pedantic about her. But Shelley, and Shelley only, was the main object of her existence as long as he was in being; and she had barely completed her twenty-fourth year, when all that remained to her was to cherish and vindicate his memory, and to prepare his son for the position he was to hold in the world. Perhaps at some future time some additions may be made to her published correspondence, which would justify and enhance the high estimate we have formed of her character.

ART. VII.—1. *Ecce Homo*. Sixteenth Edition. London: 1882.

2. *Natural Religion*. By the Author of '*Ecce Homo*.' London: 1882.

SOME seventeen years ago a singular book was published, which perplexed and startled the religious world of England. It edified some, it shocked others; and for a time left others doubtful whether they ought to be shocked or edified. That book was the celebrated '*Ecce Homo*'; nor, when we consider its tone and subject, can we at all wonder at the ambiguous effect produced by it. It professed to be a study of Christ's life and nature, regarded solely under their human aspect. It was conceived, as such, in a spirit of the deepest reverence. Its moral phrasology, though partly that of philosophy, was in a greater measure that of the Christian pulpit. The sacred character which it undertook to analyse, was analysed only that it might be made a clearer object for imitation. The author evidently was in some sense a Christian, and a Christian whose piety was of an unusually earnest kind. The most orthodox readers were obliged to admit all this; and they were not, nor could they be, untouched by its influence. From the very first, however, not the orthodox only, but many whose theology was then looked upon as the broadest, felt a certain suspicion of this new and persuasive teacher; and their suspicions grew to certainties, as they studied his work more closely. Christian, in some sense, he no doubt was; but his Christianity, they soon detected, was something distinct from theirs. The distinction, it is true, was nowhere expressly stated by him. He preserved, on the contrary, a solemn and guarded silence about it; and left it to be inferred, or not inferred, by his readers. His true position was thus for a short time doubtful; but it was doubtful to the intelligent for a short time only. They soon detected in his book, under all its moral fervour, not so much a tendency to general theological scepticism as a distinct repudiation of one doctrine in particular, on which the whole theology of the Christian world has based itself. Not only did '*Ecce Homo*,' in literal accordance with its title, confine itself to the consideration of Christ's strictly human nature, but it invited the reader so to conceive that nature, as to shut out tacitly any real belief in a Divine nature, distinct from and yet united to it. The Christ thus depicted might no doubt be the Holy One; He might no doubt be the first of created things; but He was certainly not the Word by whom all things were created. He was not the Christ

of the fourth Gospel; He was not the Christ of the Nicene Creed; He was not the Christ of any of the Christian Churches, Greek, Roman, or Protestant. Critics were not wanting to impress this fact on the public. One of the chief theologians of the High Church party declared the author to be a man who had lost faith. The evangelicals, and many broad churchmen, were committed by their tenets to a precisely similar judgment on him; and of those who divined his drift, none completely welcomed him, but the laxest and most heterodox of the religious rationalists.

It is not our purpose here to repeat our criticism of 'Ecce Homo,' which we reviewed long ago; but we have certain reasons for wishing to recall to the reader the intellectual standpoint which the author assumed in writing it, and the kind of influence which it has since exercised and represented. Long before its publication, the battle between science and orthodoxy had spread itself into the field of popular thought and literature. There had been, amongst writers addressing the general public, scientific critics openly at war with orthodoxy; there had been orthodox apologists openly at war with science; there had also been a party, on the same side as the orthodox, who were willing and anxious to come to terms with the adversary. But though it had been attempted by many Christian writers to accommodate the Christian position to the demands of sceptical criticism, sceptical criticism had as yet, in no popular way, attempted to appropriate the Christian position for itself. To do this was the object of 'Ecce Homo.' Unlike the authors of 'Essays and Reviews,' the author of this book approached and treated his subject, not from within the Church, but altogether from without it. Like most men of his time, he must have been born in the Christian pale; but it was quite evident that he had formally left this; and he was examining the Gospel now as a new species of convert, not as one who was striving to keep the faith. To some of the Broad Church party, the Church, as assailed by science, seemed merely like a vessel that had been seized by an intellectual custom-house; and their chief occupation was to select and to pitch overboard all the doctrines that science might call in question. But the author of 'Ecce Homo' was possessed of a different aim. It was not to eradicate error from a faith he was resolved to keep, but to find truth afresh in a faith he had already discarded. In this way he performed a work of greater immediate import than he, probably, at that time was conscious of; and he found an audience larger than he had anticipated. Under the cover of a silence which has long since been broken, the ranks of

unwilling sceptics were then rapidly swelling. One by one, with sincere reluctance, men were parting with faiths that had been the most cherished things of their childhood ; and though they longed to replace them, they were doubtful how to do so. To such men, or at least to a large number of them, ' *Ecce Homo* ' came like a light in darkness. It seemed to say the exact word they were waiting for. It introduced them to a teacher who, equally with themselves, had felt the force of modern destructive criticism. He had boldly allowed it to do, as he thought, its worst. He had allowed it to rob him of all accepted theology, of all membership of any recognised Church ; and yet in the end, this very same criticism, was, as it seemed, bringing him back to Christ. Here was comfort, indeed, to a number of vexed spirits. Here was a teacher who had been in all points tried as they had been. He had lost, of his first beliefs, all that they had lost. He not only had no faith left in the Mosaic account of the creation, but none in even the complete accuracy of the Gospels, or of the complete wisdom of every word of the Epistles. The Bible to him, whatever might be its value, owed this to no supernatural origin ; and if it was greater than other human books, it was seen to be greater only because tried by a common standard. To him, like all books, it naturally had its errors ; and, like all books of antiquity, very much that is obsolete. Creeds and dogmas he viewed in the same spirit. None were infallible, at least in their literal meaning, or, in that way, had for him the least binding authority. And yet, in spite of all this—in spite of all that science had taken from him, he still could find in his uninspired Evangelists, he still would find in the fallible theorists of the Epistles, a divine clue to the way, the truth, and the life. He still could find in Christ, though dethroned from His place in heaven, a master, an example, a redeemer, a true guide to salvation. Salvation was a word which had not lost its meaning for him ; he still could see a road that led to the New Jerusalem ; and he still could detect on earth a veritable Christian Church, and declare that the gates of hell should never prevail against it.

A message like this, we say, was the very message that thousands were then waiting for ; and the reception given the book must, to any thoughtful observer, have marked an epoch in this spiritual life of England. It revealed the existence, and it gave voice to the convictions, of a new religious body, that had been spontaneously and unconsciously forming itself. It was a body without name, or rules, or recognised test of membership. It had no organization, it had no places of

worship. But the points of agreement which united all its members, though vague in outline, were sufficiently plain in substance. Its members were all converts of science and of secular criticism. In the current sense of the word they had distinctly ceased to be Christians. But the Christian instinct was still strong in all of them; and they were longing to set, on a scientific basis, convictions which they thought could be secure upon no other, and which they were fully resolved they would make secure somehow. It was to these men especially that 'Ecce Homo' appealed; and to the religion which it formed, and sought to foster in them, the author has since given an extremely apposite name; he has called it Natural Christianity.

Now many people have thought, and many people still think, that Natural Christianity is to be the religion of the future; nor, whatever their opinion may be worth, are we able to call it groundless. This new religion, vague and shadowy as it seems to be, has gained in comprehension what it has lost in definiteness; and it may fairly claim, amongst its professors, some of the keenest of modern intellects. It has been a moral refuge for sceptic after sceptic; and it has been of infinite comfort to them, when assailed as atheists, in enabling them to retort with a text from the New Testament. It has given its own colour to Parisian Positivism; it has converted physicists into preachers of lay-sermons; and it has moved even men who repudiate all religion, to profess their repudiation of it in the scriptural jargon of Covenanters. In our own country indeed, up till very recently, it has been almost coextensive with ethical free-thinking. To Christians therefore of the older kind, who still believe in revelation, and in the Church's divine origin, the fortunes and the influence of this new form of Christianity cannot fail to be of very singular interest. Regarded as a popular faith, its existence has been not a long one; but it has been, in one way, strangely eventful. We propose to review the history of it during the past seventeen years, and to compare its condition at the beginning of that period, with its condition now at the end of it.

One of the chief complaints of Natural Christianity has been that the rival system is incapable of growth. It is, we are told, by its supernatural postulates, inseparably linked to certain views of the universe, which every day are being shown to be more untenable; and it cannot accept the new views that are replacing them. It may wish to do so, but it cannot. It is obliged to reply *Non possumus*. If Christianity is to live, say the Natural Christians, it can only live by growing. It must



keep abreast of advancing secular knowledge, and be always ready to change or discard its dogmas, if secular criticism pronounce them false or inaccurate. Change, indeed, according to their view of the matter, is in religion the same thing as life; and Natural Christianity will reveal its living power to us largely, if not chiefly, by its constant and fearless changes. Few systems, whether of religion or government, are found to fulfil entirely the predictions of their followers or their adherents; but, at least in respect to the above matter of change, Natural Christianity has been an exception to this rule. Never was there a religion which, within an equal space of time, has changed so profoundly all its original features; or whose latter end has so rapidly forgotten its beginning. It is, as yet, hardly a generation old, and it has already not merely grown, but we may almost say that it has outgrown itself.

There are many, we do not doubt, who will receive this last statement with indignation. They will either say that notorious facts disprove it; or else that it is incapable either of proof or disproof: or very likely they will say both. And we quite admit ourselves that we are dealing with an elusive subject, which it is difficult to treat of in very precise terms. Undue precision, however, we shall certainly not affect; nor shall we attempt to generalise further than our evidence warrants. But a piece of evidence is at the present moment before us which will enable us to speak with a certain amount of confidence. ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ as we have said already, is a work admittedly representative of the spirit of Natural Christianity, as it was in its adolescence some seventeen years ago; and we may accept its author as a representative Natural Christian. He is representative in every requisite way—in his general devoutness, in his particular moral tone, in his willingness to believe whatever science will let him believe, and in his docile disavowal of whatever it will not let him. He is representative, above all, because he is a man of exceptional intellect, and is thus quick to interpret the meaning of those scientific discoveries to which all Natural Christians are pledged to adjust their creed. We shall not be far wrong, indeed, if we regard him as a mirror, in which any such Christians may see their own positions reflected. And if this be the case, the history of his opinions will be practically a history of Natural Christianity generally. For such a history he has now supplied the materials. He has given the world, during the course of the present year, a new volume, with the title of ‘*Natural Religion*’; and by comparing the views and spirit of that, with the views and spirit of ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ we conceive we may

arrive at no untrustworthy estimate, not only of the changes which the author has himself experienced, but of changes experienced also by the mass of those who share his opinions.

With regard to 'Ecce Homo,' it will be enough if we speak briefly; for the points we are concerned to notice in it are few, though of profound significance. In spite of the author's extra-ecclesiastical position, and the purely secular spirit in which he examines the phenomenon of Christianity, there are three supernatural doctrines which he never seems to have questioned, and a fourth which, if he questioned it, he questioned only to retain. The existence of a personal God, the immortality of the human soul, and some special mission deputed by God to Christ—to these three questions his scepticism seems never to have extended. The fourth question is the reality of Christ's miracles; and he decides, having gravely weighed the matter, that some, at least, of them are authentic. We beg that the reader will reflect upon these facts: he will find them full of instruction. Here are four doctrines—that a personal God exists; that the human soul is immortal; that God sent Christ to do a unique work in the world, and endowed him for this purpose with miraculous powers—here are four doctrines of the most distinctly supernatural character, and yet, seventeen years ago, the author of 'Ecce Homo' accepted them from the stand-point of Natural Christianity. We shall pause for a moment to show we are not misstating the case.

'It was the will of God,' says the author, 'to beget no second son like Christ. . . . And as, in the will of God, this unique man was elected to a unique sorrow, and holds as undisputed a sovereignty in suffering as in self-devotion, all lesser examples and lives will for ever hold a subordinate place, and serve chiefly to reflect light on the central and original Example. In his wounds all human sorrows will hide themselves, and all human denials support themselves against his cross.\*' This passage occurs in the closing chapter of the work; and the author proceeds to tell us, that though he is relinquishing his subject for the time being, he has by no means exhausted it. There are two points, dealt with by Christianity, which he has not yet touched upon. 'The first,' he says, 'is Physical Evil; the second is Death. . . . What comfort,' he continues, 'Christ gave men under these evils; how he reconciled them to nature, as well as to each other, by offering them new views of the Power by which the world

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\* 'Ecce Homo,' pp. 321, 322.

‘is governed, by his own triumph over death, and by his ‘revelation of eternity, will be the subject of another treatise.’\* In an earlier chapter again he writes thus: ‘If we suppose ‘that Christ really performed no miracles, and that those ‘which are attributed to him were the product of self-deception, ‘mixed in some proportion or other with imposture, then, no ‘doubt, the faith of St. Paul and of St. John was an empty ‘chimera, a mere misconception.’† ‘Miracles,’ he writes further, ‘play so important a part in Christ’s scheme that any ‘theory which would represent them as due entirely to the ‘imagination of his followers, or a later age, destroys the ‘credibility of the documents, not partially but wholly, and ‘leaves Christ a personage as mythical as Hercules. Now the ‘present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the gospels is ‘not mythical.’‡

The above extracts—and we could add to their number from almost every chapter—will be enough to inform, or else to remind the reader, how much supernaturalism remained, at the time we speak of, in this Natural Christian’s creed. Indeed, so marked is this element that it may almost produce an impression that we have done wrong in calling him a Natural Christian at all. Such, however, he most undoubtedly was, as the following facts will show. We mean, when we call him a Natural Christian, that he approaches Christianity from a purely secular standpoint, and that he accepts this part and rejects that according to the dictates of purely secular criticism. We mean, in fact, that he disbelieves in everything that either Catholics or Protestants mean by revelation or inspiration. He does, no doubt, believe in a revelation of some sort. The most valuable of his own beliefs he believes were revealed by Christ. But he applies the word *Revelation* to the teachings of science also; and he believes that the Almighty speaks through Professor Huxley, in precisely the same sense as that in which he spoke through Christ. ‘Another mighty revelation,’ he says, ‘has been made to us, for the most part in ‘these latter ages. We live under the blessed light of science ‘—a light yet far from its meridian, and dispersing every day ‘some cowardice of the human spirit. These two revelations

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\* Pp. 322, 323.

† P. 49.

‡ P. 43. The writer, it is true, says presently, that for his purpose it is enough to assume the reality of the miracles ‘provisionally.’ But the whole tone of his volume, and many distinct expressions, show that at that time he believed in them actually; and, on the face of the matter, it is clear that his scientific conception of nature was not such as to make him think them, on *à priori* grounds, impossible.

‘stand side by side.’ Our modern physicists, historical writers and philologists, are ‘expounders,’ in his words, ‘of a wisdom that Moses desired in vain;’ ‘the least among them is greater than Moses:’\* and, if we may add ourselves a familiar illustration of these opinions, Bishop Colenso’s criticisms on the ‘Books of Moses’ must be a truer revelation than were those books themselves. The author does, indeed, look upon the revelation made by Christ as of all revelations the greatest and most important; but the means by which we arrive at what that revelation was, are of no other kind than those by which we arrive at the history of Greece. The Christian records have, in his eyes, no special authority. He endorses some of their statements, and he rejects others. St. Mark, to him, is not more inevitably accurate than Mitford was to Lord Macaulay; nor is he more submissive to the theology of the creeds than the late Mr. Lewis was to the philosophy of Hegel. The appearance, for instance, of the Spirit in the form of a dove he at once sets aside as an evident, though harmless, fable;† and—to come to a wider matter—the Holy Spirit itself, he declares to be really a symbolic name for ‘The Enthusiasm of Humanity.’‡

Here is a man, then, who has entirely broken away from every trammel of Christian tradition and dogmatism. He believes himself to be standing on the same intellectual ground, he conceives himself to be following the same intellectual methods, as the most sceptical and atheistic of our modern physicists and historians; and, if he sees in the universe anything more than they do, he conceives that he does so simply from using their methods better. And yet this man, some seventeen years ago, could declare, in the face of all that his guides were teaching him, and appealing to no source of knowledge but such as they would recognise, that a personal God exists, that man’s soul is immortal, and that Christ was miraculously deputed to lead that soul to its salvation. This man, too, was not one of the ignorant. He was a trained scholar and critic, a diligent student of the discoveries and the speculations of his epoch, and so far as intellect and moral influence went, he was evidently to be ranked amongst the foremost of his contemporaries. To minds of a certain class this will now seem hard to realise. The late Professor Clifford, for instance, during the closing years of his life, would have looked on the author’s position as logically inconceivable. None the less it was his, and not his only; it was

\* Pp. 328, 329.

† P. 10.

‡ P. 320.

substantially the position also, as abundant evidence shows, of nearly all the earnest thinkers in England, who having discarded, at the bidding of science, the theology they had inherited from their fathers, were still imbued with the feelings, and still clung to the hopes, of which that theology till then had been the accepted explanation and analysis. In other words, Natural Religion in England was distinctly, at that time, Natural Christianity; and Natural Christianity, in the minds of even its most advanced professors, not only contained, but was actually based upon, a set of doctrines which are most unequivocally supernatural.

There were two sets of thinkers to whom this position always seemed untenable—the orthodox of all shades on the one side, and those who rejected all theism on the other. These opposing schools, though they agreed in nothing else, agreed in their estimate of this new form of Christianity. The non-theistic scientists believed firmly that the positive method could afford us no proof whatever of the existence of a personal God, and that it could afford a distinct disproof of the existence of an immortal soul; whilst, as for miracles, it made them simply inconceivable. The orthodox agreed with this estimate of the positive method so long as it was taken by itself; but, according to their philosophy of human nature, that method, though true as far as it went, was so far from being the sole road to truth, that it was the road to truth only of the least vital kind. Man had other methods of knowing, by which this was to be checked and supplemented. He had a moral sense, he had a spiritual sense, he had faith, he had a revelation. It was through these that he apprehended his nature, his destiny, and his duty; and the lower faculties employed by positive science only helped him to a true conception of things when employed together with those higher ones, and regarded as subordinate to them. Now the Natural Christians, though not disavowing the latter, reversed the position in which the orthodox school placed them. They made science the interpreter of the truths apprehended by faith, not faith the interpreter of the truths apprehended by science. This, to the orthodox thinkers and the non-theistic thinkers alike, seemed to be practically rejecting faith altogether; and the chief doctrines of Natural Christianity seemed thus to have no ground to stand upon. They seemed, indeed, to both these schools, to be simply survivals of a system which the Natural Christian had abandoned, and which the Natural Christian would soon discern to be such. The orthodox looked forward to this event as the consummation of a spiritual tragedy; the

non-theistic school looked forward to it as the consummation of an intellectual enfranchisement: they both looked forward to this conclusion, whether for bad or good, as inevitable.

With this view we have always ourselves agreed. Natural Christianity, as we have said before, has numbered amongst its followers many eminent men, and, what is more than that, many noble and many excellent men. Of this fact we are perfectly well aware. The author of '*Ecce Homo*' seems to us to be a marked example of it, and we fully appreciate the high qualities that are in question. But between the men and their theories we draw a sharp distinction; and our strong moral respect for the one is not at all incompatible with intellectual contempt for the other. We have always held that the theory of Natural Christianity was bound, sooner or later, to find its adherents out; that it would force on their convictions its own logical consequences; that, by the only methods which they considered valid, it would rob them of the only beliefs that they considered valuable; and that it would finally stultify, without respect of persons, the wisest and the least wise of those who had once so confidently proclaimed it. Events, it is true, have not quite answered to our expectation, but they have failed to do so in one way only—they have come to pass far sooner than we had expected. Natural Christianity is already, we believe, evaporating. The critical solvents, against which it refused to protect itself, are already doing their own legitimate work; and all the doctrines that gave it meaning or influence are disappearing in fumes at the touch of the irresistible acid. We are not speaking at random; nor, though we believe there are large numbers who will agree with every word we have said, should we have ventured to speak as we have done, without definite facts to support us. We are about to cite the author of '*Ecce Homo*' himself as a witness against the very position which he did so much to render popular; and we shall show that his latest volume, alike in its arguments and its spirit, is a complete, though unconscious, condemnation of his first.

'*Natural Religion*' is a sad and singular book, and to any careful reader it must present itself in two lights—first, as a series of impersonal arguments; secondly, as a personal confession—a mental autobiography. We shall begin by giving a brief account of the arguments, and the ends which the author tells us he has in view in advancing them. After that we shall proceed to other considerations.

The main idea which he desires and hopes to illustrate may be gathered pretty plainly from the following sentence in his

preface. 'The author,' he there says of himself, with a somewhat pointless irony, 'is one of those simpletons who believe that, alike in politics and religion, there are truths outside the region of party debate, and that these truths are more important than the contending parties will easily admit.' Now the contending parties with which he himself is concerned are not the orthodox Christians, on the one hand, and the Natural Christians of former years on the other. They are distinguished far more simply. On the one hand are all men, no matter of what sect, who believe in a personal God and in man's personal immortality; and, on the other hand, all who refuse to believe in either. His contending parties, in fact, if described in our current phraseology, are the party of religion and the party of absolute atheism; or, to use, as he does at times, words yet more significant, they are the party of faith and the party of positive science. That these two parties differ in profound and important ways he does not attempt to deny, but his contention is that these points of difference are less profound and less important than they are thought to be; and, further, that on whatever points the two may be really opposed, there are many on which they really agree. His book, he tells us, is to be a study of these grounds of agreement.

It may probably seem at first sight to the reader that the author has set himself a somewhat hopeless task. It is nothing less, as he expressly states, than to exhibit a profound religious agreement between those who cling to religion and those who repudiate it—between theists and atheists. His contention is, however, that the words *religion* and *atheism* are used popularly in wholly inaccurate ways, and that most who call themselves atheists are not atheists at all, whilst those who call themselves the religious party have no monopoly of religion. He explains his meaning as follows.

Taking the modern man of science as a type of the so-called atheist, he maintains that this man, though he might himself be unaware of the fact, does really recognise and really worship a God; and that this God, further, is the God worshipped by the Christians. The scientific man, it is true, calls his God not God but Nature. That however, says the author, is a mere question of words; and though words may obscure facts, they cannot alter them. The Christians, he argues, believe that their God made everything, and that He is everywhere. He therefore made, and he still sustains and orders, the whole of that visible universe which we commonly call Nature. Nature, accordingly, is, at least, one revelation of God; and the study of Nature must, properly speaking, be at least one branch

of theology. Indeed in earlier times, he observes with great justice, it was distinctly recognised as such. 'If, then,' the author continues—and he shall speak in his own words—

'if, on the one hand, the study of Nature be one part of the study of God, is it not true that he who believes only in nature is a theist, and has a theology? Men slide easily from the most momentous controversies into the most contemptible logomachies. If we will look at things, and not merely at words, we shall soon see that the scientific man has a theology and a God, a most impressive theology, a most awful and glorious God. I say that man believes in a God, who feels himself in the presence of a power which is not himself and is immeasurably above himself, a power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. And such now is Nature to the scientific man. . . . The average scientific man worships just at present a more awful and, as it were, a greater deity than the average Christian.' \*

The scientific man then, says our author, is certainly not an atheist; indeed, he adds, no one can be who is not afflicted with some 'kind of mental deficiency;' that is to say, if we use the word atheism in the sense popularly given to it. In that sense, we are told, it is 'a mere speculative crotchet'; it is not a serious matter and is only skin-deep. But there is an atheism of a far profounder kind, which alone it appears may deserve the name, and which is not a speculative denial but 'a great moral disease.'

'The present form,' says the author, 'of such real atheism might be called by the general name of *wilfulness*. All human activity is a transaction with nature. It is the arrangement of a compromise between what we want on the one hand, and what nature has decreed on the other. . . . Not to recognise anything but your own will, to fancy anything within your reach if you only will strongly enough, to acknowledge no superior power outside yourself which must be considered and in some way propitiated if you would succeed in any undertaking; this is complete wilfulness, or, in other words, pure atheism.' †

The author's meaning thus far is perhaps somewhat obscure; he therefore illustrates it by an example. One European country in especial, he thinks, has exhibited in its conduct this pure atheism he is describing. And what country does the reader think that is? He will be perhaps surprised when he learns it is not Italy, which has seized on the Papal States; it is not Germany, which has harassed the Catholic hierarchy; it is not France, which has expelled the religious orders. It is none of these; it is Poland. She, says the author, is a

\* Natural Religion, p. 19.

† Ibid. pp. 27-29.



genuine type of 'insensate atheism. *Sedet æternumque sedebit* 'that unhappy Poland, not indeed extinguished but partitioned, and every thirty years decimated anew. She expiates 'the crime of atheistic wilfulness, the fatal pleasure of unbounded individual liberty, which rose up against the very 'nature of things.'

We shall not at present pause to criticise these views: we shall first, so far as we can, complete our general outline of them. We have now stated the author's first position, which once again he sums up as follows: 'Theism consists not in 'possessing a meritorious, or true, or consoling theory, but 'simply in possessing a theory of the Universe.' (P. 36.) In other words, as he reiterates with a nervous persistency, Nature, when looked at with the eyes of modern science, even if those eyes detect in it no trace either of personality or benevolence, is nevertheless in very truth God. 'Instead of atheism then,' he says, 'we find the result of cancelling supernaturalism and 'submitting to science, is a theology in which all men, whether 'they consider it or not, actually do agree—that which is concerned with God in Nature.' (P. 47.)

Having thus established, as he conceives, that, in spite of all that science can take from us, it yet leaves and indeed forces on us both a theism and a theology, he proceeds to ask, how will it be with religion? The popular instinct, he thinks, draws a 'broad distinction' between the two; and of course if they are really separate things, that science will leave the one to us, is no proof that it will leave the other. It may have left us a theology and yet have annihilated our religion. Is this so? That is the next question, and to it he replies as follows: 'There are two ways in which the mind apprehends 'any object, two sorts of knowledge which combine to make 'complete and satisfactory knowledge. The one may be 'called theoretic or scientific knowledge; the other, practical, familiar, or imaginative knowledge;' and applying this statement to the present question, theology, he tells us, is the scientific knowledge of God, and religion is the imaginative knowledge of Him. God, then, being the same as Nature, and theology consisting of the generalisations of the natural sciences, religion consists of these generalisations when grasped by the imagination, and through that acting on the emotions.

The author now takes a new departure, and goes on to tell us how the emotions are acted on, how science or theology is transmuted into religion. Of the results of this process, he says, there are three varieties; and though, properly speaking, there is only one scientific theology, yet this, in passing through the prism

of the imagination, reaches the moral being in the form of three religions. These are, in the first place, the Religion of Nature; in the second, the Religion of Humanity; in the third, the Religion of Beauty. We will take the three in order, and explain what the author means by them.

To begin, then, the word *Nature*, as the author justly observes, is unluckily somewhat ambiguous, and is only used here because there is no better available: for Nature means sometimes the All, inclusive of human nature, and sometimes the All, exclusive of it. In the present connexion it is taken to mean the latter. It means a 'power not ourselves'—'a Supreme Power outside ourselves, which must be considered 'and in some way propitiated,' and to whose laws 'we must conform under penalties.' It is, in fact, Nature in the current scientific sense. Nature, in this sense, says the author, is the object of the first of the three forms of religion; and the religion in question consists in an emotional state of mind, in which our scientific knowledge, as it were, is held in solution. Thus we know that Nature is immense; its laws uniform; the results of these laws various. We *feel* that the immensity is overwhelming; the uniformity solemn and awful; the variety inexpressibly wonderful: and such a feeling, pervading and abiding in our consciousness, is the religion of Nature.

'This religion,' says the author, 'is austere, abstract, sublime. It worships, not the individual form of Nature, but Nature itself considered as a unity. It may indeed be called out by . . . a tree, or a flower, the sky, or the sea. But in that case what it worships is as little as possible the object itself; for this religion looks through and beyond visible things: . . . loses the individual in the kind, and the kind itself in the vista of higher unities above it . . . collects them all into one grand Unity—who layeth the beams of his chamber in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.' (P. 82.)

Such then is the Religion of Nature.

The Religion of Humanity is of a more directly practical, and, as the author in one place hints, perhaps of a higher kind. Still, in one sense of the word it is a Religion of Nature also; for man is himself an integral part of Nature—one revelation, perhaps the highest, of the all-embracing unity. What, then, is the content of this second kind of religion? In explaining this the author finds no difficulty. The Religion of Humanity, he says, is simply the Religion of Christianity, with the supernatural part subtracted from it. It contains all the brotherly love, the willingness to spend and be spent for others, the

hope, the charity, the enthusiasm, the admiration for moral excellence, that Christ taught, appealed to, and awakened in the mind of the Christian world. The object of its worship is not the inhuman immensity, the inhuman order adored by the first religion. It is not the earthquake and the fire; 'is 'is the still small voice;' 'it is the compassion we feel for one 'another;' 'not the storm that threatens the sailor with death, 'but the life-boat and the Grace Darling that put out from 'shore to the rescue; not the intricate laws that confound our 'prudence, but the science that penetrates them, and the art 'that makes them subservient to our purposes.' It is, in a word, all that we recognise as morally good in man; and the religion and the worship consists in our admiration and our imitation of this. Here, argues the author, is a religion with which, surely, we should be all familiar. Let us take from Christianity, as has just been said, its supernatural hopes, its supernatural sanctions, and what remains is the religion just described. Nor, should anyone who has been touched by the spirit of Christianity consider that this remainder is insignificant. It is, on the contrary, by far the most important part of the whole. Indeed, the establishment of Christianity, he says, 'is in the main simply a reaction against such 'intolerance (*i.e.* the theological intolerance of the Jews), when 'the right of ideal humanity to receive worship was asserted in 'the heart of a people devoted to the exclusive worship of Deity.'

Lastly, we come to the Religion of Beauty. It is occasionally difficult, in the way in which the author speaks of this, to separate it from the Religion of Nature; and it is indeed bound up with it as closely as the Religion of Humanity. By putting together, however, all that we find said about it, the author's conception of it becomes sufficiently distinct and coherent. The Religion of Beauty has much in it akin to the sensuous nature-worship of the Greeks. Its spirit is indeed the spirit of that religion purified, enlarged, and rationalised by the teachings of modern science. How then does it differ from the modern Religion of Nature? It differs not so much in the object, as in the temper in which that object is dwelt upon. The Religion of Nature is concerned with the law and the unity that underlie phenomena. The Religion of Beauty is concerned with the phenomena that are the resultants of law and unity. The former, as we have seen already, worships the individual object itself—be it a tree or a flower, the sea or the sky, as little as possible; the latter, as much. It worships not the laws that result in the primrose, but it worships the primrose itself. It sees with the eye of Art, not with the eye

of Science; and yet it sees with the eye of Art after it has been purged by Science. It is in this that it differs from Hellenism. The Greek saw a fountain and a pine-tree; but it was not the gleam of the water, 'splendidior vitro,' nor the wet mossy rocks, nor the tints of the blue-grey foliage, nor the light on the bough and bark, that his emotions rested on. They passed through these to some semi-human divinities—to nymphs or hamadryads; and the emotions due to the beauty of the things seen were wasted on the doubtful beauty of the puerile things imagined. But the Greek Religion of Nature in returning to the modern world has returned purified, and returned with an even greater, though perhaps, more sober gladness. The fountain and the grove moved Wordsworth even more than they moved the poets of the Anthology. The modern worshipper sees new beauties in the water, because he has no thought of any Naiad who inhabits it; he receives a deeper 'impulse from the vernal wood' than he ever could have done when the nymphs and the satyrs haunted it.

These, then, according to the present author, are the three Natural Religions which belong to man in virtue of his humanity, and of his human knowledge. They are altogether independent of the supernatural; and not only can Science never destroy them, but, on the contrary, as it grows itself, it will deepen, enlarge, and quicken them.

The author, however, is very far from being satisfied with a mere statement of the above views. Many people, possibly most religious people, will at first regard them, he thinks, as of no practical value. They will tell him that, if he likes, he may call the universe God, but that this will not make it God in any real sense of the word; and so, similarly, he may talk about his three religions, but they are not religions that will give anyone guidance or comfort, nor except by metaphor can they be called religions at all. Anticipating these attacks, he is perpetually pausing to meet them. We will consider now how he does so.

To return again, then, to the fundamental thesis of the volume, that the visible universe, as approachable by positive science, is, though it be the manifestation of no conscious or personal unity, none the less a very living God for us—the author conceives, and we think not without reason, that his average religious readers may retort much as follows upon him:—

'We know very well that the universe is glorious, but when you have said that, there is an end of the matter. We want to make atheists believe in God, and you do it, not by changing their minds, but by changing the meaning of the word God. It is not a verbal

controversy that reigns between atheists and Christians; it is the great controversy of the age. Two opposite theories of the universe are in conflict. On the one side is the greatest of all affirmations, on the other the most fatal of all negations. There never yet was a controversy which was not trivial in comparison with this. It is cruel trifling to speak of compromise, it is waste of time to draw verbal distinctions. Let atheism be atheism, and *darkness keep her raven gloss!* Away with the plausible definitions which would make it impossible for any rational being ever to be an atheist! (P. 26.)

Such is the criticism of his Theistic theory which the author anticipates, and the passage just quoted is only one out of the many in which he confronts himself with the imagined objector. Let us see how he defends himself. We have already seen what is his definition of Atheism. We have now to see how he defends his definition of Theism.

In the first place, then, he says, that to be a Theist is to believe that God exists, not to believe that He is of such and such a character. Thus, Calvin was a Theist just as clearly as Canon Farrar is, though the latter believes that God will have mercy on everybody, and the former believed He would have mercy on exceedingly few. The author, however, means a great deal more than this. Not only is a belief in God *per se* independent of any belief as to his moral character, but it is independent also of any beliefs as to his 'distinctness from 'Nature,' or even as to 'his personality.' In short, a belief in God *per se* is simply a belief in some 'regularity in the 'universe to which a man must conform under penalties.' That is to say, God is Nature as discerned by the clearest vision; and Nature is God as discerned by a less clear vision. Thus far, however, he has not answered his objector; he has only put his own position in a yet more objectionable light. How can Nature, regarded merely as a regularity, take the place of God? The author answers frankly, that if by God be meant the Christian God, this God in Nature will not take his place completely; but though it takes his place only partially, it will nevertheless do so really. That is to say, Nature will not excite all the emotions that were excited by the Christian God, but it will excite a large number of emotions which Christians have always maintained could be excited by nothing except God. Therefore, says the author, even for the Christian, Nature must be God, though it be God under one aspect only. Surely, he argues, we can see this easily, we have here no occasion for moral or emotional quibbling. We need look merely at the plainest and most undoubted facts. Christians believe God to be infinite, omnipresent, omnipotent. To

apply these epithets to any other Being would be blasphemy. The man of science applies exactly the same epithets to Nature, and so (with certain limitations which do not affect the case)\* does the Christian also. Nature then, as regarded by the man of science, possesses attributes, and extorts a homage which the Christian acknowledges are proper to God alone. The Christian must therefore admit that Nature is truly God. The author constantly recurs to and dwells upon this argument, and urges the validity of it by the aid of many further examples. The Christian declares God to be the sole author of his existence; the man of science declares the same thing of Nature. Of God only does the Christian say, 'in Him we live and move and have our being.' With intense conviction the man of science says this of Nature. Nature, as an historical fact, does cause such men to worship.

'Linnaeus,' writes the author, 'fell on his knees when he saw the gorse in blossom; Goethe, gazing from the Brocken, said, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" Kant felt the same awe in looking at the starry heaven, as in considering the moral principle; Wordsworth is inspired rather amongst the mountains than amongst human beings; in solitude Byron felt the rapture that "purified from self." It is a paradox which will convince few, that "the heavens declare no glory but that of Kepler and Newton."' (P. 84.)

Here then, argues the author, are notorious instances of men who have recognised the real godhead of Nature. Nor is this recognition, he proceeds, necessarily Pantheism. It may be, and it also may not be. The Pantheist believes in an immanent cause; the ordinary Theist in a transcendent one. But these differences are secondary. They are indeed but different theories of God, based upon a common recognition of Him: just as the theory that man has a separate soul, and the theory that the soul is but the living unity of the body, are alike based on the common recognition of man. Supposing, then, what really seems to be the case, that the only Theism which science can recognise is Pantheism, we still have a God sacred and awful, an object of contemplation, of wonder, and of worship: who if we go up to heaven is there, who if we go down to hell is there also; who gives life, and who takes life away, and whose everlasting arms both in life and death are under us. Still does the Christian doubt! The author bids him turn to his Bible. That abounds, he tells him, in the 'language of Pantheism,'

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\* That is to say, though the Christians may think God independent of the material universe, He is yet co-extensive with it, and He sustains the whole of it; and He is the only Being of which this can be said. 4

and 'both in Judaism and Christianity the word [God] is used 'for the most part in its large indeterminate sense.' (P. 88.) For some purposes—for those especially of experimental science, it will be no doubt well to retain the word Nature, but that is not because Nature is not really God, but because the name God 'is too sacred to be introduced unnecessarily; 'too sacred in short to be worked with.'

Such are the main points of the author's vindication of a natural and scientific theism. That, by itself, however, he frankly admits would not, for the world at large, be a matter of great importance; and in the middle of his book, quite distinct from the chapters, he inserts, in italics, two pages of further objections:—

*'Has all this,' he represents his critic as saying,—'has all this any practical bearing? When a religion such as Christianity loses its hold, after having possessed the minds of men for centuries, as a matter of course a sort of phantom of it will haunt the earth for a time. Its doctrines, rejected as doctrines, will be retained for a while as rhetoric and imagery; even the feelings which grow out of those doctrines will for a while survive them. A Neochristianity must inevitably arise, which will console for a short interval some feeble minds. . . . To such pious dreamers the plain English intellect loves to apply a practical test. . . . It scrutinizes their conduct, asks whether and in what respect they lead a different life from others who do not profess to be religious? Often,' the objector is supposed to add further—'often this test works so effectively as to save the trouble of all further discussion. The Neochristian, who was perhaps prepared for argument, if he is not provoked by argument, gradually forgets his crotchet. He does not cease to think it true; but he ceases to find it important.'*

The author devotes the whole of the latter part of his book to answering these objections. He maintains that the religion whose nature he has just been describing, is not only a real religion, but a religion with the strongest practical bearing; and he sets himself to prove this, not by a scientific forecast of the future, but by an analytic study of the present and the past. This natural Theism, he says, with the religion, or rather the three religions which appertain to it, is practically nothing new. He has said thus much already; but he must again return to the fact.

First, however, he pauses to ask what it is religion must do, to vindicate, to the popular mind, the practical character demanded of it. It must do, he says, two things. It must keep the individual in the path of right action; and it must lead him to find happiness only in right emotion. It must redeem him, that is, first from the selfish life, secondly from the sensual life. And it must do this by showing him, that

such redemption is the one thing needful; that in missing it he is 'losing his own soul,' and that in that case it will profit him nothing, even should he gain the entire world. This is what most men demand of a practical religion; and this, says the author, his religion will do—this, and a great deal more besides, which most men would never demand of any religion at all.

He refers us, then, to the present and the past—to the present first. From the present, he selects the two types of men who are supposed in general to be most free from, or most adverse to, the control of the only religion that the objectors regard as practical. These are the man of science and the artist, or the devotee of beauty. That both these men have a religion of some sort the author has already argued. He is now going to point out to us how this religion influences them. The man of science, he says, in the present state of our knowledge, considers that we have not yet a large enough inductive basis to enable us to construct any coherent moral system. The man of science therefore thinks it premature to fight for or against any of the moral systems that at present exist in the world. We must first understand, he is represented as saying, more than we do about sociology:—

'But [on the other hand], his supposed argument proceeds, 'the laws of the universe can actually be, to an indefinite extent, unveiled; the process is going on rapidly, and infinitely more labourers are wanted to gather in the harvest. In these circumstances it is a kind of sin to occupy oneself with any other task. We have nothing to do but to think, observe, and write. And thus,' continues the author, 'he enters upon a life to which the platitudes current about virtue have no application. . . . His pursuit stands to him in the place of friends, so that he has but few and slight ties to society. . . . But though so solitary, such a life may be to him, if not satisfying, yet preferable beyond comparison, and on the most solid grounds, to any other life he knows of. It may be full of an occupation for the thought, so inexhaustively interesting as to make *ennui*, in such a man's life, an extinct and almost fabulous form of evil; at the same time it may be full of the sense of progress made both by the individual himself, and by the race through his labours.' (P. 122.)

Let us now turn to the devotees of beauty. What moral effect does their religion have upon them? The critics the author is meeting will say, 'Exceedingly little;' and the author thinks that, on the surface, they may have some ground for their opinion. For of the devotees of beauty there is one class, and that the class at the present moment most prominent, who not only seem to be indifferent to the current religious ethics, but actually opposed to them. They regard 'the pruderies of



‘virtue as the greatest hindrance’ to the proper enjoyment of life, and they side openly with ‘the Mediccan world against ‘Savonarola.’ (P. 121.)

Now, to the conventional moralist, it is no doubt quite true that the so-called religions of these two types of men will seem to have none of the practical effect spoken of. The man of science is untouched by the Christian moral precepts; the devotee of beauty makes a point of disobeying them. How are such men redeemed by their religion from a wholly secular life? And how, even metaphorically, can we speak of their saving their souls? The author admits that these questions are quite natural; but he has his answer to them. Neither the man of science nor the man who worships beauty has the same conception of duty, the same conception of salvation, that is possessed by the Christian or the ordinary theist: but they have conceptions of them none the less; and none the less do they embody these in their actions. Thus the man of science finds his religion teaching him the duty of the pursuit of truth; and he patiently follows this duty every day of his life. Indeed ‘he often,’ says the author, ‘is disposed to regard himself as ‘not only more religious, but more virtuous than the moralist. ‘For he believes that his love of truth is more simple, more ‘unreserved, more entirely self-sacrificing than that of the ‘moralist, whom he suspects onesidedly of suppressing or dis- ‘guising truth for fear of weakening social institutions, or ‘offending weak brethren.’ Then, again, the devotee of beauty, though he may by a perversion of language declare himself the enemy of morality, is not so really. He is the enemy of a certain form of morality no doubt; but that is not because he thinks this to be morality, but because he thinks it to be false morality. He has a code of his own, which he thinks truer than that he cavils at, and which the author represents him as putting in the following words:—

‘The man whose heart never goes forth in yearnings or in blessings towards beautiful things, before whom all forms pass and leave him as cold as before, who simply labels things and prices them for the market, but never worships or loves; of such a man we may say that he has *no soul*; and however fortunate he may be esteemed or esteem himself, he remains always essentially poor and miserable.’ (P. 126.)

Such are the words put into the mouth of the man who worships Beauty, merely as an avowed voluptuary; and yet even on him his religion has a redeeming influence. But the Religion of Beauty has other votaries as well, of a yet higher order. A type of these is Wordsworth. Wordsworth, says the author, was no doubt a Christian; but his Religion of

Beauty stood on its own basis ; to it alone was due the main characteristics of his life, and it would not have been vitally altered had Christianity never existed. We shall take occasion presently to dispute this singular judgment. The author, however, seems quite convinced of the truth of it ; and therefore points to Wordsworth as the 'saint' of the Religion of Beauty. Here was a man who deliberately refused to serve either the Mammon of money or of popularity. He had his message, his prophecy to deliver to the world, and he renounced the world in order to deliver it :—

'He surrendered,' says the author, 'the wealth that is earned by labour, trade, speculation, in exchange for the wealth that is given away. Others might purchase and hoard and set up fences, calling it property to exclude others from enjoyment. To his share fell what all may take alike . . . the goodly universe to which he was wedded in love and holy passion.' (P. 102.)

And again, speaking of such a career as this, 'This,' says the author, 'is the victory that overcometh the world.' And thus, he concludes, after all, the Religion of Nature and the Religion of Beauty do both teach their votaries the same old truth, that 'man has a soul, which if he lose, it will be small profit to him 'to gain the whole world. . . . Neither school yield in any 'degree to the moralist in the emphasis with which they brand 'the mere worldling, or by whatever name they distinguish 'the man who is devoted to nothing, who has no religion and 'no soul, Philistine or hireling or dilettante.'

If, then, the objector can be forced to see the practical working of the Religions of Nature and of Beauty, much more easy will it be to convince him of the practical working of the Religion of Humanity. Indeed this is a point which hardly requires argument. The author seems to presume that the influence of this religion is a fact too patent to require his insisting on it ; and indeed, when we consider that he identifies it with the moral side of Christianity, we think that he is justified in his presumption.

Here, then, are three Natural Religions, not only existing in spite of science, but, to a large extent, sustained and nourished by science, and actually saving souls in this so-called atheistic age. Still, says the author, there is one fact which we must not blink. These three religions not only differ, but there has hitherto been a certain antagonism between them. He is not alluding to the present only ; he alludes to the past also ; for these three Natural Religions, he says, have always existed, though they have enshrined themselves, in earlier ages, in forms that are now archaic. He has already said that

Christianity is in reality nothing but our modern Religion of Humanity, with a certain amount of supernaturalism added to it; the Monotheism of the Jews was essentially our modern Religion of Nature; and the Greek Polytheism was essentially our modern Religion of Beauty. Now if we look back, he says, over the history of the Christian Church, we shall see that 'it has been always struggling with these [two latter] religions, 'and that the only peculiarity of our own age is the confident 'and triumphant manner in which the two enemies advance to 'the attack from opposite sides.' 'Thus,' the author proceeds, 'the controversy of the present day is not one between 'religion and irreligion, but is a controversy or a rivalry of 'religions amongst themselves.' (P. 128.)

Now all these three religions, he goes on to tell us, whatever their differences, are united in this—that they have one common enemy; and that enemy is irreligion. And what is irreligion? It is not any rival conviction, but it is the utter want of any conviction at all. It is 'life without worship; 'and the World is the collective character of those who do not 'worship.' The modern name for the World, he says, is 'Conventionalism.' This it is that Christ especially warred against. Even in the greatest of sinners he could find the one thing needful, if only they 'loved much;' if they had 'enthusiasm' or 'freshness of feeling.' Such persons were already more than half on his side. His only true enemies were those who had no enthusiasm; they were the world. And precisely the same spirit, he tells us, animates the three Natural Religions now. The World is their common enemy, and against that they ought to be united. They ought to be: but are they? The author says, Not yet; but they may be. And in such a union, it appears, lies his chief hope for the future. The three Religions are to be rivals no longer. Each is to change somewhat, and be modified by the others, until practically they become triune; and they will thus together form a Religion greater than, at any former time, they have any of them been singly. We will proceed to describe this consummation in detail.

If three parties, who at present differ, are to agree, somewhere or other there must be concessions made. Of the three parties we are here concerned with, which is to be the chief conceder? This leads us to a new aspect of the author's opinions, and one of great significance. The Religion, it seems, that is to concede most, is the Religion of Humanity, in its existing Christian form. We do not mean merely that it is to renounce its supernatural element: we suppose that

already. We mean further that it is to modify its general moral tone. The author observes that certain critics have compared the Christian spirit to the spirit of old age, because both are tinged with melancholy. This view, however, he holds to be wholly wrong.

‘The Christian melancholy,’ he says, ‘. . . has resembled the sickness of early youth, rather than the decay of age. . . . All the faults that have ever been reasonably charged against the practical working of Christianity . . . are the faults which in the individual we recognise as the faults of youth—a melancholy view of life, in morals a disposition to think rather of purity than of justice, but principally an intolerance of all limitations either in hope or belief.’ (P. 153.)

Now what Christianity has to do, what it will do—in fact, what it is now in the process of doing, is to pass from this youthful stage into the healthier stage of manhood. The man differs from the youth, in having discovered that things have their limitations—that beliefs are not final, and that many ideals are unattainable. This discovery, however, is not a mere negation. It constitutes, the author tells us, a new form of religion. Having recognised how much is beyond his reach, the man realises the more keenly what is within it; and thus not only does he use his strength with more vigour, but his strength itself becomes greater, because he has ceased to unnerve himself by vague longings for the unattainable. In the place of morbid melancholy arises a healthy gladness. It is the buoyancy, the clear vision of childhood coming back to him, and asserting itself with the strength of maturity. Such a development now awaits Christianity, or has, perhaps, begun already in it. Now how will this development affect it, with regard to the two rival religions? The answer is easy. It will enable it to accept frankly the pagan delight in the sensuous beauty of life; it will enable it to recognise Art as one side of religion; it will teach it that, when rightly trained and chastened, the joy that comes to us from colour, and light, and form, and melodious sound, has nothing common or unclean in it; and that religion becomes great in proportion as it pervades humanity, not in proportion as it shrivels up into monasticism. In a similar way it will reconcile it with the great Religion of Nature. Christianity having recognised that no dogmas are final, will listen with reverence to the voice of God in Science, bidding it put aside its old supernatural theology, and take instead a theology wider still. Christianity will recognise itself as the Religion of Humanity; it will recognise Humanity as an integral part of Nature, and Nature as God—its own God for ever and ever. And thus these three religions

will coalesce and form one. The Religion of Nature will be the religion at once of worship and of knowledge, of self-reverence and of docility. The Religion of Beauty will be the religion of exalted happiness. The Religion of Humanity will be the religion of love and of progress, guided and fulfilled by the two former, and at the same time giving them their chiefest and deepest meaning.

In this way, the author thinks, religion in the future will take into itself all that is best and noblest in modern civilisation; and this reflection leads him to the final points of his argument. Thus far he has looked on Natural Religion as an influence in the life of the individual. He now proceeds to show us that it will have an influence far wider than that. Not only will it take into itself, for the benefit of each separate soul, the results of civilisation, but civilisation itself will become the same thing as religion. All the progressive nations of the world, in virtue of their knowledge and their culture, will form, through sympathy, one spiritual community—a universal visible Church, with a local habitation. The peoples of Europe, and, we presume, those of America and the Colonies also, will become that very thing which St. John meant by the New Jerusalem, and which St. Augustine meant by the City of God. Should such language seem unmeaning or fantastic, the author refers us to the Bible.

‘Let us consider,’ he writes. ‘The Bible contains the history of a tribe that grew into a nation, of its conquest of a particular country, of the institutions which it created for itself, and of its fortunes through several centuries. Through all these centuries we hear little of heaven and hell. . . . The rewards and punishments contemplated are all purely temporal. . . . In the latter parts of the book the notion of a future state first begins to appear. . . . Then in the New Testament it prevails and becomes part of the teaching of the book. But to the end of the Bible there are to be found no such heaven and hell as are put before us in Dante; the writers do not fix their attention as he does upon a future state. A few mysterious affirmations about it suffice for them. . . . This is the more to be noted, because it is characteristic of the Biblical writers both in the New and Old Testaments, that they occupy themselves especially with the future. The future is their study, but *not*—this is almost as true of the New Testament as the Old—not the future after death. It is a kind of political future that absorbs them, the fall of kingdoms and of tyrants, of Babylon, Epiphanes, Nero, and the Roman Empire, the future of Jerusalem, the expected return of Christ to reign upon the earth. . . . The idea of a future life [in the current sense of the phrase] is one that we ourselves read into the Bible; the idea which we find there, pervading it from first to last, is one which belongs altogether to practical life, and which

must seem just as important to the sceptic as to the most believing supernaturalist.' (P. 173.)

Such is the spirit, says the author, that we discover in the religion of the Bible; and precisely the same spirit does or will animate the religion of the modern world: indeed, little as the Christian Church has recognised the fact, the same spirit has really animated *it*. Its own greatest triumphs have been practical triumphs *here*. The first of these was the conquest to itself of the whole Roman Empire. That Empire, says the author, 'became in its turn, by the acceptance of Christianity, 'what ancient Israel and ancient Athens had been—a city of 'God.' The great event of the future is to be of a similar kind to this. A new empire, wider than the Roman, is to accept a new religion wider than Christianity. That religion is to be the triune Religion of Nature, and that empire is to be the 'Universal State' of the civilised modern world. In this way, thinks the author, and in this way only, can we have any hope for the future. In this way only can there be salvation for the individual soul and stability for the State as against the forces of barbaric revolution; and in this way the author thinks both these things will be gained. The new religion, whose nature he has been explaining to us, will more and more, he thinks, take visible form. Men will have to recognise what we have seen him urging, that 'the Church is '[essentially] neither more nor less than the Spiritual City of 'Western Civilisation,' that it is still the salt of the earth, still a missionary and a militant body, and that a great external mission lies before it—the bringing into itself the oriental and semi-civilised world.

'The children of modern civilisation,' he says, 'are called to follow in the footsteps of Paul, of Gregory, of Boniface, of Xavier, Eliot, and Livingstone: but they must carry not merely Christianity in its narrow clerical sense, but their whole mass of spiritual treasures to those who want them . . . the true view of the universe, the true astronomy, the true chemistry, the true physiology, to nations still lapped in mythological dreams . . . progress and free-will to fatalist nations . . . the doctrine of a rational liberty into the heart of Oriental despotisms. In doing all this . . . we shall admit the outlying world into the great civilised community, into the modern City of God.'

Finally, the author says that for such a work as this there is needed an organisation, and the existing Christian Church has such an organisation ready. Now why, he asks, should not this Church, or at least the Protestant part of it, recognising frankly the views that have been above stated, recognising that a Church is not based on 'exclusive dogmas,' but on the

religious spirit, and that the religious spirit of this scientific age is essentially the same as the true religious spirit at all times—why should not the Protestantism of 'England and 'America' 'take a shape adapted to the age,' and, with all its organisation, its prestige, its traditional hold on the people, become gradually, without any sharp rupture with the past, at one with this Natural Religion—this religion of the present and the future?

The reader has now before him the main argument of the volume. It remains to consider it under two aspects—its historical significance and its absolute value.

We shall gain our best insight into its historical significance by once more referring to 'Ecce Homo.' At the close of that volume the author told us that in the limits of one essay he could but half cover his subject, and he promised that by-and-by—though probably not for a considerable number of years—another volume should be given to us, in which his studies on religion would be continued. He at the same time indicated the points which this volume would deal with, and these points were as follows:—First, 'the new views' Christ gave men 'of the Power by which the world is governed;' secondly, Christ's 'own triumph over death;' and thirdly, 'Christ's revelation of eternity.' Half of his promise the author has now redeemed. Seventeen years have passed, and that second volume has been given us; but the other half of his promise, which related to the contents of the volume—how has he kept that? Even that he has kept to the letter, for on every one of the promised topics he dwells and dwells again; but he dwells on them assuredly in a spirit which he then never contemplated. He said he would dwell on Christ's new views of the Father; he does so, but only to tell us that no such Father exists. He said he would dwell on Christ's own triumph over death; he does so, but only to tell us that Christ's resurrection is a fable. He said he would dwell on Christ's revelation of eternity; he does so, but only to tell us that we are the perishing children of time.

We paused in the earlier part of this review to show how distinctly, when he wrote 'Ecce Homo,' the author reposed his faith on a supernatural basis. We must here pause likewise to justify what we have just now said, and to show how that basis has been actually now discarded by him. In the present case this is the more necessary, because there are many passages in his later volume which might seem to make this doubtful. He says, for instance, in his preface that 'the reader is cautioned not to enter on this book with the expecta-

'tion of finding in it anything calculated to promote either 'orthodoxy or heterodoxy.' And he several times, in referring to supernaturalism, makes use of such phrases as '*suppose* it 'should finally be rejected.' It is easy to see, however, that if the present volume has any serious meaning at all, the author morally admits no '*suppose*' in the matter. The entire *raison d'être* of his arguments is that supernaturalism is, as a fact, being discarded by the world at large, and that not through any dimness of vision, or any moral obliquity; but owing to the irresistible teaching of modern science, 'under whose 'blessed light,' as he expressly says, 'we live;' and whose voice, it is implied in every single chapter, is for himself the unerring voice of truth. But we need not content ourselves with this indirect evidence. We have explicit statements to the same effect, which are all the more forcible because they are not specially dwelt upon, but are perpetually referred to and repeated as though they were matters of course. Thus, writing in one place with a most delicate sympathy of the sorrow and dejection caused by the first beginnings of doubt, he instinctively speaks of doubt as the first message of science, and he instinctively identifies science itself with truth. 'Truth,' he says, 'in the long run cannot be 'resisted, and so, after whatever defence, the fortress is carried, and the phantom garrison of superstition is driven out.' Whilst, to make his meaning more unambiguous still, he repeats this same statement, in a yet more trenchant form. 'To complain,' he says, 'of the march of the scientific spirit, 'seems as idle as to complain of the law of gravitation itself.' (P. 49.)

We might multiply examples of this kind of language, but for our present purpose these two will suffice. The private convictions, or the private vacillations of the author, do not affect the truth or the falsehood of the main argument of his book. Whatever he may think about the supernatural himself, for argument's sake he assumes it to be non-existent; and we have only emphasised the fact that he believes, as well as assumes it to be so, to show the singular change that in less than twenty years 'the march,' as he calls it, 'of the scientific 'spirit' has produced on his spiritual life. We have already said, further, why we dwell at all on what seems to be a personal question. It is because we believe the author to be a type, as well as an individual, and because we believe that the views put forth in the present volume are representative now, as were those put forth in 'Ecce Homo' formerly. They both represent, at least so far as England is concerned, the



general views of that new religious world, which has formed, or has tried to form itself, having left the old behind. 'Ecce Homo' represented it in its sanguine youth; 'Natural Religion' represents it in the death-throes that are already overtaking it.

These last words are a sufficiently plain indication of our own judgment on the arguments we have been just considering. Regarded with reference to their truth or untruth, and their practical use or uselessness, we conceive that they are based, all of them, on a profound falsehood; and that instead of giving new life to the cause in whose behalf they are urged, they show more decisively than any book we are acquainted with, how forlorn and how hopeless that cause has come to be. This judgment we shall now proceed to justify.

First, then, we must observe that our views about the volume before us are a tribute to its ability, though they are not a tribute to its truth. We consider its falsehoods to be both important and representative; but they are only important because a keen intellect has been guilty of them; and they are only representative of the present state of a cause, because they are representative of the best that that cause can do. For wide and vigorous sympathy, for delicate moral criticism, for a power of constructive imagination, and for ingenious reasoning, we consider this volume to be very remarkable indeed. So far as we know, it is the first work that has summed up, with anything like completeness, the views or feelings that, in the extra-orthodox world, are now supposed to constitute religion and theology. It is the first work, too—and this is of far more moment—that has given a formal unity to these various elements, and has presented what aspires to be the creed and the Church of the future, as anything at all approaching to a moral and a logical whole. This the present author has done, we think, successfully; nor are we by any means blind to a certain grandeur in the result. We are, on the contrary, quite prepared to admit that the natural religion, which is here offered to our consideration, not only in many ways commends itself to the mind as plausible, but impresses the imagination with a sense of its moral sublimity. Indeed, to a certain extent, it resembles the palace built by Mulciber—

'Out of the earth, whose fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple.'

The magnificence of the temple we frankly and fully recognise.

What we propose to show is that it is wholly without foundation; and that this is the only, or at least the principal point in which it differs from the religion whose place it is designed to take.

The author so often identifies supernatural religion with orthodox Christianity, that as we are about to speak from the stand-point of supernaturalism, it will be well to state briefly the exact ground we shall occupy. The author's arguments, though his language sometimes conceals the fact, are, as we said at the beginning, not directed against orthodox Christianity in particular, still less against any particular form of it; but rather against those two doctrines, which are common, at least in the Western world, to supernatural religions of every kind—the doctrines of a personal God, independent of the material universe, and a human soul that will survive the dissolution of the body. When we speak, therefore, in the following remarks, of orthodoxy, of Christianity, or of supernatural religion, we shall limit our meaning to these two doctrines, and we shall treat them as the only points of difference between the author and ourselves. If these once be assented to, the position of supernaturalism is gained; and further doctrines as to revelation and miracles have no longer any *à priori* impossibility.

Using, then, the word *supernatural* in the sense we have just assigned to it, we assert that all religion is supernatural that really deserves to be called religion. We will now examine the arguments that are before us to the contrary, touching firstly on those that relate to God, and secondly on those that relate to man.

The author contends, as we have seen, that if we subtract from God his personality and his independence of Nature, and conceive of Him simply as the unity of the material universe, the unity thus conceived does not cease to be God. This unity is omnipresent, omnipotent, all-embracing, all-sustaining, and so forth. In a word, for the scientific mind, it demonstrably possesses attributes which the orthodox declare can belong to none other but God. Therefore the unity of the universe is God. Now, as put by the author, this argument seems plausible; his evident earnestness lends it a kind of weight: but when we look at it on its own merits, we shall see it to be as shallow a sophism as ever imposed on anybody. We can easily test its value by applying it to a parallel question. Let us consider a corpse and let us consider a living man; and we shall find that a large part of our description of the one will coincide exactly with a large part of our description of the

other. Parts of both will apply to the human body, and they will apply to nothing else. Now, when the author speaks of man in general, and argues that naturally he is a religious animal, his arguments evidently refer to the living man only, and become simple raving if referred to the dead body. If, however, his contention be sound, that Nature is really God, we can prove with equal facility that corpses are really men. If we can prove that a universe without Personality can be worshipped, we can prove that a man without personality can worship it.

So much, then, for the author's formal argument. Taken by itself it proves nothing, or less than nothing; but there are certain facts by which he points his application of it, which are far more worthy of attention than the logic they are designed to illustrate. We refer to those feelings of awe at the contemplation of the universe, of benevolence at the contemplation of humanity, and of delight at the contemplation of beauty, which certainly survive, and which seem also to be independent of, any intellectual assent to the doctrines of supernaturalism. Now we are willing to admit, quite as fully as the author does, that all this profound emotion is a part of our human nature; and that many who deny the special doctrines in question, may be far more alive to it than many others who profess them. Giving this fact, however, all possible importance, we maintain that by itself it neither leads to or constitutes anything worth calling either a theism, or a theology, or a religion. To the Christian or the supernaturalist, it presents itself as follows. Man is created by God in God's own image. He partakes of God's nature in two points especially—in his personality and in his discernment of good and evil. He has been endowed further with certain faculties by which to apprehend and respond to the love and the existence of his Creator. These are facts of human nature, just as the circulation of the blood is; and they are wholly independent of our own conscious recognition of them. We do not destroy the soul because we deny the existence of it; nor do we cease to carry the faculty of faith within us because we fail to understand, or refuse to endorse, its teachings. Thus the whole world, conceivably, might deny God, and it would still be troubled with the sense of His presence and the desire for Him. Faith would still speak, but it would speak in an unknown tongue. The traditional rendering of what it said would have been discarded, and all the alternative renderings that would be attempted would be tried by the reason, and in time found out to be nonsense. Here we may see the kind of

judgment that the supernaturalist will pass on the Natural Religion described in the present volume. He will not deny that it is a fact, but he will say that it is a fact misnamed. It is not religion, but it is the embryo of religion. It bears the same relation to religion that the caterpillar bears to the butterfly, or the inarticulate cry of the baby to the speech of the grown man. By being shut out from the only true expression of itself, it can only express and explain itself by a series of fatuities. It is not destroyed, but for the time it is rendered useless.

Let us speak more in detail. Man, says the author, though he believe in no supernatural God, is conscious of awe and of admiration as he contemplates the natural universe. We grant that; but, before he proceeds further, let the author analyse these emotions he speaks about. Instead of doing this, he attempts to prove that any such analysis is wholly beside the point. Our love for a friend, he says, does not depend on our theory as to whether or no he has an immortal soul; in precisely the same way our religious admiration of the universe does not depend on our theory as to whether or no it is the work of a personal God. We are obliged to the author for offering us this analogy: let us only render it accurate, and his own position is exposed by it. Our feelings, he says, with regard to a man do not depend on our believing he has an immortal soul. Now let us grant that to be true, though in many cases it certainly is not; but there is one belief with regard to him which our feelings certainly do depend upon, and that is the belief that he is possessed of a personality. Supposing we were to discover that a figure we had long lived with was really nothing more than a cunningly-devised automaton—that it heard, and saw, and felt nothing—that it had no intellect, no conscience, and no affections; it is evident that our feelings with regard to it would be altogether revolutionised. And with regard to the universe the case is just the same. The author tells us that, no matter what may be our theories about it, the universe is a ‘Power infinite and eternal, with which our own being is inseparably connected, in the knowledge of whose ways alone is safety and well-being, and in the contemplation of which we find a beatific vision.’ And he thinks in saying this that he proves the universe, *per se*, to be God. This is the kind of language that we ask him to analyse. An analysis of it will prove a somewhat disenchanting process. In the first place, to say that we are inseparably connected with the universe is, except on supernatural grounds, an untruth or a truism. By ‘we’ the author means our living

and thinking selves; but '*we*' in this sense are not inseparably connected with anything, since, according to what he calls his 'Natural Theology,' in a very short time we shall be no longer in existence. And even while we are connected with the universe, what kind of connexion is it? A double kind, says the author. It is a connexion of 'physical dependence' and of spiritual communion.' Now as to physical dependence, it is no doubt a fine way of expressing it to say that in the knowledge of Nature's ways lies our only safety and well-being; but put in accurate language, what does it really mean? For the magnificent *Nature's ways* we shall have to write *a very few of its ways*. Of Nature's ways as a whole the wisest of us know but little: of this little only a fraction affects either our safety or our well-being, and of that fraction by far the larger part is known accurately by none but scientific men and professionals. The average human being needs but a very minute portion of it to keep him both in health and safety, and that portion is of the least impressive kind. Even the author of 'Natural Religion' will hardly contend that a man's knowledge that mushrooms will disagree with him, or that if he gets his feet wet he will have a cold in his head, can be said to belong to the science of theology, or can convey any sense to its possessor that Nature itself is God.

The whole of the author's argument, then, with regard to the divinity of the universe, reduces itself to those vague emotions, those feelings of awe, of admiration, and of worship, which are excited in us when we realise its vastness and its unity, which are said to place us in some sort of communion with it, and to make its contemplation a beatific vision for us. Now for the man who believes that the universe is the work of a personal God—a God in whose image he is himself made, who desires his worship, takes account of all his thoughts, and whom some day he trusts he may see face to face,—for such a man, such emotion has a very real significance. It is at once a purification and a prophecy. It purges his eyes so that he sees somewhat of God's glory, and it fills him with the knowledge that he will be some day in God's presence. The awe and the admiration are, no doubt, full of mystery; but it is a mystery that he knows will one day be solved for him. Hence its close, its vital connexion with himself. Hence the starry heavens do indeed commune with him, and the contemplation of them is a beatific vision. But the man who believes the universe to be the work of no Personality, and who believes that he has himself no other life but the present, how can he claim with the universe any such connexion as this? The

universe takes no heed of him ; it is wholly unconscious even that he or his race exists. He may stare at the stars as much or as little as he pleases, and his health or his well-being will not be in the least affected by it. In what possible sense can such a vision be called *beatific* ? It conveys to him no hint of a mystery which will one day be solved for him, and be brought into personal relations to him. If he knows little of Nature now, in a few score years he will know nothing ; and, as the author often himself admits, in exact proportion as we widen our conception of Nature, the less does it seem to have any special message for us. All these fine emotions, then, of awe, of wonder, and of worship, or whatever we like to call them—the emotions at the sight and at the thought of the heavens with their countless systems, which make men catch their breath, and which bring tears to their eyes, are emotions which we may prize indeed in so far as they are pleasurable ; but they are totally devoid of any rational meaning : they stand on a level no higher than the exhilaration caused by riding ; and if we really set aside as a falsehood the suggestion that the Christian finds in them, they can be actually reproduced by the sight of an exciting race. We ourselves, speaking from the Christian standpoint, do not, of course, for a moment admit this to be true. The heavens declare to the Christian the glory of a personal God, and Epsom or Ascot does not ; but comparing the breathless awe that is caused by the contemplation of the firmament with the breathless suspense caused when a great race draws to its finish, the former is only higher than the latter because it contains an affirmation and an evangel that natural religion repudiates.

Let us now pass to the Religion of Beauty. With regard to this the author's position is somewhat ambiguous, or perhaps it might be more true to say that his views are somewhat confused. He says in one place that God is by no means the *only* object of religion, but only its object *par excellence* ; and he seems to oscillate in his theory of Beauty between a conception of it as one aspect of God, and the conception of it as an object of worship co-ordinate with Him. He accordingly has here in view two classes of worshippers, one of which might be typified by Mr. Pater or by Theophile Gautier, and the other by Wordsworth.

Now those who worship Beauty after the fashion of Wordsworth are plainly supposed to worship it as one revelation of God ; all therefore that we have said with regard to the worship of Nature will apply equally to them. It will be well, however, to pause here for a moment, and, since the

author has referred us so often to Wordsworth personally, to note briefly what his case really teaches us. The author cites it as a plain and conclusive proof of the reality of natural religion, as he himself conceives it, and of the practical effect it may have on a man's life. According to him, though Wordsworth was no doubt a Christian, and believed, as such, in the personality and the providence of God and in the immortality of the human soul, yet these beliefs were merely accidental matters; so far as Christianity had on him any appreciable effect, it was little more than a superfluous re-assertion of what Nature had already revealed to him through her beauty, and was wholly independent of any of its supernatural elements. Now we believe that there are few readers of ordinary intelligence who will be for a moment deceived by this most infelicitous paradox. Since, however, the present author has stated, and laid such stress on it, we shall in passing point out its absurdity. We might easily do this by referring to Wordsworth himself, but we may spare ourselves this trouble; we need only refer to his critic. In the very page in which it is declared that Wordsworth's religion was in its essence not supernatural, it is admitted that he would have been a pessimist but for a 'Christian faith in redemption;' and we are reminded that 'he calls the doctrine of a future life "the head and mighty paramount of truths."' The author, in fact, cannot state his case without contradicting himself; and the common sense of his readers will anticipate him in the contradiction. But even were this not so, even were Wordsworth's life and views of life the results of Natural Religion, as the author says they were, they would show little with regard to that religion but its incompleteness. Apart from his genius in enforcing certain truths, the most remarkable thing about Wordsworth is the fewness of the truths that he enforced. Mr. Matthew Arnold has written with perfect justice that

Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken  
From half our human fate :

and Mr. Ruskin, in a yet more trenchant manner, has dwelt quite recently on this same profound defect in him.\* Whilst if we pass from his precepts to his example, we shall find that to be of a still narrower kind, and wholly useless to the vast majority of men, whose problem is, and always must be, how to face the world, and not how to retire from it.

We believe, however, when the author speaks of the

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\* Ruskin's 'Fiction, Fair and Foul—Wordsworth.'

Religion of Beauty, which he describes in so many words as a kind of purified paganism, that he is really conceiving of beauty, not as Wordsworth did, as one aspect of God, but as an object of worship, distinct from and co-ordinate with Him. He is at all events perpetually insisting that there can be a religion of any object that excites permanently our delight, our awe, and our admiration; and to explain his meaning, he in one place gravely informs us that America is, without any metaphor, the object of a religion to the Americans. Without, then, raising any discussion as to beauty for the sake of beauty, or the intensity of the pleasure which our artistic nature derives from it, let us consider simply the broad general question, whether America or beauty, or any object besides God, can be properly said to be the object of a religion at all.

All questions of this kind are no doubt partly verbal; but whenever more is involved in them than the settling of a terminology, what is involved in them is some distinct matter of fact. The matter of fact in the present case is as follows. Religion, says the author, is a state of feeling, the principal object of which is, no doubt, God; but God, he contends, is not its only object. Now if it is worth his while to maintain this position at all, he must mean that the feelings excited by God, and the feelings excited by the other objects he speaks of, are, as a fact, identical in their most important points. The whole question at issue is, what are these points of identity, and what is their importance. The author, let us remember, is addressing himself to men who have been accustomed to identify religion with supernaturalism, and he invites them to analyse what this religion really means to them. Part of his arguments they will no doubt admit are sound. They will quite agree with him that of what they mean by religion the Devil might be the object just as well as God; or a saint might be, or a dead hero might be. But this would merely mean that there may be bad religions as well as good religions, false religions as well as true; religions of one god, or of many gods, great gods or little. The devil practically would be merely an evil god, and the dead hero a little god. All these gods would be conscious, they would all be personalities, they would all take account of the conduct of their worshippers, and have the lives of them more or less in their power; and they one and all would be superhuman. Here we get to the one essential point which distinguishes religion from all other feelings. Religion is a feeling excited by some superhuman personality, which takes cognisance of the human feelings excited by it. Such is the reply that could be made to the



author by any one of the men to whom he is addressing himself. They would agree with him that the object of religion need not be a good god, but they would add further that it must be a god of some kind, and that there are no gods but personal gods. Other objects might excite feelings that would be like religion in some points; but they would not be like it in this essential point; and though we might very properly call them religions figuratively, they would not be religions in a scientific sense, any more than scientifically love can be called a fire, or a pair of angry eyes be said to be looking daggers.

Suppose, however, that we set this argument aside, and grant the author all that he has contended for; suppose we grant him that there can be religions not only of bad objects as well as good, but of impersonal objects as well as personal deities, there yet remains to be made a far more important criticism. If the author's contention be not absolutely untrue, it is at all events absolutely without significance. He complains of men who were once Christians, for saying that science has destroyed religion; and he seeks to reassure them by his long and elaborate proof that, though no doubt it really has destroyed Christianity, it has destroyed, in doing so, not religion, but only a religion. 'Religion *per se*' it has left wholly intact. If, however, religion *per se* need be neither good, nor true, nor useful, nor elevating, who will care to be told that religion *per se* will remain with us? Men who think that Christianity has been destroyed, do not lament the fact because Christianity is a religion, but because they think it a good religion: whilst men who still believe in it, and who think it indestructible, revere religion only in so far as it leads to Christianity. Who values a system of philosophy simply because it is a system, not because he thinks it a true system? Or who admires 'Hamlet' because it is a play, not because it is a fine play? The author might as well comfort us, supposing all true knowledge were in danger, by urging that though in future there would be no true statements made about things, yet our children would still have statements made to them of some sort. Religion *per se* and statements *per se* are things which *per se* are equally void of meaning for us; and the raptures of mere æstheticism would be no more a substitute for Christianity because we agreed that both they and it were religions, than Ude's Cookery would be a substitute for the Bible, because both, without doubt, were books. With regard, then, to the Religion of Beauty, the author has left æstheticism exactly where he found it. Artistic admiration is, no doubt, a source of pleasure; and with the modification of the ascetic spirit it may,

no doubt, extend itself; but to insist on calling it a religion would be, on any occasion, useless; and to drag it into the present discussion at all is worse than useless: it merely creates confusion.

We offer these remarks with all the greater confidence because, up to a certain point, the author himself agrees with us. The Religion of Beauty, if it stood alone, would be, he admits, wholly inadequate and unsatisfying; and, if it stood alone, so would be the Religion of Nature. Of this last he expressly says, that it is doubtful if it is a religion that would even justify men in living, or in bringing other men into the world. Both these Religions, that of Nature and that of Beauty, derive their chief meaning from their connexion with the Religion of Humanity. The Religion of Beauty is but a gracious supplement to things of far greater value; and adorable as may be the aspect of God that we discover in nature, that aspect is dwarfed both in importance and majesty by the aspect of Him that is revealed in humanity,—‘in,’ as the author puts it, ‘what-ever more awful forces stir within the human heart, what-ever binds men in families, and orders them in states’ (p. 89). There, we are told, we see God as ‘the Inspirer of kings, the Revealer of laws, the Reconciler of nations, the Redeemer of labour, the Queller of tyrants, the Reformer of churches, the Guide of the human race towards an unknown goal.’ We recognise Him as the embodiment of the ‘highest’ of existing things—‘that is, the moral principle.’ Unless we do this, says the author, unless we recognise not only that God exists, but ‘that He helps us in our strivings,’ and ‘is not indifferent or hostile to us; we may have a theology, but we have no faith;’ that is to say, we have no helpful religion. To make religion helpful, to make it worth having, to make it worth talking about, we must, the author expressly says, ‘believe much and hope much,’ without regard to the future of humanity. We must not only believe that the moral principle exists, but we must believe that its power will grow and become supreme; that it is not only the highest of principles, but the strongest also, and that it will guide the human race to some noble state of existence, equal, if not superior, to all our loftiest visions.

‘Otherwise,’ says the author, ‘if reality, when we acquire the power of distinguishing it, turns out to be not merely different from what we expect, but much below what we expect; if this universe, so vast and glorious in itself, proves in relation to our desires narrow and ill-furnished, . . . then humanity [like the doomed and perishing individual] has its necessary old age; and if its old age, then surely that which lies beyond old age. . . . We must abandon ourselves to

pessimism (p. 155). . . . All human griefs alike [will] seem little worth assuaging, human happiness at the best too paltry to be worth increasing. . . . Life [will] become the more intolerable the more we know and discover, so long as everything widens and deepens except our own duration, and that remains as pitiful as ever. . . . What would Natural Religion avail then? \*

Here we arrive at the foundation of the author's teaching. All the arguments he urges in the whole of this volume depend for their meaning on this one belief, that the future history of our race will be one of unceasing progress; and by progress he means certain very distinct things. He means diffusion of political liberty, diffusion of the material luxuries of life, the fraternisation of nations, the abolition of war, and so on. But this is not all he means, nor is it the most important part. This is the body of progress merely, it is not its soul. The soul of progress is the diffusion and the development of the spiritual riches of our nature—of our joy in art and in beauty, of our awe at the majesty of the universe; but principally of our love for our fellows, our readiness for self-sacrifice, our recognition of the inherent worth of life, and above all of the sacredness of our own higher natures, on which depends our recognition of the sacredness of ideal humanity. To believe that life, and the conditions of life, will, in the above sense, for ever go on progressing till they can progress no longer, and that after that they will never retrograde—this, says the author, and this alone is 'faith'; this, and this alone, makes religion valuable, or gives the smallest meaning to all the hopes which he is so earnestly holding out both to himself and those he addresses.

We might pause here, were it worth while to do so, to show that Natural Religion, as described in this volume, is simply the positivism we have so long been familiar with, only changed in so far as the culture of the author has filled in its outlines, and his Christian phraseology confused them. We will leave the reader, however, to consider that point for himself, and pass on to one of far greater importance. Supernaturalism, says the author, has failed, because it has founded itself upon dogmas, and made religion dependent on an assent to them. Dogmas, he says, are always liable to modification, or disproof; and supernatural dogmas are never capable of proof. Thus supernaturalism for many men has put all religion in danger, by resting it on a weak foundation, and a foundation that does

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\* P. 262, where the author explains at length what he means by pessimism.

not belong to it. Religion really, he says, has nothing to do with dogmas, nor is a Church like 'a philosophical school, held together by doctrines. . . . It is more like a state than a school. . . . Imagine a state resting upon dogma!' 'The *truth* of a religion,' he adds, 'is a phrase without meaning. You may speak of the truth of a philosophy, of a theory, of a proposition, but not of a religion, which is a condition of the feelings' (p. 222). Therefore, he argues, religion is indestructible; and not religion only, but a helpful, a saving religion, which shall open to humanity and every member of it for ever, a treasure compared with which 'the whole world' is as nothing. Such is the religion that he has been describing in this volume; and such a religion, he says, is independent of dogmas.

Now of all forms of misleading and empty cant, the popular modern cant against dogma, as such, is perhaps the most misleading and emptiest. To say this, however, is one thing, and to prove it another; and the proof, in some cases, may be long, though never difficult. The present author, however, saves us all trouble in the matter, and supplies us out of his own mouth with the materials for his own confutation. In the very act of declaring that religion does not rest upon dogmas, he is giving us nothing but a practical proof that it does. He makes a clean sweep of the accepted dogmas of supernaturalism, but he only destroys these to put another dogma in the place of them. His own Natural Religion is itself founded on a dogma, as much as was ever any system of Christianity; and little as he seems to perceive what he is doing, he not only admits the fact, but is perpetually insisting on it. For what is a dogma? It may be defined in three ways. In the first place, it is a proposition as distinguished from an emotion; in the second place, it is a religious proposition as distinguished from other propositions; and in the third place, it is a proposition which, though evidence *may* support it, must be assented to as well upon grounds deeper than evidence; it must be assented to by faith. Now what have we just seen? Have we not just seen that, by the author's own showing, his whole Natural Religion depends for its whole value on our assent to one cardinal proposition, which is stated by him in various ways? We have dwelt upon it only a moment ago; but let us now repeat it. One way of putting it, as we saw, is as follows—'This universe, so vast and glorious in itself, is, in relation to our own hopes for the future, not narrow or ill-furnished.' Another way is as follows—'Humanity is growing out of its youth into its healthful manhood, and that manhood will never decline into old age.' And again,

another way is as follows—‘The omnipotent and omnipresent power embodied in the universe, helps us in our strivings, and is not indifferent or hostile to us.’ Now how, we ask, does this proposition differ in any essential way from the various dogmas on which Scriptural religions base themselves? It is a proposition, it is not an emotion. It is, further, a religious proposition; and it is, further, as the author takes special pains to emphasise, not to be held at the precarious mercy of evidence, but is to be assented to as a certainty, by an act of *faith*. Of course it may be true, in the stricter sense of the word, to say that religion is a state of the feelings; but these feelings, as the author himself shows us, depend on a certain judgment with regard to the object of them, which can only be expressed or thought in the form of a dogma or proposition. Our emotion with regard to the universe depends on our judgment with regard to the universe; or in other words, our religion depends upon our dogma. If we cling to our dogma as true our religion will remain with us; if we reject our dogma as false our religion will leave us. For this reason, in common language, we are accustomed, and very properly, to speak of a religion being true: and to declare, in this connection, that such language implies a falsehood, is neither more nor less than a miserable quibble. One man respects another because he believes him honest. If he finds him out to be a rogue he will cease to respect him. Everyone knows that the respect is not the belief; but everyone knows that it is based upon it. If anyone takes the trouble to tell us that respect is not a proposition, but a state of the feelings, we shall merely think that he is saying what is superfluous; but if he argues from this that the feelings do not depend on our assent to the proposition, we shall merely think that he is talking nonsense. And the same is the case with religion. The common sense of the world has always perceived this truth; and the present author, in his laborious effort to combat it, has simply succeeded in giving the most signal proof of it that it is possible to find in the religious literature of the century.

Now comes a further question. Since Natural Religion is, after all, thus based upon a dogma, what grounds have we for endorsing that dogma as true? That is to say, what grounds have we for any certitude as to the continuous progress and glorious future of humanity? It is not our province here to discuss on its own merits this much-vexed question. We shall merely confine ourselves to the author’s own treatment of it, and that certainly is full of a strange significance. Not once in the course of this whole volume does he make any attempt

worth speaking of to show any grounds for the faith that he requires to be in us. On the contrary, he rarely makes any direct allusion to it, except to suggest darkly that it may have no grounds at all. 'Apart from pessimism,' he says in one place, 'there is nothing to prevent us from worshipping.' But he seems to wince at the very sound of the word *pessimism*, and he sharply drops the question. Such is his conduct generally whenever he is face to face with it. Often, however, it is glanced at obliquely by him, and then he deals with it somewhat more in detail, but with what result? Always to hint, not that the progress of the human race and its religion is certain, but that it is beset by dangers and uncertainties. Whilst he is enlarging on the delights of what he calls 'the higher life,' he admits the difficulty of recommending these delights to the multitude, and he admits that the lower life may bring most complete content with it; and whilst he enlarges on the mission of our existing Western civilisation, he hints broadly that in the course of a few generations the whole of that civilisation may be destroyed by a social revolution. Nowhere does he offer us any tangible foundation for the faith that is to remove these mountains of doubt or of despondency.

We do not blame the author. The defect is not in him, but in the hopeless and irrational cause of which he has made himself the champion. All his fellow-champions are in like case with him. There is one foe which they cannot face, and that foe is pessimism. Neither Comte, nor George Eliot, nor Mr. Herbert Spencer, are more convincing on this point than is the present author. Not one of them can confute the argument of the pessimist. Instead, they, some of them, drown it in uproarious denial; some of them try to smile, as though they had never heard it; and some of them, unintentionally, are forced to admit its truth.

Of this last class is the author of '*Natural Religion*,' and we propose to conclude our criticisms on his system, by adding certain of his own, which are yet more severe than ours. Having shown already that he has failed to convince us, we shall proceed to show that he has failed to convince himself.

In the first place, then, we may remark that throughout the whole volume the tone is one, not of enthusiasm, but rather of a forlorn patience. The author seems to be a man who is still searching for the pearl of price after he has secretly given up all hope of finding it. His heart is still with the Christianity which he has repudiated. In the natural world he has entered he is an exile by the waters of Babylon, and he is trying in vain to sing the Lord's song in a strange land. He tries to

call the heathen city Jerusalem, but in his heart he finds it only a Zion of bitterness. We do not, however, refer to his general tone merely; we refer also to his own explicit statements. The reader shall hear a few of them. The highest worship, he says, is not reached until 'passing by an act of faith beyond all that we can know, we attribute all the perfections of ideal humanity to the Power that made and sustains the universe' (p. 168). And again, in another place, he admits yet more plainly that he 'can conceive no religion as satisfactory that falls short of Christianity' (p. 25). Admissions of this kind—which seem like involuntary *asides*—are scattered throughout the volume; but there is no need to cite more of them, since the sum and substance of all of them is gathered up, concentrated and emphasised, in the three concluding pages.

These pages, as related to the rest of the volume, form the most curious conclusion to any series of arguments that we ever remember to have met with. They form a section by themselves, added as a sort of postscript; and the gist of them is a flat contradiction of everything that their author has been just contending for. 'Throughout this volume,' he says, at the beginning of this section, '. . . we have denied that super-naturalism is necessary either to the idea, or to the practical vigour, or to the popular diffusion of religion.' (P. 258.) And this is perfectly true; it is exactly what the author has done. But let us turn over a single page and what shall we find there? We shall find the author, after two brief paragraphs, asking if that very supernaturalism which he has been thus setting aside 'may not be precious, nay, perhaps, indispensable' (p. 259) as a 'supplement' to his 'Naturalism.' Nor does he leave the question in any ambiguous state. 'No sooner,' he says, 'do we try to think that the known and the natural . . . can suffice for human life, than Pessimism raises its head.' And then the author proceeds in a passage some words of which we have already quoted:—

'The more our thoughts widen and deepen, as the universe grows upon us, and we become accustomed to boundless space and time, the more petrifying is the contrast of our own insignificance. . . . A moral paralysis creeps upon us. For a while we comfort ourselves with the notion of self-sacrifice; we say, what matter if I pass, let me think of others. But the *others* now become contemptible to us no less than self; all human griefs alike seem little worth assuaging, human happiness too paltry at the best to be worth increasing. The whole moral world is reduced to a point; the spiritual city, the "goal of all the saints" dwindles to "the least of little stars." Good and evil, right and wrong, become infinitesimal, ephemeral matters, whilst eternity

and infinity remain attributes of that only which is outside morality. The affections die away in a world where everything good and enduring is cold; they die of their own conscious feebleness and bootlessness. 'Supernatural religion,' adds the author, 'met this want by connecting love and righteousness with eternity. And if that is shaken,' he proceeds with extreme pertinence, 'what would natural religion avail then?' (P. 262.)

That is precisely the question that we ourselves have been asking, and we are pleased to perceive that at the close of his volume the author's real answer exactly coincides with our own; and that answer is 'Nothing.' 'Natural Religion' is a sad and singular book. It is sad as a picture of an earnest mind caught in an intellectual tangle from which it is unable to free itself; it is singular as being the work of a trained and subtle reasoner, and yet ending with a formal repudiation of the proposition it was written to vindicate. We have said the latter end of Natural Christianity has in seventeen years forgotten its beginning. The author of 'Natural Religion' has done the same in a fewer number of chapters.

ART. VIII.—1. *Parliamentary Papers—Egypt.* October 1881 to August 1882.

2. *Le Contrôle Anglo-Français en Egypte.* Lettre de M. de Blignières à M. Clémenceau. Paris: 1882.

3. *The Future of Islam.* By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. London: 1882.

THE chief organ of the Tory party denounced, in July last, what it was pleased to call 'the paralysis of Government.' The expression was ill-timed, for at that very moment the Government was proposing to undertake a daring and energetic enterprise, which we ourselves described at the same time 'as second only to that of this country in the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny.' Within two months of that date the expedition to Egypt had not only been conducted with consummate ability, both at home and abroad, but it had been crowned with entire success. The 'paralysed' Ministry had vindicated and defended the interests of the Empire by diplomacy and by arms; and the result has shown that the spirit of the British Cabinet has not declined, nor has its power of action abated. The policy they have adopted in



Egypt needs no defence; it tells its own tale, and it commends itself to the judgment and approval of the nation. Yet we think it desirable to place on record at some length in these pages the causes and motives which led the Government to take a course which the world had not anticipated; and we hope to demonstrate that the imbroglio which had arisen in Egypt could be solved in no other manner. For it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of these events. If they be regarded from the local point of view only, and in their bearing on strictly Egyptian affairs, their value may be diminished by the reflection that in her long history Egypt has seen many rebellions, that she has survived them all, and that as until lately she prospered in spite of them, so there is nothing to prevent her becoming prosperous again when she shall have lived down her last political trouble. But the range of recent events has been infinitely wider than this, and has opened up questions which concern the whole civilised world.

We shall advert very briefly to the naval and military operations of the Queen's forces between July 11 and September 15. They are distinct from the chief subject of this article. Suffice it to say that, as a consequence of the massacre on June 11, of the outrage to the British consul, and of the subsequent persistence of the Egyptians in constructing and arming fortifications that ended by becoming a menace to the safety of the British fleet, Admiral Seymour received orders to demand the surrender of the forts at Alexandria for the purpose of disarming them. This request being refused, the Admiral, on July 11, bombarded the forts and destroyed them, with the four hundred guns which the evening before had threatened the existence of his ships. On the 12th and 13th the European parts of the city were fired by the rebel troops, pillage was general, and further murders were committed. Arabi Pasha and his followers left the city, loaded with loot, established themselves at Kafr-el-Dowar, fourteen miles from Alexandria, and finally threw away the thin veil which had covered their rebellion. Arabi Pasha was declared by the Khedive to be a rebel, but the forces at the disposal of the prince were utterly inadequate to enforce the decree.

Under these circumstances the Conference, which had been sitting for several weeks at Constantinople, urged again its request to the Sultan that he should intervene to suppress the rebellion in Egypt. The tardy decision of the Sultan to send a delegate to the Conference, the ridiculous proposals and counter proposals which his ministers were continually

bringing forward with a view to further procrastination, coupled with the grant to Arabi of the highest decoration in the power of the Sultan to bestow, confirmed the suspicion that the Porte was intriguing with the rebel leaders.

The patience of one of the Powers was exhausted. After going to the length of retarding dangerously the orders for mobilisation of troops, in order that no means might be left untried to gain the consent of Europe to armed European intervention in default of the Sultan's action, the British Government decided to intervene alone if all assistance failed her. On July 24 Parliament was asked to grant the necessary supplies, and on August 12 British troops began to land at Alexandria; Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived there on August 15 to take the command of the army; on the 18th he moved his base to Ismailia; and, on September 13, having collected and advanced his forces, he forced the lines of Tel-el-Kebir, and destroyed Arabi and the insurrection at a blow. On September 15 the British forces entered Cairo. There were those at the time who, with the impatience of ignorance, accused the British general and army of procrastination and delay. But history will record this operation of war as one of the most rapid and brilliant upon record.

Before proceeding to examine in detail the causes which conduced to this effect it may be well to start with a clear understanding of what those British interests in Egypt are which had to be maintained with so high a hand, at the expense of some seeming inconsistency and of a great modification of the policy England has pursued towards Turkey since the beginning of the century.

It has been generally admitted by continental statesmen and by the continental press that the English interest in maintaining intact the great waterway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea exceeds the interest of all other nations. But the statement is vaguely made and is dimly appreciated even in England. It is not until examination is made of the facts and figures connected with the Suez Canal traffic that the true predominance of English interests stands clearly out. If the extent of the interest be measured by the number of ships and by the tonnage passed through, then, indeed, there is no sort of comparison between the English stake and that of the rest of the world. Out of 17,207 ships representing a tonnage of 33,244,452 tons, which have passed through the Canal since it was opened in December 1869 up to the end of 1881, 12,960 ships, representing 25,779,664 tons, bore the British flag, leaving 4,247 ships, representing

7,464,788 tons, to show the collective importance of the road to the rest of the world. This great disproportion becomes more perceptible still if these latter totals be further analysed. Such an operation would show that the French, whose interest, judged by the same standard, comes next after the English, sent through, during the same period, only 1,048 ships, having a tonnage of 2,963,765 tons, or about a twelfth of the ships and a ninth of the tonnage sent by Great Britain.\*

The subjoined note † of the traffic during the past eight years will serve to show who they are that use the Canal, and the precise extent to which other nations are concerned in its due maintenance. But it is not merely by reference to such statistics that the predominance of Great Britain is exhibited. The destination of the vessels carrying her flag has to be taken into account. India and Australia are to us what the outlying possessions of no other power are to them. Interrupt our communication with these, and the current of our national life-blood is changed, and must flow slowly by the old channel of Vasco de Gama instead of with swift vitality through the new channel of Ferdinand de Lesseps. Spain and Holland, which in this respect come after us, have nothing in comparison, while the interests of other nations are more or less sentimental. The French have that historical interest which attaches to the conceivers and executors of the great work itself; but it is the individual, rather than the nation he belongs to, in whom this interest centres. His work, once achieved, belongs to those who use it, and can in no sense be confined to the nationality of the creator. The discoverer of America was a Genoese, but he made his discovery in the interests of Spain and the world. M. de Lesseps has performed an important task, not for France, but for mankind.

Whether, then, the interest be measured by the extent to which we use the Canal, or by the importance attaching to the communications kept open by its agency, it is clear that the British interest is predominant over all others put together. This being so, it follows that the duty, as well as the necessity, for taking steps to secure the inviolability of the Canal falls upon us in a corresponding degree. The only question is in what way can that duty be best executed, and on that question it is idle to say, as some have done, that the Canal is entirely out-

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\* The receipts of the Canal from 1869 to the end of 1881 were 12,874,085*l.*, so that the average toll per ship was 748*l.* all round, or 7*s.* 9*d.* a ton. The average tonnage per ship transited was 1,932 tons.

## + Nationality of ships passed through the Suez Canal.

	1871		1875		1876		1877		1878		1879		1880		1881	
	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage	No. of ships	Gross tonnage
Allemand	31	39,841	33	43,879	27	41,301	40	50,841	23	31,363	16	21,548	38	52,551	45	59,516
American	—	—	2	5,168	1	3,670	3	2,680	1	3,079	1	1,646	—	1,225	—	—
Anglais	898	1,797,494	1,061	2,181,387	1,090	2,343,522	1,363	2,698,877	1,268	2,630,285	1,141	2,508,524	1,592	3,446,431	2,251	4,792,117
Austro-Hongrois	61	84,159	64	92,078	63	76,236	10	73,344	38	63,632	49	71,400	60	103,080	64	115,776
Belge	1	908	—	—	—	—	2	2,937	2	2,574	1	3,445	1	1,654	13	22,874
Bresilien	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	886	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Chinois	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Danois	1	1,064	18	23,291	13	19,595	15	23,580	6	10,983	5	7,729	10	13,679	13	15,772
Egyptien	8	6,461	33	34,200	12	16,173	9	7,103	9	3,713	12	9,746	16	13,955	11	14,064
E-pagnol	27	50,117	21	43,962	26	51,867	21	50,826	21	56,117	25	61,468	33	84,517	46	103,590
Français	87	222,914	84	226,445	89	236,760	55	231,024	89	230,665	93	262,017	102	271,598	109	289,324
Iraklique	5	981	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Italien	32	63,197	57	79,783	51	82,024	58	87,505	41	61,783	52	91,162	52	101,567	52	113,252
Japonais	1	1,010	1	1,400	—	—	—	—	7	9,085	1	2,121	1	986	—	—
Libérien	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Néerlandais	53	106,421	59	130,740	60	146,675	63	155,874	71	150,705	61	185,024	71	174,185	71	187,910
Norvégien	8	13,489	10	21,160	12	20,629	12	21,026	5	8,051	6	9,184	7	11,073	10	17,817
Ottoman	18	13,792	19	16,117	3	2,381	3	2,381	3	1,061	5	4,034	10	9,858	11	10,703
Portugais	3	2,618	4	4,302	3	3,618	2	2,904	4	4,529	6	7,166	6	5,252	4	3,263
Russe	7	11,977	15	21,522	14	23,916	—	—	—	—	7	8,799	22	45,896	20	42,765
Sarawak	—	—	1	175	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	118
Serbe	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	1,920	—	—	—	—
Siamois	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	108	—	—	—	—	—	—
Suédois	6	6,538	19	10,684	3	3,119	3	2,505	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Zanzibar	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	735	—	—	1	1,124	—	—
Totals	1,264	2,423,672	1,494	2,940,708	1,457	3,072,107	1,663	3,418,919	1,868	3,291,535	1,877	3,236,942	2,026	4,344,519	2,727	5,794,401

side the general Egyptian question. That it may be made the subject of separate and special treatment, the general question being settled, is quite possible, probably it is desirable; but that there can be safety for the Canal with the rest of Egypt in disorder is a proposition outside the region of practical politics. Not only does the railway in direct communication with Cairo touch the Canal at two of its important points, but the supply of fresh water for drinking purposes is controlled by whosoever is master of Cairo. Without order and respect for authority in the interior there is danger for all these reasons to the great Egyptian waterway, and the English are pre-eminently interested in warding off this danger.\*

But there are other motives scarcely less weighty which compelled the English Government to ensure the suppression of rebellion in Egypt. Whatever value France may attach to her engagements with Tewfik Pasha at the time she joined Great Britain in getting him placed on the throne, however much she may consider her promises modified by the course of subsequent events, it would be impossible for a Government pretending to represent the national English feeling to forsake a prince who has been taught to trust our word, who has loyally followed our counsels, and who has shown courage and consistency in the face of dangers which came upon him in consequence of his compliance with our advice. The feeling that we were bound in honour to maintain the Khedive of our own choice was the prevailing sentiment of

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\* At the very moment, however, when this pre-eminent interest was about to be provided for, the French company who made, and who work, the Canal, raised the question of its neutralisation. M. de Lesseps declared that for ships of war, no matter of what nation, to enter the Canal with the intention of using it for other than simple transit purposes constituted a violation of its neutrality. He protested against the entry of H.M.S. 'Orion' on the ground that though she had paid the dues to Suez it was intended she should remain at Ismailia, and for military purposes. The pilot already on board was ordered to leave, and when this was not permitted by Captain Fitzroy, and the vessel proceeded on her way, a protest was drawn up, which was followed by a good deal of angry language on the part of M. de Lesseps, who spoke as though the company of which he is chairman were possessed of sovereign rights. But it is not worth while to advert further to the extravagant language and conduct of M. de Lesseps, which was in flat contradiction to the *Acte Constitutif* of the Canal Company. It is enough to say that one of the main objects of the British Government was to protect the Canal, which is his work, and to preserve the rights of the Company in which we are the largest shareholders.

English statesmen at Cairo, at Paris, and in London, and it is one which found sympathy with both the great parties in Parliament. The press, both metropolitan and provincial, was nearly unanimous in the same direction. A few politicians who delight in the trick of singularity, and some political associations which believe there are no interests worth struggling for outside their own, alone raised a feeble cry against England making good her word by her sword. The manner in which the vote of credit for war expenses was received in Parliament, the enthusiasm with which the troops were cheered when embarking for Egypt, were signs of a national approval of the policy of the Government; and the result has not fallen short of our hopes and expectations.

Whilst the safety of the Canal and loyalty to our word passed to the Khedive were sufficient to warrant an English interference when no other form of intervention presented itself, there were two other interests in whose behalf intervention might have been deemed justifiable, though public opinion was not so unanimous in their support. These were what are described as British interests, and the interest of the Egyptian fellahi

British interests in Egypt are of two kinds—one represented by the British subjects, the British capital, and the British-owned property, which in Egypt, as elsewhere, were rightly considered as entitled to protection from the consular power, and, failing that, to the protection of the source of consular power. Such interests took the form of commerce conducted by English merchants resident in Egypt, of irrigation works, city waterworks, works for the improvement of the territory, and sanctioned for this purpose by the Egyptian Government. Various estimates have been formed of the money value of these interests, and a moderate calculation places them at five millions of pounds, in addition to the twenty-five millions' worth of machinery and factories which, in England itself, are engaged in working the products of Egypt. Once it is admitted that these interests are in danger, and that the ruler of the country who is primarily responsible cannot protect them, the right of the foreign State, whose subjects' interests are in question, to interfere for their protection springs up and seems incontestable.

The second class of British interest, that of the various Egyptian stockholders, has been counted as a small thing, especially by those who are not owners of bonds. Some critics in Parliament, in the press, and elsewhere, have carried their criticism so far as almost to suggest that a bondholder is one

who, by the mere fact of bondholding, has become participator in the oppression of the fellah, and that consequently he is entitled to no consideration whatever. It is probably certain that, whatever abstract right a bondholder may have to protection, neither the Government nor the nation would have thought of going to war in order that coupons should be paid. Pressure of a less forcible kind would have been used, if any pressure were permissible. But it seems perfectly legitimate, the pressure of war being applied for other reasons, to include in any settlement involving a removal of that pressure the regulation of any interests which bondholders may have. Till the acceptance of the Law of Liquidation it had seemed to be an open question whether holders of Egyptian bonds had any rights different from those of holders of any other bonds. The general argument was that people who choose to lend their money to foreign States do so on their own responsibility, and that they have no right whatever to claim protection in the event of their loans being endangered. This doctrine is unquestionably sound as a general proposition, but it would seem that there was something in the case of the Egyptian bondholders taking it out of the usual category; for the first time the Government spoke out on the subject of the duty which fell upon it in connexion with Egypt, Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons that the interest of Egyptian stockholders was one of those which the Government recognised.

Examination of the facts connected with the Egyptian debt shows that whatever remarks moralists may indulge in as regards the origin of the large mass of the debt, and as regards the purposes to which the money has been applied, there is no doubt that, wisely or not, the European States, and France and England in particular, undertook some kind of obligation when they established the Control in 1879, and when they assented, in 1880, to the Law of Liquidation. People might say we lent our money to this State and we gave a good price for its bonds, because we saw that all Europe interested itself in the settlement of its debts on a sound basis, and because France and England appointed, with the Khedive's consent, controllers-general, who were to ensure faithfulness of administration in the finances. It is quite true that no formal obligation towards us was taken by the Governments, and there is no word of guarantee in the clauses of the Liquidation Law. Technically, perhaps, we are out of court, but surely there is a moral obligation at least to help us to our right. You have done nowhere else as you have done in Egypt; your

intervention in her internal affairs has raised the price of stock from 73 to 100, we have bought at the latter price, and now the upset by military violence of the system you inaugurated and identified yourselves with has sent that stock down to 70.\*

It was probably to some such reasoning as this that the Government listened before Mr. Gladstone made the avowal referred to above. It was the first time that bondholders' interests had ever been mentioned in England as having a title to consideration. It is beside the question to say that the policy of non-interference in Egyptian affairs which had been uniformly followed by both parties down to 1879 should not have been broken through. That is another and quite independent question, involving considerations of what would have to be done were the decision to be taken again, but as matter of fact the discussion comes too late. The interference is a *fait accompli*. It was inaugurated by Lord Salisbury, it has been recognised by his successor, and a disinterested jury would probably give a verdict in favour of the obligation.

There is, however, another and considerable interest which, to many besides the poets and sentimentalists who have mixed themselves up with this question, would seem to justify the interference of the strong hand of England. The fellahin, upon whom would inevitably fall the cost and misery of the rebellion, were clearly entitled to be protected against the consequences of success either on the part of the rebel army or of the dominant classes in the country. It was the spectacle of the misery and injustice which the peasant suffered at the hands of the latter with Ismaïl Pasha at their head, that made it possible to thrust in the European Control and those other administrations which have worked so advantageously for the fellahin. The desire to have a well-governed, and therefore a quiet, Egypt, operated no doubt, but the revelations of tyrannical oppression which followed the publication of the report of the Commission Supérieure d'Enquête in 1878 gave the impulsion which ended in the establishment, under the sanction of England and France, of the system of control. The system which preceded it was of private origin, and had no sanction whatever to enforce its orders. It gave attributes to the Controllers in some respects greater than those of their internationally appointed successors, especially in that it gave to the Controllers the right to nominate to all financial posts

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\* These are the quotations of State Domains Stock, but the other funds varied in the same proportions.



in the provinces as well as at the great centres. These excessive powers would never have been proposed by persons having a knowledge of Egypt and of the Arab character. They were practically inoperative, and, being so, the Controllers found themselves shorn of their prerogative. They were at the same time without even semi-official communication with their own Governments, so that, even had they been men of strong character and ability, it would have been impossible for them to succeed. As a matter of fact they failed egregiously, and they gave way to another abortive experiment, that of having two Europeans, still without recognition from their Governments, entrusted with the all-important portfolios of Finance and Public Works in an Egyptian Cabinet presided over by an Armenian Christian. The mission of this Cabinet was to execute the programme of reform which had formed an appropriate conclusion to the second report of the Commission d'Enquête. In No. 314 of this Journal (for April 1881) —this programme was published at length. The Cabinet which set so manfully to work to execute it, did wonders in its short life of six months. It introduced principles of order into financial and administrative chaos, it showed a resolute front to corruption and oppression, it imported skilled men to work out the *régime* which its advent to power had inaugurated. Then it fell, killed partly by its haste to accomplish quickly in a land where the pervading spirit of all public life is procrastination, partly by the hostility its own justice had evoked in the unjust classes, but chiefly through the development of that irreconcilable hatred which existed between its president and the Khedive. It fell, like Lucifer, 'never to rise again,' but in falling it dragged with it, Samsonwise, the temple of its enemy and the Dagon that was worshipped within it. The deposition of Khedive Ismaïl was the direct consequence of the fall of the Nubar Ministry.

Those who wish to understand fully the situation in which the Egyptian peasant found himself only four years ago must be at the trouble to master the reports and appendices of the Commission Supérieure d'Enquête. On rising from the perusal they will probably agree that a remedy for the state of things there revealed was worth an effort, and the imagination of people who are not moved to action by the sight of misery nearer home was fired at the recital of the wrongs of the toiler on the banks of the Nile. Advantage was accordingly taken of a proviso made when the European element was introduced into the Cabinet, to re-establish, but on a new basis, the institution of the Control. That institution was declared to

have been suspended only, and not abolished, when European Ministers were accepted. This new basis was that of international governmental recognition, designation of the English and French Controllers-General by their respective Governments, and their irremoveability without the previously obtained consent of those Governments. With this strong position, power was given to the Controllers to enquire into all branches of the financial administration, to supervise the drawing up of the Budget, to sit at the Council of Ministers, and to make their voices heard either at the Council meetings or by means of reports to the Khedive—reports which they had the right to publish in the ‘*Moniteur Egyptien*.’ These were very large powers—so large as to be sure to excite enmity and opposition from the native ministers and the governing classes—but they were considered indispensable for the work to be taken in hand. They were large, too, when given to men who in some sort might supplant in the ministerial and Khedivial counsels the accredited political agents of England and France. If the possessor of the powers given to the Controllers chose to give himself importance, if he were an intriguer, if he aimed at rivalling in any sense his Consul-General, if that Consul-General were a man of ability inferior to his own, then the newly made Controller-General was invested by his patent with the means of giving infinite trouble to the political agent, and ultimately to the Foreign Office of his own country.

The English Government was fortunate in its selection both of Agent and Controller. Sir Edward Malet, notwithstanding the malevolent charges which his quondam friend Mr. Blunt levelled against him in his absence and at the moment he fell ill last July, is recognised in Downing Street and by his political acquaintances as one of the ablest of the younger generation of diplomatists. To say that he has made no mistakes would be too much when writing of a participator in events in which everybody concerned has been to some extent deceived or has deceived himself. There are those who think that the visit of Sir Edward Malet to Constantinople last year on his return to Egypt was a serious error. But the Government, though careful to discard responsibility for the proposed semi-official visit of its agent to the Sultan, allowed him to make the visit, and, for anything that appears to the contrary in the Parliamentary Papers, adopted what he had done. The character Sir Edward Malet has earned among those who have watched his career closely is of the highest order. Certainly, for the purpose of guiding and working

with the Controller-General, no more capable man could have been found.

Equally fortunate was our Government in its choice of Controllers. In Major Baring, the first Controller-General, now Finance Minister in India, was found a man of great grasp of mind, able to take in quickly all the points of a difficult subject; able also, by his tact and resolution, to carry his conclusion in the face of opposition, or to meet it by conciliation. In his successor, Sir Auckland Colvin, was found a man of courage, as his conduct on September 9, 1881, testified, and a man of a loyal nature, willing to work with and in subordination to the Consul-General. If he was neither so brilliant nor so persuasive as his predecessor, it might have been said thirteen months ago that circumstances required rather the patient application of principles already evolved than the evolution of fresh ideas, and that for such work the qualities of a careful administrator were needed more than those of a creator of systems.

But if the English Government was thus fortunate, what was the fate of the French Government? and its fate might conceivably under other conditions be ours also. There was but one French Controller-General from the institution of the Control in the autumn of 1879 down to March of the present year, but in that time there have been three French Consuls-General. During the whole of that time there was a struggle between the two French agents for the mastery. Thrice the Controller routed his opponent, and then he succumbed himself. What sort of authority either agent could have, whether with the natives or his own countrymen, may be imagined rather than described. Instead of the French authority being concentrated in the person of its responsible diplomatic agent, it was frittered away amongst the partisans of the rivals for power with the inevitable result that numerous independent intrigues were set on foot by wholly irresponsible persons having no title whatever to mix themselves up with politics. These intrigues took a shape compromising to France when viewed in connexion with her public declarations; they have ended in failure and in the recall of the fifth Consul-General who has represented France at Cairo since the beginning of 1879.

Yet in spite of the defects inherent in the constitution of the Control, in spite of the loss of power involved on the French side by the personal circumstances above narrated, the progress made by the Control towards executing the programme of the Commission d'Enquête, in ameliorating the lot of the fellahin, was very great. Out of the

articles in the programme the following have been embodied in laws:—

1. No tax can be levied without the sanction of a decree legally published.

2. All the machinery of tax-collection is under the effective orders of the Minister of Finance and supervised by the Control.

3. The system of public accounts has been reformed, and properly framed budgets are published.

4. Taxes are only collected at those dates at which the ingathering of the crops enables taxpayers to pay without having recourse to borrowing.

5. Means to avoid the oppression of natives by the employés of Government.

6. Abolition of taxes vexatious in themselves or in the mode of levy.

7. Revision of the customs dues.

8. The setting on foot of a cadastral survey.

It may at once be admitted that much yet remains to be done in respect of the fifth of the above articles, while there are still unfulfilled of the original programme the clauses which were meant to abolish the distinction between Egyptian and foreigner in respect of liability to personal taxes; to create a reserve fund to provide against years of bad Nile; the institution of an independent and uncorrupt tribunal for the settlement of all revenue questions; the revision of the land-tax; the regularisation of the right to take water from the public canals, of the *corvée*, of the regulations of military service.

It must not be supposed, however, that no attempts have been made to deal with these latter points. Experimental reform has been tried with the *corvée* question, and the ground has been prepared for definitive legislation on that subject; the revision of the land-tax, a crying necessity, awaits the completion of the cadastral survey; while as regards the exemption of foreigners from the house-tax, and from the personal taxes paid by Egyptians, the draft law, prepared by the Controllers and agreed to by most of the Consuls-General, was in the portfolio of Sherif Pasha at the time he resigned in February, and would ere this have been embodied in a decree but for the disorder which followed upon Sherif's fall.

The elaboration and completion of these projects alone would constitute a Magna Charta for the fellah. This was the work set out by men who were not charged with the care of looking after bondholders' interests, but who, acting in the interests of the country and of the people, declared them to be essential

to good government. Those who, like Mr. Blunt, persist in refusing to see any disinterestedness in the efforts of their countrymen and other Europeans in Egypt, may say that but for the anxiety of Europeans to secure their bonds, imperilled by the impending bankruptcy of the country, there would have been no such proposals to relieve the people's condition. The answer is that the Khedive himself sought an enquiry and an interference, and only objected when he found himself taken at his word, and that the enquiry was to be deep and searching instead of a mere surface thing, only serious enough to compromise the responsibility of Europe in his indebtedness. And surely the good faith of Europe was made clear when, by the Law of Liquidation which recognised the Control, its work and the demonstrated difficulties of the people, it consented to a unification of the general debt upon terms involving a large permanent sacrifice of interest.

It requires but little experience of the East to know that no part of the programme propounded by the Commission d'Enquête could have been executed by native agents alone. The vested interests in office and in the fruits of power are too considerable, the habit of using power for the pecuniary advantage of the office-holder is too deeply ingrained, to make it possible to entrust the Eastern official with such delicate and self-denying functions. He may be induced to assist in the work, but he cannot inaugurate or direct it. This fact has been recognised by Egyptian rulers from the time of Mohammed Ali to that of Tewfik Pasha, and is one cause of the presence of that large number of Europeans whom the rash and the poetical love to depict as vultures feeding on the vitals of Egypt.

If then the security of the Suez Canal, the word plighted to the Khedive, the interests of Europeans engaged in industrial enterprises, and the modified interests of the foreign bondholders, be held insufficient to warrant interference between the Khedive and his rebellious army, the votes of the sentimental ought at least to be given in favour of intervention for the protection of the fellah. For the reversal of the beneficent policy of the last three years would inevitably follow the reassertion of exclusive native rule; and the last state of the fellahin under an exclusive realisation of the plan of Egypt for the Egyptians must become worse than the first. The primary cause of the rebellion was a military reaction against these very reforms.

Before examining the diplomatic circumstances which led united Europe to recognise that there was such anarchy in

Egypt as to justify intervention, and those further circumstances which led England to assume single-handed the task of intervention, it may be well to consider shortly this question of European employés in Egypt, and to analyse the Parliamentary papers which show their numbers and their salaries.

From Parliamentary Papers, No. 4 and No. 6, it appears that there are or were 1,325 Europeans in the Egyptian service, and that they draw 379,056*l.* (E.)\* a year. From these totals may be eliminated the staff of the Tribunals of the Reform; that is to say, 203 persons, and 63,456*l.* (E.). The whole of the expense for the tribunals is defrayed by fees on process, and constitutes no charge upon the Egyptian treasury. The 1,122 persons, drawing 315,600*l.* (E.), who remain for consideration, may be divided into two groups, one comprising the services specially created by international arrangements, as the Control, the Caisse of the Public Debt, the Railways, the Daira Sanieh, and the State Domains; the other comprising the Europeans in the Civil Service proper. The second group includes 862 persons, who are paid 210,756*l.* (E.) a year.

Now as regards these 862 persons, there is nothing to prevent the Egyptian Government dismissing them all, though it is probable that exception would be taken semi-officially to such an act as regards administrations, like the Customs, Post-office, Lighthouses, and the Finance Ministry, in which Europeans are especially interested. But as a matter of right the Egyptian Government can, if it chooses, make a clean sweep of them. It is open to the Government to employ them or not, and it is sole judge of the salaries to be paid. Presumably it engages no more than the work to be done requires, and pays no more than it finds necessary to get suitable people. How far the Egyptian Government offices are overmanned, if at all, either by Europeans or Egyptians, is one of those questions with which foreigners have no concern. The utmost that can be done is to avoid any kind of pressure to induce Egyptian Ministers to take Europeans into their service, and to ensure, in the event of European employés being applied for, that competent persons are chosen, and that the salaries proposed are reasonable. To judge by the language of some critics, the salaries paid to Europeans in Egypt are excessive, even to constituting a grievance on the part of the Egyptians. The Egyptians have the remedy in their own

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\* The Egyptian pound is worth  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more than the English pound.

hands. There is probably no public employment of trust anywhere for which candidates could not be found at half the remuneration actually assigned, if knowledge, experience, and character be considered as matters of minor importance; but an honest comparison of pay given in England and in Egypt for work of cognate character will show but scant compensation for the heavy additional charges incurred by the European worker in Egypt, and for the risks and inconveniences he suffers.

The hardest sayings of native and foreign critics are kept for the mixed administrations which are of international obligation. They employ natives and foreigners as in the other departments. Of Europeans there are in the

			£ E.
1. Contrôle-Général .	15	persons drawing	14,101 a year
2. Caisse de la Dette .	24	" "	16,227 "
3. Railways .	93	" "	29,761 "
4. Daira Sanieh .	46	" "	19,672 "
5. State Domains .	82	" "	25,042 "
	260		104,803

Within these administrations the Government is practically powerless, for the Councils of Management appoint and dismiss their employés, while the salaries of the administrators have been fixed after mature consideration by the Governments concerned in conjunction with the Government of Egypt. The foregoing five administrations were instituted at different times, for distinct purposes, and without reference the one to the other. Should the business confided to them now be organised afresh, economy might be effected either by placing the whole under one board of control with fewer members than the aggregate of the present administrators, or by fusing the Control and the Commission of the Public Debt, and welding the other executive administrations in one. If, without injury to the trusts represented by these various departments, economies can be made in their staff, it is evident that honour requires the initiative should be taken by us; the more so that these administrations are practically withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Egyptian Government. From a recent official, but as yet unpublished, statement, presented to the English Government, it appears that in the Egyptian service, exclusive of the foreign debt administration, but inclusive of the Tribunals, there are 54,041 employés, costing 1,953,599*l.* (E.). Of these 52,974 are natives, costing 1,648,503*l.* (E.). The Europeans employed represent 2 per cent. in number and 15½

per cent. in cost. In the Foreign Debt offices the percentage of cost for Europeans is about 10 per cent. of the total.

In order to trace the causes which have led step by step to the late rebellion, we must go back not only to September 9, 1881, the date usually assigned to its origin, but to the 10th of the previous February. When this subject was last dealt with in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in April 1881, three things were pointed out as indicating possible dangers in the future. It was said—

'The Khedive, with his patience, with his hearty concurrence in all steps that will get his country out of entanglement, and with his evident desire to set a good example of economy and good faith, is as good a Mussulman as ever asserted the unity of God. His President of the Council, Riaz Pasha, an honest, well-meaning, and hard-working man, recognises the efforts of Europeans to get the country straight, while he does not forget that Europeans contributed enormously and even shamefully to build up the Egyptian debt. He fully shares with his master the feeling that Egypt should be ruled by the Egyptians, and he heartily dislikes the footing which circumstances have enabled Europeans to get in the administration of the country. . . . He is a member of five orders of Christian knighthood. But he would willingly resign these and all outside marks of approval could he see the Europeans quit of the country. If these are the sentiments of a man who has been several times in Europe, who has worked intimately with Europeans, and who has borrowed from them many of the qualities through which he has attained high office, what are the feelings of those less instructed Egyptians who hate the European because he is an infidel, and despise him for refusing brides and for preventing them from getting them! . . . The interested observer will not fail to watch narrowly for the growth or decline of that anti-European spirit which certainly exists, no matter how closely it be veiled.'

These words were written a few days after that fatal 10th of February 1881, when the arm of authority was mortally wounded in Cairo, when the colonels of three regiments, Arabi being one, were violently released from arrest, and when, at the demand of the ex-prisoners, the War Minister and the principal Circassian officer of the Khedive's staff were summarily dismissed.

That 'anti-European spirit which certainly exists no matter how closely it be veiled,' was not altogether unacceptable to the good Mussulman who sat on the throne. It strongly possessed his Prime Minister. No one who had much to do with Riaz Pasha since his accession to power, and notably during the second half of the year 1880, could fail to observe the rapid development of this hostile spirit within him. It



was manifested in the increasing difficulties which the Controllers-General encountered at the council table; in the wilful obstruction by the Government of any industrial enterprises which might even remotely increase European influence; in refusals to sell land, except mere strips of waste, to European buyers; in the aggravation of that administrative neglect which so severely taxed the patience and the ability of the various European administrators.

But Riaz Pasha, who had sat in Nubar Pasha's Cabinet, who had been colleague there with M. de Blignières, afterwards Controller-General, was well aware that, with all his dislike of the Europeans, he could not do without them. He grew more and more jealous of them, and he girded at the idea of being kept in any kind of leading strings, but he never aimed at expelling all Europeans from the country. Men without his knowledge of what the State's necessities were, and without the restraints on their natural predilections which his experience and also his honesty imposed on him, considered he went too slowly in his policy of Egypt for the Egyptians, and they resolved to overthrow him. They found a ready instrument to their hand in the discontent which had become chronic in the army, and to which in a most unaccountable manner Riaz shut his eyes. An appeal was made to the vanity, to the greed, to the fanaticism of the army. The *mot d'ordre* was passed from El Ahzar that Riaz, whose father was a converted Jew, was not sound in the faith, that he was the friend of the Christians, that he had sat in the Cabinet with them, that his apparent hostility to them was only feigned. On their more worldly attention was forced the fact that Riaz was the cause of the arrest of the three colonels in February, that he had treated army grievances with contempt, that he had been a minister in April 1879, when the wholesale disbandment of officers brought about the *émeute* that ended by shaking Ismail off his throne. There was thus a union between the small but shrewd party, which styled itself National, and the army, which had interests of its own to serve. Without the army, the small knot of men who aspired to govern Egypt in the name of the Egyptians knew that they were powerless, while the army recognised their own necessity for wiser heads than their own to guide them. In Arabi Bey both sides found a man well calculated to be the exponent of their wishes. Among the Nationalists there was no one with so much personal authority, no one so removed as he by his profession from the jealousies which might mar the success of one of their own body. Then he was likely from his want of education to

be amenable to their superior wisdom : they might utilise his strength as man utilises the strength of a horse—they would hold the reins. They seem never to have read the story of *Frankenstein*, and to have forgotten that Aaron's rod swallowed up the rod serpents of former Egyptian magicians.

In the army there were many more instructed heads than Arabi's, and these too thought to use him—as they have done—for their objects. Thus it came about that the convenience of both parties was suited by the election of Arabi to represent them. As a fellah who had suffered personal injustice at the hands of Ismaïl, he fitly represented, it was thought, the long-suffering Egyptian peasant, whilst the notion he developed about this time that he had a mission analogous to that of Moses, for the delivery of his countrymen from bondage, made him eminently acceptable to the fanaticism of the Moslem.

What were the aims of the two parties who thus agreed to leave the execution of their wishes to the same delegate? Were there other forces with which Europe, or any external power, would have to reckon in case of intervention? The answer to the second question is not only an affirmative answer, but, as will be seen on study of the Parliamentary Papers, the hidden forces were more difficult to deal with than the evident forces. There were the Sultan's party, the ex-Khedive Ismaïl's party, and the religious party acting directly within the country, though within narrow limits. In Europe there was the sentimental and unpractical party, represented by the writers of letters to newspapers, men who knew just enough of the subject to misrepresent it, and who might have been allowed to drift to oblivion unnoticed, but that their letters on a subject on which there was profound ignorance in the public mind had a deceptive effect for a time.

In Egyptian affairs one of these volunteers actually did go on to such an extent as to end by narrowly escaping the punishment due to those who 'comfort the Queen's enemies.' Buoyed up by personal vanity, which allowed neither lifelong friendships nor the courtesies and confidence usual among public men to stand in his way, this volunteer succeeded for a while not only in misleading the public mind as to the composition and aspirations of the National party in Egypt, as to the character of Arabi, and as to the course which should be adopted in consequence. His plausibility imposed for a time even upon the Prime Minister, into whose generous ear the poet poured his Egyptian epic, not without effect up to about the end of May. But a fortnight before the massacre at Alexandria the charm of the charmer had lost its power, and

Mr. Gladstone began to see clearly the rough peaks of the real Egyptian question.

The part which religion played in the Egyptian drama was for a long while misunderstood by all sides. There were those who said that religion had no part or parcel in it, that the quarrel was purely local and personal, and that, even were the religious element introduced, there was not religion enough in the Egyptian fellahin to kindle them to the exertion of a holy war. It is always difficult to estimate how much or how little particular classes in a community may be disposed to sacrifice for the religion they profess, and in the absence of exciting causes it might seem as though they would make no effort at all, as if they had no religion at all. But where the profession of a religion, which is nothing if it is not fanatical, is combined with the grossest ignorance in the professing class, there are the elements of furious mischief, of brutal violence, and of deeds to make one shudder. The deeds done in Alexandria on June 11, and on July 12 and 13, were assignable, if you will, to mixed causes, but the butcheries at Tantah, at Tookh, at Mehallet-el-Kebir, and in the country villages, were traceable directly to hatred of the unbeliever. Granted that in some cases old scores were paid off, and that the cutting of throats with a penknife while the victim's head was held between the butcher's knees, was the revenge for scandalous usury pitilessly exacted, the same motive could not have dictated the slaughter of the village engineer, of the district surveyor, of the merchant's clerk, whose sole offence was that they were foreigners in race and in religion. The truth is that from the beginning of this rebellion the influence of the religious mischief-makers was never absent, and though other and more popular causes for action were put in the front rank, the leaven of fanaticism prepared in El Ahzar was from the first leavening the whole lump. The Ulema of El Ahzar in Cairo, the greatest university in the East, and the chiefs of the Dervishes, played leading parts in the disturbances which drove Nubar Pasha from office; they were prominent enough in the proceedings which led to the deposition of Ismail; nor were they unfriendly to Tewfik on his accession. Now these Ulema and these Sheikhs of Dervishes are in communication with the entire Mussulman world; they exercise a certain influence over it, and they were bound by every consideration of religion and self-interest to avail themselves of an opportunity which seemed to them favourable for a reassertion of the power of Islam. That they miscalculated their own strength, and that they had no idea of the forces they were

defying, is only to say that they were untravelled and ignorant in worldly wisdom, qualities they would glory in rather than otherwise. Strong in the faith, and firmly persuaded that the time must be at hand when, if the Mahdi himself was not to appear, the true Caliph at least should be revealed, they held it presumption to count the enemy. The number of his ships and of his armies could not weigh with them for a moment, seeing that it was the will of Allah which was being fulfilled, and which could not be thwarted, roar the guns of ironclads never so loudly. We have seen already how that in a less intolerant degree the religious spirit affected the policy of Riaz Pasha, that it naturally was strong in the Khedive. It is to be found in greater or less intensity in every Mussulman breast whenever the issue of Christian or Mussulman supremacy in a Mussulman country comes to be raised. To fan this flame, to excite the ignorant masses to action when the favourable moment came, was the business of the chiefs of El Ahzar and of their allies the Dervishes, the monks and friars of Islam.

Mr. Blunt, in his 'Future of Islam,' has knit together a good many threads of the Mohammedan religious tangle, and has put in a clear light the great question of the day in the Mohammedan world, the question of the true Caliphate. It is necessary to examine this question in order to understand the Arabian as distinct from the Turkish complexion sought to be put on the movement by the 'National' and also by the military party. It is also necessary in order to understand the spasmodic and vacillating action of the Sultan of Turkey, who first intrigues with the disobedient servant of his vassal, then threatens him, afterwards decorates him, but ends by declaring him a rebel and putting him under the ban of Islam. The key to the Sultan's action is that he is not the true Caliph, and yet that he earnestly desires to be recognised as Emir el Momenin, or Commander of the Faithful. The key to Arabi's half-disguised contempt of a Sultan who could not, as he thought, dispose of sufficient force to overthrow him, except upon terms, is that, inspired by El Ahzar and stirred by his *entourage* and by his own ambition, he might, if needed, proclaim the Arabian Caliphate, setting himself up as its native champion, or *faute de mieux* take it himself. To this latter end he gave out during the month of May that though, to all appearance and to all men's knowledge, he was a fellah and son of fellahin, yet that as a matter of fact he was of the Koreish tribe. It is clear that the Sultan el Roum, being of the House of Othman and admittedly not derived from the sacred clan to

which alone the Caliphate or successorship was given by the Prophet, cannot in the nature of things have a good title to the rank. But in the absence of a worthy claimant, *pur sang*, whom all Islam would recognise, the right first advanced by Selim I. in the height of his power and after he had conquered the whole Moslem world, has been admitted by many, though it has been rejected by nearly as many more. The question is one which has vexed the soul of Islam more or less since the year 1517. But the claim produced no such active schism as did the rivalries of the Popes and Antipopes in Christendom. In all Islam was found no one so powerful as to doubt the nobility of the conqueror Selim, whilst Selim, content with recognition in his own empire, in the country which contains the holy places of Mecca and Medina, and in Egypt, was prudent enough not to insist too much upon direct acceptance of his right by countries like Persia and India and Morocco, where he was not prepared to wage war, and where he hoped by preaching emissaries to win the people to his side. The main ground of his claim was that the miracle involved in the rise and establishment of the Turkish empire involved also that of the transfer of the spiritual dignity from the Saracen to the Turkish race, from the head of the noble tribe which had given Mohammed to the world to the head of that house which Allah had evidently raised up to execute more effectually the spread of the faith and the destruction of unbelievers.

Deep down in the heart of every Mohammedan, not of the Wahhabees, lies the conviction that force and possession are expressions of the will of God, and that he who resists the power, even the power of the infidel in certain cases, may be committing sin and fighting against God. So long as the power is manifestly greater than that which can be brought against it, so long is it the duty of the true believer to submit to it, waiting for the time when in the providence of God there shall come an opportunity for restoring that supremacy which is reserved for the faithful. It is such a feeling as this that enables the pious Mohammedans of India to accept the English rule, and to reject as outside the pale of practical politics the teaching of the Wahhabees, who preach eternal war against all that is not Islam, and against all that is slack and halting inside the pale of Islam itself. Standing on the most ancient ways of Mohammedanism and rejecting as impious the doctrine that aught can be added to or subtracted from the book which the Prophet himself declared to be perfect, and to contain all that could be necessary for the guidance of man's life in this world and in the next, these fierce Puritans of Islam scout the idea of

an intrusion into the sacred office of the Successor of the Prophet. They reject the fact and the arguments on which it is justified together with all the innovations permitted by the Hanafite, or easy-going, members of the religion. Men who persist in regarding India as *Dar el Harb* (the House of War) so long as the Kafir holds sway there—who condemn tobacco smoking because not authorised by a Koran which was written before the introduction of tobacco as one of the comforts of men's lives—and who maintain that no 'fetwa' or interpretation by Ulema can contradict the text or express words of the book—cannot be expected to allow to the subverter of the Arabian empire the title which the Koran says an Arab alone can bear. Therefore they refuse to recognise the title which the Turkish Sultan claims, of 'King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Monarch of the two seas (the Mediterranean and the Red Sea), and Protector of the two lands (Hejaz and Syria), Successor of the Apostle of God, Commander of the Faithful, Emperor, and Prince.' They had the courage of their convictions when, having overrun Syria and possessed themselves of the holy places, they defied Sultan Mahmoud, and only withdrew their shattered forces into Asia after Mohammed Ali had undertaken a regular campaign against them. From their camp at Sittana on the north-west frontier of India they await the sign of the re-accession of the Koreish, and of the day when the Caliph shall be superseded by the Mahdi, also of the sacred tribe. The Wahhabees have been selected as extreme types of the opponents to Turkish pretensions to religious supremacy. But intermediately between them and Constantinople lie a vast number of Moslems who are lukewarm in their attachment to the Padishah, while a powerful section are absolutely hostile.

It will be seen, then, that the Sultan has real cause for anxiety if, desirous of compensating himself for loss of territory and prestige in Europe, he seek to re-establish in his own person at Baghdad, Damascus, or Cairo, the disused but never forgotten temporal-spiritual authority which once flourished in those places, and to build up again the religious empire which shall extend from India to Morocco. That he has such a dream we learn from some direct sources, but more still from such conduct as he has manifested throughout the last three years in his dealings with Egypt. The readiness with which he welcomed in 1879 the demand by England and France for the deposition of Ismaïl Pasha was induced, if we may judge by his after conduct, not so much by the desire to be agreeable to those governments as to regain at a blow some of his lost prestige,

and by a manifest act of superior authority to mark his sovereign power in Egypt. The sending of a mission secretly to Cairo when the Arabi troubles were becoming chronic after September 9, 1881, was another proof of his desire to get his hand in without reference to any other States, and it is beyond question that by means of that mission the seed was sown of the continued resistance by Arabi to the Khedive's authority, and the foundation was laid of that plot to overthrow the Control and the Europeans generally which Arabi, in spite of declarations to the contrary, steadily pursued thenceforth. The text of the bargain made it is impossible to produce; for, in accordance with Eastern practice, whereby the important parts of correspondence are left to be delivered orally, it is most likely there was no written stipulation; but that there was a compromising correspondence there can be hardly any doubt, seeing that Arabi, as lately as last March, threatened to publish it if he were abandoned by the Porte. It will be curious if it ever sees the light. It is also certain that there existed during the whole course of the insurrection a private correspondence between the Palace at Stamboul and the camp at Kafr-el-Dowar which makes it incontestable that the Sultan was insincere in all his dealings with the Western Powers. His desire to place himself at the head of the so-called National movement was dependent on the amount of support he could count upon, not only in Egypt, but in the rest of the Arab nations. Now it was no part of the game of the wire-pullers who played Arabi as their marionnette to admit the Turk to dominion in the province whence he had been ostracised. Experience, the very latest, had shown them what Turkish rule meant, that it was the synonym of financial ruin and contemptuous personal treatment, and they hesitated to try to gain even their pet point of turning out the European at the cost of admitting their traditional oppressor, who intended moreover to put forward his claim to the Arabian Caliphate. This hesitation on the part of the Egyptians and this clinging of the Sultan to his great dream determined the despatch of Dervisch Pasha's mission at the end of May, 1882, in answer to the urgent remonstrances of England and France at the growth of the rebellious spirit. When on May 21 the Khedive was practically a prisoner in his palace at Cairo; when his ministers on May 23 refused to resign or to be dismissed; when, having been dismissed, Arabi caused the garrison of Alexandria on May 27 to demand at least his restoration on penalty of doing something which they refused to disclose—it was clear the pupil

in intrigue had reached a stage of proficiency at which it required the wiliest of his master's agents to outwit him.

The wiliest available agent was sent with what orders no one was allowed to know. The Sultan invoked was resolved to show that he would intervene in his own way only. He sent Dervisch Pasha, the man said to be without fear as without scruple, the settler by treachery of the Albanian difficulty, the man who had managed the difficult and disagreeable business of Dulcigno. He was to settle out of hand, in his strong, unscrupulous way, the Egyptian difficulty also. So capable and so powerful was he that there was no need to back his authority by so much as a half-battalion of troops. According to one statement which is not incredible, though we know not on whose authority it rests, Dervisch Pasha was authorised to offer to Arabi high rank and the Governorship of Tripoli, on condition of his leaving Egypt. Dervisch Pasha was all-sufficient, and Lord Granville himself seemed to think during the first days of June that things were in a fair way of settlement. He also expressed the fullest confidence in the sincerity of the French Government to stand loyally by us in case of failure by Dervisch.

That Dervisch Pasha was never intended to stem the current of Egyptian sedition was clear to the eyes of everyone after he had received in his first audience the respective agents of the Khedive and of the disobedient Minister of War. His arrival without force of any kind filled with dismay those Europeans in Egypt who had hoped for a solution of difficulties at his hands, for the shrewdness of the Arabs led them at once to guess that nothing serious was intended, and they bore themselves more insolently even than they had done when they saw the inadequate naval force of England and France arrive in the port of Alexandria to act as a demonstration of power. The only demonstration of power which the Eastern heeds or fears is that which can strike him at once and strike him hard. He is a disbeliever in reserve power which cannot reach him in the day, as he is a firm believer in the main chance, and in that to-morrow which may bring him some protector of whom he knows nothing to-day. His answer to the naval demonstration, to the Dervisch Pasha mission, and to all the efforts which were being made on the one side to keep him quiet, on the other to stir him up, was the massacre of Europeans in the streets of Alexandria on June 11.

For the same reason that it is impossible to say how far the Sultan was the instigator of particular acts of rebellion by Arabi against the Viceroy, it is impossible to say that Arabi



gave direct orders personally for the massacre; but what is not doubtful is that the orders were given by the confidential friend and fanatical adviser of Arabi, that six thousand nabouts or axe-handles had been distributed amongst the worst classes of the Arab population a few days before by an official of the Government, that the police and soldier assistants of police (Mustaphazin) were among the worst assailants of the people they were placed to defend, and that people running for their lives to the guard-houses held by Arabi's men were murdered by the watch. No serious attempt was ever made to disavow Arabi's knowledge of the intention to break out; and though at first so black was the treachery, and so popular was the violence, that the English Commander-in-Chief telegraphed home that the riot had no political significance, it is now certain that the massacre was part of a programme intended to show the futility of all that had been done against Arabi, and to commit those acting with him to stand still further by him as the only means of assuring their own safety.

It is probable that the Sultan underrated the strength of the military party, or overrated his own power of using it for his own purposes. Arabi preferred to rely upon his Arabian supports rather than upon the promises of the Sultan, and his bid for Arabian support involved a *non possumus* on the Turkish Caliphate question. Whatever the cause, Dervisch Pasha had failed, and the Sultan, still clinging to his hope of winning, without fighting him, the only man who could greatly help him to realise his dream of empire, astounded Europe, just assembling in Conference to consider the best means of ending Egyptian difficulties, by sending Arabi the highest rank in the Order of the Medjidie. Arabi accepted the gift, but made no real concession. He continued to temporise in order to gain time, and it was not until the Sultan, having insulted the common sense of Europe by refusing to recognise the existence of anarchy in Egypt, had exhausted every art by which he could place himself at the head of the movement, and moreover saw that England at least meant to take things with the strong hand, that he announced his determination to send troops to Egypt.

It is difficult to understand how even one brought up in harem atmosphere and kept ignorant of the machinery by which the daily political life of the world is kept moving, could bring himself to think, after all that had gone before, that on his bare promise to send troops England would cease her preparations for a military expedition, or that she would be so simple as to accept his grudging aid without conditions.

Yet Musurus Pasha was directed to inform Lord Granville of the intention of the Porte to send troops, and that it was expected the English would at once withdraw from the scene. Lord Granville met the request in the only possible way by a categorical refusal. On a former occasion Musurus Pasha, by order, told Lord Granville that the forts of Alexandria would not fire on our ships even if fired on, at the very moment the bombardment was at its height. These wearisome negotiations with the Porte were conducted with great ability by Lord Dufferin, who knew the character of the man he was dealing with. The military convention was never signed, for the excellent reason that before the terms of it could be settled the war was over. The Sultan was entangled in his own manœuvres, and for the present disappears from the Egyptian stage.

It will be readily seen from the foregoing paragraphs that fanaticism in Egypt might be set going actively against us by agencies other than the Sultan's, and that though no one but the Emir el Momenin could authorise a holy war, there is combustible material enough in Egypt to be set alight by holy fire from Mecca, or for that matter from El Ahzar in Cairo itself. It was by appeals to religious hatred that the massacres were perpetrated in Alexandria, in Tantah, at Tookh, at Mehallet Abon Ali, and at Mehallet-el-Kebir. The great insurrection which broke out in Cairo in 1799, after the occupation of the city by Bonaparte and the defeat of the Beys, was organised in the mosques. This deserves to be remembered. No holy war proclamation was needed to excite the vulgar fury of the mass against the infidel. Has not the Koran a standing order that the unbelievers shall be destroyed? Remarks have been made and contempt has been expressed for the way in which thousands of Europeans left the country without making associations to defend themselves. But the constant dread of assassination unnerves the strongest men, how much more such as compose the European settlements in Egyptian towns and villages. Flight was the only resource of the weak in number, encumbered with families and unaccustomed to arms, in the presence of a danger which had already manifested itself in several violent explosions.

In May an Egyptian Bey who was not a partisan of Arabi's said, 'Arabi will fight, and all Egypt with him, against foreign troops, but will yield to the Sultan's orders or troops. If Arabi resists the latter, his own people will leave him, and the Bedouins will cut his head off.' Five weeks afterwards Arabi, relying on the growth of the fanatical spirit which had

been sedulously fanned, was said to have written a bombastic letter to Mr. Gladstone, pointing out very clearly the means on which he relied to secure his ends. Arabi now denies, we are told, that he wrote any such letter at all, and it appears to be a forgery, but the spirit of it is identical with that of the ignorant but self-reliant fanatic with whom Mr. Blunt has identified himself. This letter of July 2 declared that

'England may rest assured that the first gun she fires on Egypt will absolve the Egyptians from all treaties, contracts, and conventions, that the Control and debt will cease, that the property of Europeans will be confiscated, that the canals will be destroyed, the communications cut, and that use will be made of the religious zeal of Mohammedans to preach a holy war in Syria, in Arabia, and in India. Egypt is held by Mohammedans as the key of Mecca and Medina, and all are bound by their religious law to defend these holy places and the ways leading to them.'

In all this there was a vast deal of exaggeration. No holy war was proclaimed. The native troops of the Indian army fought gallantly by the side of their British comrades against the Egyptians; and, whatever may be the secret resentment of the fanatical party, the war happily did not assume a religious character, and was strictly confined to Lower Egypt.

It is time, however, to enquire what were the aspirations and what was the programme of the National party, and of what did that party consist. It may be said that the National party consisted of those persons who wished for such modifications in the existing despotism as would enable representatives of the people to procure some of the benefits and powers of government, which had hitherto been concentrated in the head of the State. How far they intended to share in common with their countrymen such concessions as they might exact, is a question proper for those who are analysts of motives. But even if they did no more than put a bridle on despotism, if they secured but the form of a constitution which might be turned into a reality later, they had done something. If they made use of their influence and position to get land and other riches for themselves, they were merely following the eternal customs of the East—customs which have not been without their counterparts in the more civilised West—but the general benefit they conferred upon their country was the inculcation of the idea that it was possible to strive after the attainment of a certain amount of liberty. As far as this idea may be applicable to the future government of Egypt, it will certainly meet with support, rather than opposition, from Great Britain.

The first machinery devised for the expression of anything

like national wishes in Egypt was the work of the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha. He granted no constitution, but he convoked the first Chamber of Notables. In 1866 this assembly, consisting of seventy-five members, was called together for the ostensible purpose of advising the Khedive, and perhaps of sharing his responsibility in the weightier affairs of State. But it had no cohesion; the elections to it were a farce, whereby the Government and its officials made money, and the dependence of its members upon the Khedive for their posts, which they valued for the local influence they carried, made the Assembly of Notables a mere instrument of oppression in the hands of a man like Ismail. No one in the country believed in it, yet was it the only articulate voice by which the country could make itself heard. Sherif Pasha, who has been the consistent friend of gradual self-government in Egypt, was desirous of giving greater expansion to this institution, and, in August 1879, resigned office because he could not bring the Khedive to share his opinions on the subject. He would have conferred on the Chamber the right to initiate laws, to examine and report upon grievances, and within certain limits to control expenditure. He would have gone to the verge of a constitution. But other principles prevailed at the time; the Chamber was prorogued without ever having had a decree defining its attributes, and was in effect disused till circumstances suggested its revival in the winter of last year.

Those circumstances were the dangerous and alarming growth of the military spirit, which by its action in February, and more decidedly still by that in September, had threatened to take all matters into its own hands, and to eclipse the party which professed more liberal and more general views. Moved by the pressure which came upon him from many native quarters, and anxious to find a legitimate instrument for controlling the army, Tewfik Pasha, rather against the advice of the foreign agents, summoned the Chamber of Notables to meet in Cairo. Fresh elections were made for the whole seventy-five seats, and the Sheikhs el Baled or headmen of villages, who were the electors, sent to the Assembly those men who, either by their writings in the native journals, by their speeches in quasi-public meetings, or in consequence of their known opinions, were deemed the fittest to repeat what their constituents were thinking and talking about in the villages and in the mosques of the country towns. Departing from the tactics pursued when Ismail Pasha ordered an election, and when the members of the Chamber were virtually

Government nominees, the Government in 1881 may be said not to have interfered in the elections, and fairly representative men were returned. Sultan Pasha, the greatest landowner in Upper Egypt, and Suleiman Pasha Abuza, one of the largest proprietors in the Delta, were chosen President and Vice-President respectively; and amongst the members were to be found the majority of those who had any title to be regarded as having popular, as distinguished from dynastic, interests at heart.

The Chamber was opened on December 26 with the following speech from the Viceregal throne, which we quote because it is a fair expression of the principles which we hope to see established in the future government of Egypt:—

‘Je suis venu vous exprimer ma satisfaction de vous voir réunis pour représenter les intérêts du pays. Dès mon avènement j’ai voulu avec fermeté et sincérité l’ouverture de la Chambre des Délégués; mais les difficultés qui nous pressaient alors m’ont empêché de réaliser mes intentions. A l’heure actuelle, nous devons en remercier la Providence, les questions financières sont résolues et dans la mesure du possible, grâce au concours des Puissances amies, les charges de l’Egypte ont été allégées. Rien ne s’oppose donc plus à l’inauguration de la Chambre, et je viens au milieu de vous ouvrir sa première session. Tous mes efforts et ceux de mon Gouvernement, vous le savez, Messieurs, tendent à assurer le bien-être de nos populations et l’ordre dans le règlement de leurs intérêts, en généralisant l’administration de la justice, en pourvoyant à la sécurité de tous les habitants du pays, sans distinction, dans leurs biens et dans leur vie. Tel a été le but que je me suis proposé: ami de l’instruction et du progrès, je n’ai jamais cessé de le poursuivre au grand jour depuis le moment où j’ai pris les rênes du Gouvernement. C’est à vous, Messieurs, de me seconder dans cette voie. La Chambre des Délégués sera dévouée au bien. Elle se consacrera tout entière à l’étude des intérêts généraux du pays. Elle devra tenir compte des obligations qui résultent de la loi de liquidation, comme aussi de tous autres engagements internationaux. Elle ne se départira jamais d’une sage modération, particulièrement nécessaire dans une période de transformation civilisatrice et de progrès. Vous devrez être toujours prudents, Messieurs les Délégués, et nous serons ensemble étroitement unis pour accomplir les réformes utiles à l’Egypte par la grâce de Dieu, l’aide de son Prophète avec le puissant appui de Sa Hautesse le Sultan, notre auguste Suzerain.’

Suitable speeches in reply were made in due course, and the Chamber proceeded to the consideration of its own organic law, which was intended to serve at once as a species of constitution, and as a test of the strength of the Chamber and of the Government. Though Arabi, Ali Fehmy, and the other military leaders, being officers on full pay, were ineligible to the Chambers, they had their delegates there, and from the open-

ing of the session these men assumed the style and used the language of Irreconcilables.

The wishes of the National party, as represented by the Chamber of Notables, may be summarised by saying that they aimed at controlling the finances by claiming to vote the budget of each ministry, and they asserted the responsibility of ministers, collectively and individually, to the Chamber for the acts of their departments. This last was evidently a derogation from the prerogative of the Khedive, but it was not the point on which Government and Chamber ultimately split.

There were forty-seven clauses in the draft regulation proposed by the Government for the organisation of the Chamber. Among them were prescriptions as to the manner in which elections should be conducted, the duration of the Chamber (which the Government put at four years), the right of petition to the Chamber, the freedom of members from arrest, and other necessary matters relating to procedure. There was also a prohibition against the imposition of new taxes of any kind without the previous consent of the Chamber, expressed in the shape of a voted law. But clauses 29 to 34 in the Government draft, which related to the Budget and to the authority which the Chamber might have over it, proved to be a stumbling-block which Irreconcilables and Moderates united to put in the way of the Government. It caused the overthrow of the Government and the disappearance of the Moderates shortly afterwards, for the Government that came in was the revolutionary Government of Mahmoud Sami and Arabi, which, in spite of all denials on the subject, hustled and threatened the Nationalists, till, in spite of themselves, they begged for the maintenance in office of the power that was destroying them, and even joined in their seditious petitions for the deposition of the only prince from whom they could expect constitutional reform. The Egyptian Girondists had not the courage of their French prototypes.

Sherif Pasha's *projet d'organisation* gave to the Chamber the right to have full details as to the make-up of both sides of the general Budget, and also of each departmental estimate. Then articles 32, 33, and 34 said:—

Art. 32. 'La Chambre pourra émettre son avis sur le budget de chaque ministère. Cet avis sera transmis au ministre des finances par le président de la Chambre avant le 20 décembre au plus tard.'

Art. 33. 'Le service du tribut, celui de la dette publique, ainsi que toute charge résultant de la loi de liquidation ou de conventions internationales, ne pourront être l'objet d'aucune discussion.'

Art. 34. 'Dans le cas où le budget ne pourrait pas être examiné par

la Chambre avant le 20 décembre, il sera rendu exécutoire par simple décret du Khédive sur la proposition du conseil des ministres, sous réserve des dispositions de l'article 28.'

The Chamber refused to accept article 34 in any shape, it accepted No. 33 as presented, but for No. 32, which gave the right to make observations on the various sections and chapters of the estimates, it substituted—

'La Chambre des Délégués examine et discute le budget. Le budget devient valable après le vote de la Chambre. Il sera communiqué par le président de la Chambre au ministre des finances le 20 décembre au plus tard.'

It added also—

'Tout traité, contrat ou engagement que le Gouvernement veut contracter avec des tiers, ne devient définitif et exécutoire qu'après avoir été voté par la Chambre, à l'exception des contrats ou adjudications relatifs à des travaux dont le crédit est prévu par le budget de l'année correspondante voté par la Chambre.'

This supplemental clause, asserting power over contracts, might have been accepted with modifications, but the right to discuss and vote the budget, even with the modifications imposed by art. 33, found nothing to recommend it in the eyes of the Government and of the Controllers-General. The Government saw the possibility of a deadlock in the executive through the absence of approval to the budget, brought about by the arts of the most accomplished obstructionists in the world; the Controllers General saw their influence was gone if the power of fixing the budgets were to pass away from the Council of Ministers, and that they themselves would 'be in the position of no longer dealing with responsible ministers, but an irresponsible Chamber.'

On January 16 Sir E. Malet wrote to Lord Granville an account of an interview he had had with Sultan Pasha on the subject. Sultan seemed to be unaware that the demand put forward involved the rupture of international agreements.

'I read to his Excellency the 10th article of the decree of November 18, 1876, establishing the Control, in which it is stated, with reference to the budget, that the ministers remain sole judges of the necessity of assigning credits. Sultan Pasha replied that, at that time, there was no Chamber, but I observed to his Excellency that the present Chamber was convoked under the decree of 1866, ten years previous to the decree establishing the Control; that it was true that the Chamber was rarely convoked, and that, when convoked, its action was not serious; that had it been otherwise, doubtless a specific statement on the point, going further than implication, would have been inserted in the decree. I added that there could be no doubt that the

decree had the nature of an international engagement, as it was established by the 3rd article of the decree of November 15, 1879, re-establishing the Control, that the previous decree could only be modified by the consent of the Governments of England and France.

‘Sultan Pasha requested that I would use my good offices with Chérif Pasha to bring about a compromise, but I gave him no encouragement that a compromise on this question would be possible.

‘I said that I had felt strongly the necessity of the establishment of a Chamber upon a basis which would secure the country from a return to the arbitrary rule of former days; that two guarantees were necessary to this end, which were that no law should be passed, and that no tax should be imposed, without the consent of the Chamber, and that both these guarantees existed in Chérif Pasha’s Bill, and I pointed out to him that, by the course which the Chamber was pursuing, the chance of liberal reform was being wrecked; that if, as I foresaw would be the case, Chérif Pasha refused to accede to the demands of the Chamber, the only way of obtaining compliance with those demands would be by force, and that the consequences of resorting to such means had been clearly stated by the Governments of England and France.

‘Sultan Pasha replied that the Chamber was firmly resolved never to have recourse to the aid of the military in the prosecution of its policy. He denied that it was at present acting under any pressure from the military, and affirmed that it was merely expressing the unanimous wish of the country.’

The truth was that at this time the extreme sections who were dominant in the Chamber were resolved to go ‘thorough.’ Their claim to supervise all contracts was intended to enable them to suppress all engagements with foreigners, whether for service or for works, and their claim to vote the budget was the expression of their determination to eliminate the Europeans from that part of administration which was not directly connected with foreign obligations, and to elbow it by degrees out of this second category also. The moderates like Sultan and Suleiman, who for all that, like Riaz Pasha, they wish the foreigner gone, know they cannot yet do without him, and who were willing to endure him till the indebtedness of the country should pass away, were swallowed up by those who would not have the foreigner at any price, who desired repudiation rather than payment of the debt, and who dreamed also of a religious millennium in which none but the Moslem should possess the land. Sherif Pasha resigned on February 2, refusing utterly to make concessions on the vital points; and on February 7 the new Government, including for the first time Arabi, now become Pasha, procured the Khedive’s signature to a decree promulgating the organic law of the Chamber in fifty-three articles. These comprised the



previously expunged article making invalid all contracts or concessions made without ratification of the Chamber, and aimed at undertakings like the Suez Canal, and some new clauses relating to the budget. A committee was to be appointed by the Chamber containing as many members as the Council of Ministers, and these two bodies were to examine and vote the budget, deciding all questions by a majority of votes. In the event of an equal division the question was to be referred back to the Chamber, and if the Chamber supported its committee, the Khedive might dissolve the assembly, but if the new Chamber confirmed the vote of the old one, that decision was to be final. Ministerial responsibility to the Chamber was also embodied in the decree.

From this moment it became evident that the Control in Egyptian finance was to all intents and purposes dead.

'The power of the Controllers,' wrote Sir E. Malet on February 13, 'does not extend beyond the right of investigation and of giving advice. This was sufficient when they had only to deal with a Ministry responsible to the Khedive; but it becomes illusory when the Ministry is responsible to the Chamber, for there is no power to which the Controllers can appeal if their advice is set at nought.'

Sir A. Colvin wrote:—

'It is idle to hope that as things now are the Control, as it now is, can be any guarantee for good financial administration in Egypt, or for the discharge of the obligations imposed on England and France as *mandataires* of the several Powers which accepted the Law of Liquidation.'

The new Ministry persisted in saying that the Control was an institution existing solely in the interests of the bondholders; the Controllers, while allowing that part of their business was to ensure the payment of the obligation undertaken by Egypt, asserted that they were appointed to assist in the financial conduct of affairs generally, 'so as to prevent a possible recurrence of the difficulties which were finally closed by the Law of Liquidation.'

On February 6 the Controllers wrote:—

'From this moment the day may be foreseen in which financial disorders will reappear which were remedied by the Commission of Inquiry and the Liquidation Commission.'

From the date of accession of the new Ministry to office it became, week by week, more evident that the situation must end badly. Already, on January 23, Sir E. Malet, in conversation with Sultan Pasha about the responsibility of the ministers to the Chamber, had said that the only precedent he knew for such a

constitution as that proposed by the Chamber was the French National Convention in 1792, 'the consequence of which was 'that the country was inundated with the blood of its citizens, 'and that finally a despotism grew out of it, the most arbitrary ever known, which had been brought to an end by a 'European coalition against it.'

Here the scene shifts for a while to Europe, where the state of affairs in Egypt had begun to excite the liveliest apprehension. From time to time the British agent telegraphs, and writes (February 4), 'Great activity is being displayed in 'putting all the coast defences in an efficient state;' that (February 18) the coast artillery reserves are being called out; that (February 20) the peasantry in the Zagazig district are manifesting an insubordinate spirit which is excited by the soldiery, and that the moudirs, or governors of provinces, are admitting their inability to hold the people in hand; that (February 20) 'the attitude of Arabi Bey at the Council of 'the 16th caused uneasiness (to Sir A. Colvin). For the 'first time since he has taken his seat he spoke as a man who 'held affairs in his hand; and his remarks indicated a summary disregard for the opinions of others, which, if it continues, will bring him into direct collision with us;' that (March 13) Arabi Bey, Toulbeh Bey, and two other colonels, leaders in the affair of September 9, 1881, had been made pashas, or generals of brigade, that eight other officers had been made beys, or lieutenant-colonels, and that the Khedive had been compelled, in order, as he said, to avoid the 'danger of another military demonstration,' to promote thirty others on Arabi's demand, without the examinations prescribed by military law; that (April 11) five hundred and twenty officers had been promoted; that (April 12) a plot was said to have been discovered to assassinate Arabi Pasha, and that forty-eight Circassians had been arrested.

We will return to this later. But within a few days of the accession of the new Ministry on February 4, the Cabinets of Europe were interchanging views and sounding each other as to the steps which it was seen would ultimately have to be taken to stop the military supremacy in Egypt. The dual note of England and France presented to the Khedive on January 8, and declaring the firm and fixed intention of England and France to maintain the Khedive's authority as established by the various firmans, and warning those who might be the cause of 'complications internal or external which might menace the 'order of things established in Egypt,' that they would have to reckon with the two Powers, had fallen like a bolt out of

the blue in the political sky of Egypt. It gave great offence to the people generally, it greatly annoyed Sherif Pasha, who said it raised for him a great unnecessary difficulty, and it was felt by careful observers on the spot to be a provocation which was in every way to be regretted. It drew a formal protest from the Porte, and an assurance to the Sultan from Russia, Italy, Germany, and Austria, that those governments desired the maintenance of the *status quo* in Egypt in accordance with the firmans, and that in their opinion that *status quo* could not be modified without the consent of the Great Powers in accord with the suzerain power. The dual note was a mistake, and the diplomatic results of it only tended to strengthen in Egypt the party of disorder, who supposed that Europe would not allow a partial intervention. But by the time the Mahmoud-Arabi Ministry was formed, M. Gambetta, the originator and promoter of the dual note, had fallen, and, the true character of the note being now understood, the Governments of Europe set themselves to consider what they should do in the presence of an evident danger. England stood once again on the clear and intelligible lines of Lord Granville's despatch of November 4, 1881, in which all sympathy was expressed for the national aspirations of the Egyptians, and an assurance was given that no interference on her part would take place unless anarchy should raise its head in the country.

On February 6 M. de Giers admitted to Sir E. Thornton that the improved state of things in Egypt was due to the salutary influence of England and France in Egypt, and that 'Russia, without being deeply interested in that country, was 'most desirous that it should be continued.' He added, however, that it was a European question, that 'he earnestly 'hoped' England would take no steps except in accord with the other Powers, and that he strongly disapproved of a Turkish force being sent to Egypt. Two days afterwards Count Kalnoky told the British Ambassador at Vienna, that though the Imperial Government had not pronounced themselves upon the question, he thought, if material aid should become indispensable, 'there would be less objection to troops 'being sent from Turkey than from any other quarter.' Semi-official communications were had with the Italian Government, but without eliciting any decided expression of opinion.' On February 11 Lord Granville, having agreed to the draft of his letter with M. de Freycinet, instructed the English ambassadors at Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and St. Petersburg, to ascertain whether the Governments to which they were accredited

would be willing to exchange views as to the best mode of proceeding should anarchy produce itself in Egypt. The letter said that though the reports received from Egypt were 'not of a nature to excite apprehension of early disorder and anarchy,' yet we were 'in presence of a crisis which may give rise to an encroachment upon the order of things established by the firmans of the Sultan and by the international engagements of Egypt, whether with England and France alone, or with all the other Powers.' Lord Granville ended by saying that the Sultan ought to be a party to any proceeding or discussion that might ensue, and that it was most desirable that any intervention 'should represent the united action and authority of Europe.' The French Government sent identical instructions to its representatives at the four capitals.

Prince Bismarck was the first to answer, on February 15. He said that though he was personally in favour of intervention by the Sultan as Sovereign in Egypt, if intervention should become necessary, yet he would not stand in the way of any other proposal sanctioned by the Powers in concert. On the 22nd Signor Mancini said that he should be disposed to think that the employment of a Turkish force, under sufficient European control, would probably 'be attended with less danger and the prospect of fewer complications than if it were carried out by any of the other Powers.' Austria and Russia, in their official communications, refrained from committing themselves to the approval of any particular force being used in case of intervention, but semi-officially they had already intimated their preference to Turkish over any other troops that might be employed.

On February 22, however, M. de Freycinet, who only eleven days before had signed the enquiry to the four Courts, told Lord Lyons that 'he was strongly opposed to any military intervention at all in Egypt, and that he could hardly decide of which Power or Powers the intervention would be the worst. Certainly the intervention of the Porte would be very inconvenient to France, but, for his part, he saw nothing but evil in the intervention of any Power.'

This interchange of ideas on the subject of intervention having elicited a sort of consensus of Europe—France and Russia excepted—to the use of Turkish force should force prove to be necessary, the subject dropped for the time, and the diplomatic world waited on the development of affairs in Egypt. The chief cause for uneasiness there, apart from those indications of coming disorder already cited, was the trial of Osman Pacha Refki and forty-seven other Turks,

accused of complicity in a plot to destroy Arabi Pasha. How far there was, or was not, foundation for the assertion that a plot existed, the public cannot judge. The proceedings of the court-martial were secret; the prisoners were undefended by counsel, and the fact that they were all found guilty proves nothing. The one thing not doubtful is, that, in arresting Osman Pasha, Arabi gratified a personal feeling, for Osman was Minister of War in the February of the previous year, when Arabi and two other colonels were arrested and afterwards forcibly released. It was currently reported in Cairo at the time that the prisoners had been tortured in order to wring their evidence from them. It was also officially denied by the Ministers. But the testimony of the men's limbs, and of Osman Pasha Refki after his escape, goes to prove that torture was used, and at the personal instigation of Arabi himself. Here is what Osman told the 'Times' correspondent on July 30, and he has persistently maintained it ever since:—

'The prisoners were first taken to a cell, under the stairs at the Abdin Barracks. It measures about 6 feet by 4 feet. Into this room were crammed as many as it would hold, and here they were left without light, food, or water for three days. They were then taken out and asked to give evidence of the plot. Any who would make any declaration were released to give encouragement to others. Those who remained firm were taken upstairs. Here they were taken to a room. On either side, to the right and left, were inscribed the names of the men they were wished to incriminate. To the roof of this room they were suspended by their thumbs, with their toes just touching the ground, while soldiers struck at them, prodded them with bayonets, and directed their attention to the names on the wall; till, perhaps, in desperation, they would state some fact against some one name for which they had the least regard. Here, again, the smallest admission was encouraged, and the man released, and allowed to recount his experiences to those who had not yet suffered. But there were other ordeals the refractory had to pass through. The legs were fixed in a trying position, the back was bent, nuts were placed on the knees, and the victim placed in a kneeling position. One of the most trying tests seems to have been heavy chains to the arms, which the poor wretch was made to hold extended. As the arms fell with the weight the knuckles were rapped or burnt until an attempt was made again to extend them. For forty-eight hours, under such tortures, these men were left without water, and when, in spite of all, they gave way to sleep, they were prodded with bayonets to keep them awake. One of the last to hold out was Yousef Bey Nadjaki. He was kept at last for sixteen days in a dark room. Importance was attached to his evidence. A certain Aly Pasha Roubi entered his room with six soldiers, who held him, thrashed him, and finally took from him his seal, and attached it to three blank papers. Thumbscrews, too, were used, and these were applied by Ibrahim Bey Fouzi, the present Prefect of

Police at Cairo, and Ayam Effendi, now Lieutenant at the Zaptieh there.'

On April 30 the court-martial condemned Osman Pasha and thirty-nine officers to military degradation, forfeiture of decorations, and exile for life to the furthest limits of the Soudan. The condemned were to be separated from each other in exile, and were forbidden to dwell either near the sea or in any chief town of a governorship. Certain civilians were to be tried by the civil courts. The last clause of the sentence said, that as it was clear the ex-Khedive was the originator of the plot, and had used for its purposes the civil list allowance he drew from Egypt, the question of stopping this allowance was to be examined at the Council of Ministers. Every kind of communication with Ismail Pasha was at the same time rigorously forbidden.

This court-martial and its finding were felt to be crucial tests of the power of the Khedive and of the army and its following among the ministers. If the Khedive confirmed the sentence, it was recognised that the last semblance of his authority had gone; if he did not confirm it, the aggressive party would experience such a check as would almost necessitate a move on their part, and any move would almost necessarily be a wrong one. On May 9 the Khedive signed a decree of simple exile from Egypt, and annulled all the rest of the court-martial sentence. Great efforts had been made to induce him to grant a free pardon, but the commutation compromise had nearly the same effect, whilst it also shelved an awkward claim on the part of the Porte to have the cause referred to its jurisdiction. This act of courage on the part of the Khedive provoked that attitude in the Ministry which may henceforth be described as rebellious. The President of the Council insisted on the decree being changed, so as to strike the prisoners off the rolls of the army. Tewfik Pasha refused, and 'his Highness stated that, 'upon his refusing, the President had threatened him, had 'spoken slightly of any assistance he could receive from 'the foreign representatives, and had remarked that if he 'persisted in his refusal there would be a general massacre of 'foreigners.' Mahmoud Pasha on May 10, when desired by the agents of England, France, Austria, and Germany, to describe the situation, said that since the Khedive and the Ministry could not agree, and as 'it was not possible for the 'Ministry to resign,' the Ministers had, without asking the Khedive, summoned the Chamber of Notables, at that time prorogued; and that he did not intend to hold further com-

munication with his Highness until the difference between them had been decided by the Chamber.

The delegates came to Cairo and went to the house of Arabi Pasha, and the report ran that it was intended to depose the Khedive for having compromised the autonomy of Egypt and for acting independently of his ministers. It was further said to be the intention to exile the whole family of Mohammed Ali, and to appoint the President of the Council Governor-General of Egypt by the national will. Sultan Pasha, the President of the Chamber, and some of the leading delegates, pointed out that the Khedive alone could convoke the Chamber, and that no sitting of the Notables, as a body, could take place. Ostensibly they took the side of the Khedive, begging him at the same time to pardon the Ministers and to admit them again to favour. But this the Khedive refused to do; the deadlock continued, and the gravest fears being excited among the Europeans, some of them prepared from that moment for leaving the country. By May 13 the English and French Governments had decided to send each to Alexandria two middle-sized ironclads and four smaller ships, as a proof of their determination to protect European residents; and on the 14th Sir E. Mulet, in answer to a question from home, whether such a demonstration might not provoke the danger it was wished to avoid, telegraphed that 'the political advantage of the arrival of the combined squadron at Alexandria is so great as to override in consideration the danger which it might possibly cause to Europeans in Cairo.' At the same time Sir E. Malet was instructed to tell Arabi Pasha that he would be held personally responsible for any disorder that might occur.

In view of all the circumstances, of the rapidly increasing disorder in Egypt, and of the supposed unwillingness of the French Chambers to approve a French expedition to Egypt, M. de Freycinet by the middle of May had come round to the general idea that Turkish troops, under the control of some Convention to which England and France should be parties, should be sent, if after the arrival of the two squadrons the two Governments should decide that troops were necessary. Explanatory notes were sent to the other Powers as to the intentions of the two squadrons, and on May 20 Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Admiral Konrad entered the port of Alexandria with the advanced vessels of the two fleets. Arabi had said he could not guarantee public safety if the squadrons arrived, but was again informed that he would be held personally responsible for any disorder.

Though the Khedive had refused to take back the Ministers on any terms, and though it was evident there would be no peace so long as the actual Ministers remained, it was found impossible to form a Ministry, and much against his will his Highness, on the representations of the Consuls-General that in view of the coming of the fleets there must be some one to negotiate with, found himself obliged to retain the men who had insulted and threatened him and his family.

We have not space to trace in detail the course of events between the arrival of the squadrons and June 11. The Ministry refused to retire when dismissed on May 23, the demeanour of the soldiery and of the people became more and more insolent, and when on May 27 the Ministers were induced to resign, the garrison of Alexandria gave the Khedive twelve hours to take back at least Arabi as Minister of War. Yet Arabi was at this time getting signatures by force to petitions for the deposition of the Khedive. The utmost efforts were made to induce the Sultan to send troops, but all he would do was on May 28 to agree to send a Commission if the Khedive would ask for one. Meanwhile the reinstatement of Arabi was looked upon by the natives as a sign that the Christians were going to be expelled from Egypt, that the land sold or mortgaged to them was to be recovered, and that the National Debt was to be cancelled. Great numbers of Christians were leaving the interior, and Sir Edward Malet well said on May 30, 'It may be possible for Arabi Pasha to maintain order in places where troops are at his command, but in stirring up religious fanaticism he has set on foot a movement which at any moment may pass beyond his control.' On the next day it was reported that business in all Government departments was at a standstill, that the country was in a state of panic, and that a collision might occur at any moment.

On June 8 Dervisch Pasha reached Cairo. During the whole of the previous week new batteries were erected at Alexandria, and guns were mounted in them, in spite of the denials of the rebels, repeated by the Porte. Europe was discussing the objects and bases of a Conference to meet at Constantinople, the Sultan was protesting against any conference, and the English and French Governments were answering the protests by ordering more ships to Alexandria, when on Sunday, June 11, there came news of a massacre in the streets of Alexandria, of the wounding of the British Consul, of the evident sympathy of the troops with the rioters, and of the direct participation of the police in acts of murder and pillage.



Probably no large community ever passed a more anxious month than that which the Europeans resident in Egypt spent between June 11 and July 11. Dervisch Pasha's mission had wholly failed, the Sultan was more than suspected of being in the plot to expel the Christians, the soldiery no longer obeyed the governor, no one answered for order, and a dangerous fanaticism had been appealed to which might at any moment repeat on a great scale all over Egypt the scenes which had been witnessed in Alexandria on June 11. Refugees came pouring into Alexandria, the shipping was inadequate to meet the demands for the thousands of passages; poor people who had abandoned the fruit of years of labour in hope of saving their lives had to be forcibly removed from outgoing steamers in order not to imperil the safety of the living freight already crowded in. The powers and patience of the authorities were taxed to the uttermost.

In Europe the proposals for an immediate meeting of a Conference to consider exclusively the Egyptian question were met by the Sultan with vacillation, with anger, and with practical refusal, so that on June 23 the Ambassadors met to hold the Conference with or without the Sultan's representative. It was not till July 20 that such a representative joined the Conference.

Meanwhile events had been marching rapidly. The persistent construction of earthworks, and the arming of new batteries at Alexandria, in spite of the most mendacious statements to the contrary, had given the British Admiral reason to fear for the safety of the fleet committed to him. He demanded the immediate surrender of the forts with a view to their disarmament, on pain of having them destroyed. Lies and subterfuges were the only answers he received, and in spite of protests from certain foreign consuls, and after due time had been given for all Europeans to get away, Sir Beauchamp Seymour on July 11 opened fire on the forts, and, notwithstanding a resistance stouter than was expected, destroyed them all.

Then came July 12 and 13, when the retreating troops burned most of the European part of the city and gave it up to pillage; then came the massacres at Tantah, at Kafr Zyat, at Mehallet Abon Ali, at Mehallet-el-Kebir. These atrocities imposed the necessity for immediate and vigorous action by some Power or another. All Europe had agreed that that Power should be Turkish, and for a month past had been begging the Sultan to send the necessary troops. So united had been the consensus that France, which at first declared

that no considerations would cause her to agree to the advent of Turks, had withdrawn her squadron from Alexandria on the eve of the bombardment, rather than let it appear that she desired to take any portion of the settlement out of the hands of the elected of Europe. From this she went on to form a resolution that notwithstanding all antecedent pledges and threatenings on her part, in dual notes and otherwise, she would not intervene nor join in an intervention save for the protection of the Suez Canal. For this latter purpose M. de Freycinet ordered the preparation of ships of war and soldiers, and England was to be relieved of part of the burden which, in default of proper Turkish or of united European aid, she intended to take up. How the Chamber of Deputies overruled the determination to help even thus far by refusing the necessary credit and by flinging M. de Freycinet from power is part of the political history of the month of July.

No other nation proposed to take steps, the Turk still held back, and it was not till after the British Parliament had voted credits for the expedition and British troops had begun to move that the Sultan announced, on July 26, that ‘résolue à user d’une manière efficace de ses droits souverains incontestables sur l’Egypte, et voulant par là y assurer sans retard le retour du calme, a décidé l’envoi immédiat sur les lieux d’un nombre suffisant de troupes.’

It was now too late to accept any such proposal without clearly establishing beforehand the conditions under which the Turkish troops were to join ours. No one outside Yildiz Kiosk was so simple as to suppose that England in view of this announcement would hold back her preparations, or forego her intention of intervening. It was true she had not received the mandate of Europe, as the Turk had; but since the mandatory would not act, and the necessity for action became hourly greater, she had, with the tacit approval of some of the Powers, and with the hearty concurrence of her own people, taken up the cudgels. Common prudence dictated precautionary measures with so doubtful and so unwilling an intervener, and on July 28 Lord Dufferin was instructed to inform the Conference that, while circumstances had compelled Her Majesty’s Government, in view of the hostile attitude of the rebel forces, and the great importance of protecting the free navigation of the Suez Canal, to make such preparations as it was believed would ‘be sufficient of themselves for the restoration of the authority of the Khedive and the establishment of settled order in Egypt,’ yet Her Majesty’s Government

would accept the co-operation of any other Powers that might be ready, reserving, however, to the Government that 'liberty of action which the pressure of events may render expedient and necessary.' The offer of the Sultan to comply with the wish of Europe was accepted, but conditionally, by England; the number of troops, their disposition, the date of their departure, must be arranged beforehand, and be the subject of a military convention, whilst 'the feeling of uncertainty which has unfortunately prevailed as to the real intentions of the Sultan, and which has been strengthened by the action of his Majesty in conferring on Arabi Pasha an important decoration and mark of his favour,' required that, as a proof of good faith, the Sultan should, before sending a single soldier, issue a proclamation upholding Tewfik Pasha, and denouncing Arabi as a rebel. The proclamation was tardily issued, but not until the British forces had landed in Egypt and the Porte had exhausted every artifice of evasion. No Turkish troops ever appeared there at all. However desirous we ourselves, and the other Powers of Europe, undoubtedly were to recognise the principle of the suzerainty of the Sultan over Egypt, it must be acknowledged that the conduct of the Porte has shown an utter inability to maintain it. With the best possible cards in his hand, the Sultan has deliberately thrown every chance away.

We have now brought down our narrative to the point when naval and military operations take the place of politics, and the subject assumes a different complexion. It would be needless, at this time, to repeat with what ability the brief campaign was planned and executed. The details are in the memory of all our readers, and we shall content ourselves with the remark that the operations do equal honour to the Government, to the general and officers in command, to the navy, and to the gallant soldiers of the British and Anglo-Indian armies. The collapse of the rebellion after the battle of September 13 was instantaneous and complete.

Here, then, fresh questions arise and fresh difficulties begin. The first object of the Khedive's Government, restored and supported by the arms of Great Britain, is the exchange of calm and order for a state of lawlessness and undefined evil; then the restoration of legitimate authority and respect for law, and the gradual revival of confidence amongst the native population and amongst the Europeans in Egypt. The rebellion caused the flight of some sixty thousand of them, the total withdrawal of the capital and intelligence necessary for the commerce and cultivation of the country, and the rup-



ture of all those administrative institutions which had been set up by Mohammed Ali and Ibrahim Pasha, and their successors, in the task of educating Egypt. All these things must be reconstructed. It cannot be supposed that after so great and terrible a convulsion all agitation will instantly subside; and a ruler restored by a foreign army has peculiar difficulties to contend with. But the people of Egypt are docile, and the effects of peace and good government must soon be felt. As Ismail Pasha said in answer to the Commission d'Enquête, 'Vos efforts ne resteront pas stériles, car, vous le savez, tout 'germe et mûrit vite sur cette vieille terre d'Égypte.' The soil itself is annually regenerated by an inundation. But it would be premature to enter upon these topics, or upon the future attitude of other Powers, who have stood by whilst England bore the heat and burden of the day. For the present it must suffice that we have tried to set forth, as fully as our limits permit, the interests of Great Britain, the course she took to defend those interests, and the reasons why she found herself obliged, single-handed, to undertake an enterprise which must redound not only to her advantage, but to the advantage of the whole of Europe—let us hope, also, to the advantage of the long-suffering, hard-working, and war-hating fellahin upon whom fall the weight and the practical consequences of misrule, disorder, and military oppression. The task we have undertaken is not an easy or a brief one. It is clear that a British army of occupation must remain in Egypt until the authority of the native government rests on some secure foundation, and the strange delusions which have excited the popular feeling against the Christians are in some measure dispelled. But we have overcome in the East greater difficulties than these, and we see no reason to doubt that in the end we shall have defended with success the cause of civilisation and peace.

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*Note on the Panama Canal.*

We have received a copy of the 'New York Herald' containing a long and angry letter from Rear-Admiral Ammen, of the United States Navy, in answer to the article on the Inter-oceanic Canal which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for last April. Our only reply is that the information Admiral Ammen has transmitted to us would not induce us to alter a single line of that paper, which was based on full and accurate evidence. The style of the gallant admiral is not calculated to recommend his arguments or his statements to the readers

of this Journal; and it deserves to be remarked that whilst each of these projectors has a scheme of his own, which he advocates, he denounces in unmeasured terms all rival proposals. Admiral Ammen believes that an interoceanic canal is possible, and in this he may be borne out by future events or discoveries; but he is as strongly convinced as we are that M. de Lesseps' Chagres Canal is impracticable.

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